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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1911

Art. I.—THE CHRIST OF HISTORY AND RELIGION

The theological issue to-day is Christ. The theological focus is again on him rather than upon the Old Testament problem or the question of miracles. He is the miraculous fact so difficult to fit into our human schemes, disconcerting to that working principle of the modern world, evolution, and utterly disastrous to the naturalistic philosophy of life. As in other generations since first he came, he is the center of the present thought interest, much to the discomfort of those who resent what has been called "the noxious exaggeration of the person of Jesus." As the crowd in Palestine asked, "Who art thou, then?" so men still ask. As the Greeks said, "Tell us plainly," so their successors. As the wise men then said, "Being a man, thou makest thyself God," so the wise men still complain. And as the disturbed ruler anxiously inquired, "What shall we do with Jesus?" so, Pilate-like, not a few are asking the question to-day to have done with it—and him. If any one had any hesitancy in believing that Jesus is again the theological issue, certainly the reception given the now famous "Roberts Article" ought to remove all uncertainty on that score. This article—written by Rev. R. Roberts, of Bradford, England, and published in the Hibbert Journal for January, 1909—hardly deserved serious consideration, it was so illiterate and so utterly lacking in historical insight; but it touched a sacred human interest and was widely answered. Mr. Roberts finds fault with the ethics of Jesus, with Jesus as a healer, and with the person of Jesus. As he studies history, Jesus was very much like the men of his generation, with the

marked limitations of his time. Most of the extremely radical critics of New Testament history, while holding that Jesus did not overstep the limits of religious genius, can scarcely find words to describe the remarkable personality of Jesus. For example, Bossuet says: "When a flash from this innermost life touches our souls we stand amazed, and begin dimly to conceive the terrible inward greatness of such a soul-life."[1] Roberts, on the other hand, thinks Jesus was commonplace. He complains that Jesus shared the life of his time, and has been surpassed in many spheres of life by other men. That is, Roberts seems to object to the fact that Jesus spoke in Aramaic instead of Esperanto. How can we think of him as having any meaning for our day when the chances are he had never heard of Mr. Darwin or Bernard Shaw, or even Mr. Roberts? How can he be looked to as embodying an absolute ideal of life when we know that he never saw the works of Phidias, or heard the thundering artillery at Waterloo? Mr. Roberts reminds us that the Copernican world is larger than the world of Christ's day. Yes; and science and history have but given us a larger background against which to measure the figure of Christ. Mr. Roberts seems utterly lacking in the historical imagination which would have enabled him to discern between the environment and the life force. Mr. Roberts, besides, seems to have no sense of humor at all.

But I am not primarily concerned with the Roberts article. If it needed answering it received it, and the answers have been published in a volume. Mr. Chesterton, who knows so well whether to use a club or a rapier on an opponent, proceeded at once to pummel Roberts merrily and mercilessly. He summed up the whole illiterate, and impertinent, and impervious article by saying that the burning question now is not: "Was Jesus Christ"—but, "Is Roberts God?"[2] The Roberts article was but a crude expression of a present-day tendency to have done with Christ by separating him from the ideal he has given us in his person. Roberts put bluntly what many others put more adroitly—Christ is a creation of pious imagination, or unreasoning,

[1] Jesus, p. 25.
[2] Hibbert Journal, July, 1909. Also Hibbert Journal Supplement, 1909.

uncritical faith. The Jesus of history was altogether other and less. For the most part, radical New Testament criticism concedes that Jesus lived. Otherwise we have a great historic movement without an initial impulse. Yet the Jesus of history was not the Christ of evangelical theology, nor even of the New Testament as it stands at present. The New Testament problem is to get back of the testimony of Paul and John to the Jesus they tell us of. The historical problem is to find the Jesus concealed beneath the name of Christ. It is very possible that some may feel that such a contention is not worth while, for we have the living Christ. What would it matter if it should turn out that no such person as Christ ever existed? Or, since we have evidence that Christ lives to-day and redeems men, how can any question of the historical Jesus be of much moment? I can feel the force of this protest. It has truth in it. We need to keep in mind the Christ of to-day. Yet the Incarnation—God actually touching our lives, living among us—loses all meaning if the Christ was the creation of pious wishes. Ideas "divorced from all reality and actuality" lack the power of moving men out of sin and of helping them to the heights. It was a real Christ that made John, and that made Paul, and that holds Christendom steady to-day. The Easter faith apart from the Easter fact soon evaporates; the Christian faith, apart from the Christian fact, soon becomes as unsubstantial as a dream. Our gospel is not an idea but a person, Jesus Christ himself—God-with-us—and if he goes Christianity goes with him. To say that it doesn't matter whether the foundation stands sure is to fall into the gulf of mysticism. Rather let us meet criticism with criticism, for the facts are with us.

Before we proceed to examine this present-day critical contention it may be well to inquire as to the reason for its being urged. In substance, the attempt is to have done with the person of Jesus—not with this miracle or that in itself—not with this incident or that in itself—not even with the *idea* of the Incarnation, but with the *fact* of the Incarnation. Very boldly liberal Christianity goes about this work, not of sloughing off medieval conceptions and of rescuing Christianity from an antique view

of the world, but of extricating the gospel from connection with the person of Jesus. Those who call themselves "liberal Christians" vary greatly in their theological positions and in their religious feeling. Some of them, seeing clearly the value of the Christian attitude toward life, with its sure hold on God the Father, who is guiding the world toward a goal of perfection, see that they must hold to Jesus, yet not even these men yield their hearts to Christ in any real allegiance. Their gospel is primarily a phrase, for they distrust the Person. Now, why? I reply that the difficulty with this whole group of men seems to be found in their whole-hearted acceptance of the principle of development. Heinrich Weinel states frankly that he is one of a group of men in Germany, including Harnack, Herrmann, Bossuet, Gunkel, and Troeltsch, not to name others there or their followers in England and America, which seeks to renovate Christianity and reconstruct it. He says that the notion of miracle cannot be accepted. He says further that the scientific idea of evolution is accepted and the whole result of scientific investigation—whatever that means—with impartiality.[1] The problem now is to fit the facts of the spiritual order to this philosophical prepossession. Loisy says: "At bottom, M. Sabatier and Herr Harnack have wished to reconcile Christian faith with the claims of science and of the scientific spirit of our time," and then ironically remarks, "The claims must, indeed, have become great, or be believed to be great, for faith has become very small and modest." There is the bottom of the whole matter: how can we reconcile this miraculous fact of Christ with our panaceaic theory of development? The subtlest of these men still preach Jesus, but it is a reduced, reconstructed Jesus. Weinel says, "We *announce* no doctrine of Jesus"; ah, but they hold one!

Now the doctrine of development undoubtedly corresponds to reality and must be reckoned with. Yet it ought to be clear, it seems to me, that we have not sufficiently traced its working when we think of it as leaving no room for finalities, ultimates, along its way. Naïvely conceived as it seems to be by many who

[1] Hibbert Journal, July, 1909. Religious Life and Thought in Germany Today, by Weinel.

imagine they are emancipated intellectually, this principle would make it impossible for the final religion to come until somewhere near the end of our striving—say a millennium hence. It is foolish, so we are reminded, to look for *the* religion in the past, for that lies somewhere in the future. We may all of us possibly appreciate the embarrassment of these people. We have all felt it at times. One does marvel that the brain of Plato came so early in history and that others have come so late. Yet if history shows us anything it shows us that some things do get done once for all. The human body, many art forms, many literary forms, many political institutions, many mechanical devices have been brought to a perfection beyond which they cannot be carried. The wheel, for example, cannot be made any more of a wheel than it already is. And the theory of development, properly conceived, allows for such ultimates, such finalities, in all spheres. Why should not the final religion come early in human history? It is then that such a force is needed. In any event we are not dealing with what might be, but with facts that are open to study. The simple truth is that in 1900 years not one item of value has been added to our knowledge of God or our ideal of life as given in the person of Christ, though progress has enabled us to understand better certain aspects of Christ. It is this fact of Christ that confronts us, development theory or no development theory. He came in the fullness of time and has had much to do with the spiritual achievement of the race thus far. But now to the critical contention at present, that the New Testament misrepresents the Jesus of history.

A few decades ago radical scholarship insisted that our evangelical theology misrepresented the New Testament teaching concerning the person and claims of Christ. What was needed, it said, was a return to the New Testament. Well, we have all made that return, and the Christian Church has been the gainer. For the witness of the New Testament is amazingly clear and wonderfully heartening. When we open it we read of one who shall be called Jesus because he shall save his people from their sins, and when we come to the end of it Christ is risen and is enthroned as the Lord of Glory. No two opinions are held

now by scholars on this score. The New Testament gives us a variety of testimony, but it is one as to Christ. To Peter he is the Christ. For John he is the Son of God. Philip sees him as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Paul knows Jesus only as the crucified and risen, while the seer of Patmos sees him clothed in splendor walking among the churches as the living Lord. The New Testament Scriptures give small comfort to those who dislike the Supreme Person. At present criticism says we must not appeal to the New Testament, but from the New Testament. We must go back of our sources. While the early Christians held to the higher view of Christ they misunderstood their Master. Grant that Paul, and John, and Peter, the New Testament writers and the New Testament church generally, made Jesus the object of faith. Jesus himself never looked upon himself in any such way. He, so we are informed, was simply one of the prophets who called others to trust the Father as he trusted him. Thus the present appeal is not to the New Testament as we have it, but to the real Jesus, who so dominated the writers of the New Testament as to give them an exaggerated view of himself. That is, the problem now is to sift the testimony of the New Testament witnesses, and if possible get back to the real Jesus. This later phase of New Testament criticism has been pushed forward, in recent years, with great expenditure of scholarship and ingenuity. The whole life of Christ's time, and all the sayings of the New Testament, have been submitted to a fresh review. Perhaps the most popular account of the liberal finding in this matter is that of Harnack in his volume, What is Christianity? Harnack's book, a work marked by rare lucidity of thought and charm of style, seeks to give a rapid and popular survey of Christian origins and history, so that it does not address itself directly to one theme, but rather to "What is Christianity" in its essence. Yet there is no mistaking that the person of Christ is a troublesome fact to Harnack, as to his whole group. He does away with both the person of Christ and the claim of Christ at one stroke. To him the whole gospel is God the Father, and faith in him. He says frankly: "He who holds Jesus for the Son of God adds some-

thing to the gospel." This is what he calls Christianity reduced to its lowest terms. And we see clearly that either Harnack has made a huge blunder, or else Paul and John, Peter and the whole company of early disciples, and the church of the ages, have misunderstood their Lord.[1] Now, while Harnack enjoys a high reputation as a student of New Testament times, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that his Jesus, who helps men to God, is not the historical Jesus at all. He is a reconstructed Jesus. His book is vitiated by his prepossessions, traces of which abound throughout the volume. I know that the word of a preacher on such a point would not be taken among experts in New Testament literature, but it is refreshing to hear such an authority in historical criticism as the great Alfred Loisy, one of the foremost of living New Testament scholars, say: "The historical gospel has none of this mystic and individualistic character" given it by Harnack. "To make such an affirmation is to show an entire misconception of the nature of Christ's teaching."[2] Loisy asks this pertinent question: "Is the definition of Christianity put forward by Herr Harnack that of an historian, or merely that of a theologian who takes from history as much as suits his theology?" Loisy's answer is that Harnack's definition of Christianity, which eliminates Christ from his gospel, is the answer of a theologian and not an historical definition. It is a definition not based on fact but arising out of a presupposition on the part of Harnack, a presupposition that Loisy says "dominates the author's [Harnack's] learned history of dogma." Whatever may be Loisy's opinion, personally, as to Christ, he is too much of the historian to be deceived into believing that the Jesus Harnack pictures to us is the Jesus of history. Harnack gives us not an

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[1] Harnack, I understand, has changed his position since the writing of this book. Yet Weinel classes him with the group referred to above, and Weinel's article was printed in July, 1909. Besides, Bossuet is careful to say this, after conceding facts that would seem to necessitate his going further: "Yet with all this—and here we touch the culminating point—he (Christ) never overstepped the limits of the purely human. The almighty God remained before his eyes a sublime and lofty presence; he did not presume to place himself at his side." "He places man in direct relation with the living God, while he himself retires completely into the background." (Jesus, 202, 203.) Thus this group of men never grant the reality of the incarnation, which is the Christian fact, and the only gospel Christianity has ever had.

[2] The Gospel and the Church. New Edition.

historical portrait, but an imaginary portrait. He gives us, as Loisy says, not *the* gospel but a mutilation of the gospel. Harnack's book gives us the position of those critics who distinguish between Jesus and Christ, who would separate the gospel from the person because they fail to see that the person is the gospel. But this position is by no means authoritative. It is merely another challenge, and has been so considered by many scholars who meet criticism with criticism. Perhaps the most available book, and the most thorough on this question, is James Denney's Jesus and the Gospel,[1] though Principal Selbie has gone all over the question most carefully in his book, The Aspects of Christ.

Professor Denney sets himself the task of answering the question, "What place in his own consciousness *did* Jesus fill in the relations of men to God?" He accepts the limitations placed upon him by the criticism of to-day and appeals to Mark and the "Q" sections; that is, those portions of the text common to Matthew and Luke. It is not necessary that we go into any extensive reproduction of these expositions, but as one reads on from allusion to statement, from statement to allusion, the evidence in favor of the orthodox view of Christ is cumulative: as Christ's Messiahship is not so much stated as exhibited it becomes clear that Jesus himself did hold the higher view of his mission and person. In the baptism we see not a Galilean peasant, not a simple "child of God" like the pious people in the first two chapters of Luke, but "a person clothed with divine power, and conscious that through his sovereignty and service the kingdom of God is to come"; one who is called with a "calling which, if it is his at all, must be his alone." The temptations "show how the kingdom of God is, in the mind of Jesus, essentially bound up with himself." He begins his ministry with the affirmation that the great crisis has come in the dealings of God with men. He calls his disciples to follow him if they would be fishers of men, and to bear in mind that their relation to him transcends all others, and so much so that they must not draw back from ignominy, or even death, if the occasion demand.

[1] References are to the 1908 edition.

They are to rejoice when persecuted for his sake. He sets himself above the law, and makes those imperial claims which are scattered up and down the record in such words as:

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners" (Matt. 9. 13).

"I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matt. 10. 34).

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt 20. 28).

"The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10).

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 7. 21).

"But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are" (Luke 13. 27).

Let us take but three other cases cited by the author. The first is that of the centurion (Matt. 8. 5-13), where we see that Jesus welcomed a faith in himself as having unlimited power. The second is his answer to the high priest's question, "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" And Jesus said, "I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the high priest rent his clothes, and saith, "What need we further any witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy" (Mark 14. 61-64). The last reference we shall cite is found in Mark 2. 5-12, in which Christ claims the authority to forgive sins; not to announce the forgiveness of sins, as some evasive critics would make it, but the forgiveness of sin; surely a divine prerogative, which he arrogates to himself and then justifies his claim by healing paralysis with a word. As one goes forward over this familiar ground, hearing Christ claim to be above the Scriptures, above the temple, above the Sabbath, greater than sickness, or sin, or death, judge of men here and hereafter, we must feel that a scholar is held by some prepossession, afflicted with scholastic blindness, who can think that Jesus never claimed to be more than a good man. And taking the Scriptures accepted by all critics as historical data we find Jesus claiming the faith of men, calling them into a loyalty to himself. Take a single text:

"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10. 32).

Who is this man who must confess all the men, the millions in all ages, before God? This passage, if we had no other, reveals to us the uniqueness of the Person of the historical Jesus, and we see at once that it is absurd to class him, as some of his contemporaries did, with Elijah or Jeremiah. He is, as Bossuet says, "super-prophetic"; or, as Simon Peter said, and the ages say, "Christ, the Son of God." Taking the data of the critics, I think we can see that John comes nearer being historical than any of these latter-day historians, spite of all that has been said to the contrary; comes closer to giving us the meaning of the Supreme Person when he says in substance, on the one hand, He was the Word of God, the express image, the expression of the Father; and on the other, He was bread and water and life and light of men.

That is, to sum up the ground we have thus far covered, an honest, fearless, ruthless criticism of the New Testament sources—yes, a criticism that goes back of our New Testament sources in the most radical manner and limits itself to Mark and the "Q" sections—gives us a substantial historical basis for faith; gives us a portrait of Jesus which shows us a man like ourselves, yet without sin; One in whom there was not a "germinal" and "deflected" divinity like ours, but the fullness of God; One who was the Son of man, not lost, but come to seek and to save the lost. That is, we have here the Supreme Person; not a creature of limitations, but one whose Presence fills us with admiration, wonder, and awe.

It is interesting to note that in the providence of God recent studies of the New Testament sources have given us some positive results. They have guaranteed the historicity of Jesus; they have shown that, whatever else may be said about evangelical theology, its portrait of Christ is a likeness. They have made it clear that the New Testament writers and the New Testament Church thought of Christ as holding a unique place in the relations of God and men; that Christ, also, so thought of himself, and, yet again, that it is not possible to separate Jesus from the gospel or the gospel from Jesus, as Jesus is the Gospel. I confess that I am personally glad that scholars of the faith have

accepted the challenge concerning the origin and founder of our religion, and that we may know that the foundations stand secure. Yet it would be wrong for us not to try to see what this fundamental fact involves. Let us, then, for a few moments study this Supreme Person.

It is absurd, from any rational point of view, to stop with the sources as we have been using them. We have used the data level to the understanding and faith of certain types of mind. Now that these lawyers are satisfied, I, for one, want to hear the witnesses; for I want all the evidence. We turn again to the New Testament. Granted the Supreme Person, full of grace and truth, and the whole record takes on new meaning. Paul's letters, glowing, vital, intense, seem wonderfully reasonable. I can understand John now. His record is such a story as might be expected from the experience he had with this Supreme Person. The night meeting with Nicodemus, the conference with the woman at the well, the farewell words which begin, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me," and the New Commission to Simon Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? . . . Feed my lambs"—all these are wondrous records and yet just such effects as are in keeping with such a cause. I read again the parables, and sermons, and the great claims. I listen again to the great words: "I am the Good Shepherd"; "I am the Door"; "I am the Way"; "I am the Light of the World"; "I lay down my life; no man taketh it from me"; "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise"; "I go to prepare a place for you"—marvelous speech, but it is in character! I stand again in the great scenes: with the Wise Men and their gifts in Bethlehem, on the Hill of Beatitudes, by the fevered pillows in Galilee, by the pool of the sick, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, in the courts of the temple, in the shadows of the Garden, in the upper room where the words of the high-priestly prayer are being uttered, beside John at the cross, with the eleven in the room, the doors being shut, on the slope of Olivet—what wonderful scenes, yet congruous, in harmony with the Central Figure! I go through the records of the New Testament. It is a wonderful witness, yet those men and women were being moved upon

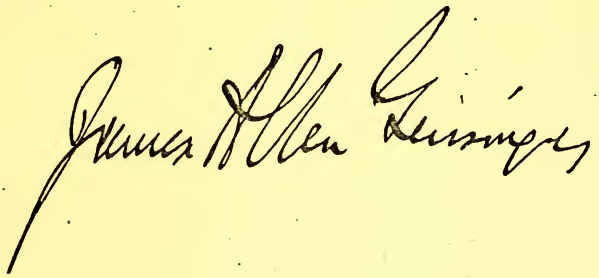
by a Mighty Person. Thus we get something of the effect of this Person, something of his meaning; the total effect we cannot get yet, for the book of Acts is not yet completed. The book of Revelation, yes; but the Acts, not yet. But as the records of the Person reach down to the present, we must not stop with Paul in Rome. I can merely call your attention to the witness of history. It would be foolish for me to attempt to sum up this testimony within the limits of this paper, but it would be equally foolish for us as students, men of observation, to stop with "Q" sections or John and Paul. Granted the Person, the later history of his deeds is in scale. The rejuvenation of the Roman empire, the disciplining of the Teutonic people, the leavening of the Anglo-Saxon, the quickening of the Orient—these continental racial facts witness to an apparently inexhaustible vitality. Yet personality is the greatest power we know, and we are dealing with the Supreme Personality. The effects grow more and more amazing. Looked at in the broad, they seem limitless. Men have called Christianity the Gulf Stream flowing along the shores of time. It is a big phrase, but it has back of it the facts. The changed calendar, more eloquently than any words, shows how Christ has plowed his way across the field of the world. He has changed the spiritual climate of our Western world. He is changing the climate of China and Japan. Men of the Old World asked, If a man die shall he live again? The Supreme Person brought immortality to light, and a keen student of history has said that the chief difference between the ancient and the modern man is the light of hope on the countenance of the latter. But effects that seem marvelous when looked at in the broad are no less amazing when studied in the lives of historical persons. I adopt the thought of another:[1] Jesus walked along the shores of the Sea of Galilee and called to men and women, "Follow me"; and, leaving their tasks and homes, James and John, Philip and Andrew, Peter and Zaccheus, and Matthew and Judas (not Iscariot), and Thomas, and a host of others, laid the foundations for the kingdom of God around that sea. Time passes. History widens, and the Christ, walking by the shores of a larger sea, calls to

[1] See Jefferson, Fundamental Things, 174ff.

another company of men, and Augustine, Aquinas, Francis, Savonarola, Huss, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, and their kinsmen in the Spirit lay great Christian foundations about the Mediterranean Sea. But Christ is not satisfied. Like the Conqueror from Edom with blood-stained garments and feet, he of the pierced hands presses on, calling, "Follow me, follow me," and such men as John Knox, and the Wesleys, and Whitefield, and Edwards, and Bushnell, and Brooks, and the Beechers, and Spurgeon, and Moody leave all and follow him, reclaiming from darkness the lands lying about that larger sea that we Anglo-Saxons call the Atlantic Ocean. And yet the Christ is not satisfied. He gave himself to be the propitiator not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world. Hence he presses toward the horizon, calling those who have stout enough hearts to follow in his train, and men like Xavier, and Coke, and Carey, and Livingstone, and James Chalmers, and John G. Paton, and Hudson Taylor, and James Thoburn, and John R. Mott, and a multitude no one man can know by name, but whom the Lord doth know, hearing the call have gone far beyond the shores of the Pacific, preaching the Jesus who, wherever he is preached, saves the people from their sins. This is splendid, but in scale. And those who thus have labored about the Sea of Galilee, and the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, and the Pacific, will one day stand on the Sea of Glass, with the multitude of the redeemed, and thank and praise him that ever he called them into so glorious a service.

We do live in a wonderful age. I have no sneer for the sane optimism of to-day. Our world is larger and richer every way than the ancient or medieval world, and yet the most wonderful thing about our modern world, with all of its conflicting forces and mighty influences, is this Supreme Person to whom men come as of old and, submitting to him in penitence and faith, go away radiant, free, cleansed, filled with holy aspiration, with new passion for truth, with a new spirit of good will, with a new love for men. And if we were to write the story of the things Jesus is doing, the biographies of the "twice born," "I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." Thus, I trust, we get something of the meaning of

Christ. We shall not know his meaning in full until we shall see the total effect of his Person, but that lies beyond our vision now. The seer gives us a hint or two, a glimpse or two, of the Christ of Eternity; that is all. Yet we see that he is the Christ of history; the Christ of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Calvary, Olivet. "I am he that *liveth* and *was dead.*" Ah, there are the pierced hands. That word "dead" takes us back to the Syrian days. "I am he that liveth"—our Christ is not a memory, but a presence. "And, behold, I am alive forever more"; the Christ of history, who is also the Christ of religion, is the Eternal Christ. How gracious these words are, words not to be avoided, but to be received: "Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe in God, believe also in me." "Fear not; I am the First and the Last. I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forever more; and have the keys of death and Hades." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."



Art. II.—THE HUMOR OF THE BIBLE

Heinrich Heine said, "The Bible is the drama of the human race." That is a truer description than many realize who quote it with approval. If they concede its correctness they ought to acknowledge the truth of its implications, and expect the Bible to reflect all the moods of mankind. Yet some are offended by the suggestion that it contains humor. Their reverence for the sublime *motif* of redemption which pervades the Bible has led them to obscure the human element which exists in its various documents. They forget that it is the ancient literature of a great people, a manifold expression of their life, the ripest intellectual fruitage of a race with a genius for religion; and that no tenable theory of its divine inspiration can ignore the historical process by which it was produced. If the literature of any other people were discovered to be totally devoid of humor we should consider it a striking anomaly, and if we were told that this deficiency was the inevitable consequence of the sanctity attaching to the literature itself we should be tempted to suppose that some redactor, jealous of its reputation, had purged it of what he conceived to be its incongruities. Nothing of this sort has occurred with the Bible. Carlyle and Renan held that the Hebrew genius did not possess the gift of humor, a judgment which is refuted by the literary remains of several medieval and modern Jews as well as by notable examples in the Talmud. Doubtless a particular kind of discernment is essential to the proper evaluation of Hebrew humor. There are temperamental idiosyncrasies with which one must reckon in estimating Jewish letters, as is the case with any other literature in which one was not bred. It is no detraction from the excellence of Aristophanes that some of his jokes require elucidation for the mind unfamiliar with the life of the Greeks, and it would be most uncritical to deny the existence of humor in the Bible simply because it is not recognized by all readers. Indeed, an immense amount of laborious dullness has been expended on the vain effort to formulate a definition of humor upon which all the wiseacres of the world can agree. Thus far no universal chart

has been constructed for locating and labeling humorous conceits on the high seas of literature.

Professor Moulton, in discussing the humor of Shakespeare, recalls the story of a man who, "being suddenly called upon to say exactly what was meant by humor, reserved his definition till the next day. The next day he found that he would require a week, at the end of a week, a month. By that time the subject had so grown upon him that he went into the country a whole year to think it out. At the end of the year he sold his business and announced his intention of devoting the rest of his life to the one question. Shortly afterward the man died of melancholy." Here there is not only an illustration of the exasperating manner in which humor eludes definition, but also an appetizing morsel of the thing itself, the taste of which one can relish without being able to give a scientific analysis of its flavor.

Though humor is, perhaps, the least apparent element in the literature of the Bible, rich veins of it are disclosed to one who has a feeling for its subtleties and some knowledge of the language in which it is expressed and of the racial peculiarities out of which it springs. It would be preposterous to class the Bible with facetious books, and one reason for the failure justly to appraise its humor is our proneness to test it by our modern ideas of the comic. This is a fatal and perfectly irrational blunder. The Hebrew consciousness expressed itself in moral and religious modes. It is this which differentiates its literature in large part from that of other races. There is a decided flavor of morality in all genuine humor, but this quality preëminently distinguishes the humor of the Bible. In defending the propriety of employing humor in religious discourse an English clergyman has very justly said: "If you cannot make men ashamed of doing wrong you may often make them afraid of being ridiculous. A man who does not feel that he is sinful may often be convinced that he is absurd." The humor of the Bible serves this precise purpose. Its exposures of the folly of a sinful life are all the more effective because they are in many instances suffused with a humorous quality. The ability to perceive this is not possessed by everyone. Said Hazlitt: "Sir, I am a metaphysician, and nothing makes an impression

upon me but abstract ideas." So there are abnormally serious souls who see only theological values in many Scripture narratives which are actually drenched with humor. In order to recognize and relish this humor one must put off the prepossession that the Bible is uniformly solemn, and divest himself of the conviction that it is a sacrilege to smile at anything in the Scriptures. He will then discover that there is much humor in the stories of the Bible which is not intentional on the part of the writers, but is inseparable from the facts which they record. It is difficult to understand how any person who is susceptible of humorous ideas can read the history of the Israelites in the Wilderness without being provoked to innocent mirth as he observes the foibles and follies of human nature breaking out in the ludicrous performances of this chosen people. The absurd apology of Aaron for yielding to the equally ridiculous plea of the Israelites for tangible gods (Exod. 32. 22-24) would invariably excite the risibilities of pious readers if they were not awed into solemnity by the reflection that the narrative is sacred. A similar effect would be produced by the protest of the people against the everlasting monotony of their bill of fare and their lusting for the varied diet of their Egyptian bondage (Num. 11. 4, 5) if the reader were not restrained from realizing the unconscious humor of a ludicrous situation by an artificial conception of the Bible as literature. The plaint of Israel has been used to symbolize the unspiritual clamor of worldly Christians for the weak and beggarly elements of the world; but is not that a subject suitable for drollery? Many like illustrations in the Old Testament will occur to the mind intent upon finding them, which for lack of space are not here set down. If we turn to the New Testament we discover in the childishness of the disciples shades of humor which were probably unobserved by themselves, but which are obvious enough to others. The ignoble striving of some of the twelve for precedence; the naïve indignation of the rest of the company, who were perhaps just as emulous but less candid; the prating of those fishermen about the sacrifice involved in abandoning their precarious means of livelihood to follow Jesus, and their solicitude respecting the reward they might expect for such an amazing act of self-denial; the absurd and frantic eager-

ness of Peter to thrust himself forward in every conversation, whether he understood the matter or not—these are examples of the inherent humor of a situation which the frank writers of the Gospels have preserved for our instruction, though possibly they saw only the painful aspects of each incident.

The authors of some of the biblical stories, however, must have been fully conscious of the humor playing like sunbeams upon their lines. The book of Jonah is pervaded by a subtle humor from which it seems strange that anyone should be obtuse enough to escape. The superficial persons who make merry over the great fish, which is represented as first swallowing and then disgorging the prophet, and look no farther, miss the finest elements of humor in this entertaining tale. The meshes of their minds are so coarse that the more delicate items slip through. The preposterous mood of Jonah when he witnesses the repentance of Nineveh can scarcely fail to provoke a smile in us if we are sensitive to its pitiful absurdity; the lugubrious wail of the prophet for death because he is a discredited foreteller of events is as fine a stroke at pompous self-esteem as one can find in any literature; and the pungent humor of the divine parable of the gourd is superb. If we found this story in Turgenieff we should unhesitatingly applaud its keen wit, but discovering it in the Bible we pull a long face and solemnly set about to prove its historicity in order to protect its sanctity; not realizing that, even if it were shown to be pure fiction, it would still contain some of the richest spiritual teaching in the Scriptures. Perhaps the most admirable example of folk-lore humor in the Bible, and one of the best in any literature, is the fascinating story of Samson, who is not only portrayed as rioting in practical jokes, but also as being a genuine wit. The disasters which characterize his life and the tragedy with which it concludes only serve to bring out more clearly the frolicsome spirit of the man. Bunyan's lines are pertinent:

> Some things are of that nature as to make
> One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.

The pathos of Samson's folly need not deter us from appreciating the humor of his performances. This accretion of tales around the memory of a popular hero is one of the most delicious bits of

literary art in the Bible or out of it, and has furnished poets and dramatists with one of the most fruitful themes upon which they could engage their talents. The wit of Samson's riddle, propounded as a wager at his own wedding-feast, is obvious to all as soon as the circumstances which originated it are apprehended. "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." One can see the sunny-haired giant gleefully felicitating himself on the impossibility of his competitors ever guessing the secret of the honey in the lion's carcass. The way in which he paid the wager, when it had been lost through the treachery of his bride, illustrates the man's sense of humor: "And he went down to Ashkelon, and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them which expounded the riddle." One can imagine him smacking his lips over the grim jest of making his enemies pay his debt of honor. The same spirit is manifest in his slaying of a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass. He evidently finds a sardonic delight in the instrument with which he accomplishes this bloody feat, for he makes a pun about it which it is impossible to reproduce in translation. The word *chamor* which he employs has two meanings: an *ass* and a *heap*. A modern Hebrew scholar, Dr. J. Chotzner, has attempted to bring out the humor of the words describing Samson's exultation over his triumph by the following paraphrase:

> With the jaw-bone of an ass
> Have I plenteous asses slain;
> Smitten thus it came to pass
> Fell a thousand on the plain.

The drastic quality of Samson's humor appears again in the episode of the three hundred foxes sent scurrying through the cornfields of the Philistines with fire-brands tied to their tails. One can easily fancy the reckless jester clapping his hands and prancing about with unholy joy as he beholds the conflagration he has produced. In all his feats of prodigious strength and agility the same humorous feeling is discoverable. His snapping the cords with which his enemies have bound him for delivery into the hands of the Philistines, his carrying off the gates of Gaza and depositing them upon the top of the hill before Hebron—in fact, all of the

adventures which signalize his stormy career are shot through with a mischievous spirit of fun. He evidently luxuriates in his vindictive buffoonery. Nor is this wanton gladness absent from his unfortunate experiences with his Philistine paramour. Each time he fools her about the secret of his strength laughter shakes his ponderous frame and mockery pours from his lips. He revels in the deception of which she is the pouting victim. When finally he surrenders to the blandishments of Delilah, and compasses his own ruin by telling the truth about himself, the first impression upon his mind seems to be scarcely more serious than that the biter has been bitten at last. The joke is on him. "He wist not that the Lord was departed from him." When the fatality of his situation dawns upon him his inveterate humor still survives. His position is deplorable enough—a blind slave making sport for his hereditary foes. Nevertheless, he will extract a morbid gratification from his misfortunes. He will add a climax to all the rude jokes he has played upon his enemies by compelling them to die with him. He pulls down the building in which they are making merry and they perish like cattle. The very grotesqueness of it mitigates the gloom of the catastrophe. Tears and smiles lie close together. The writer of the narrative records with ill-concealed satisfaction: "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." The fun is fast and furious in this story, but it embodies moral teaching of the most serious kind. It affirms more impressively than any solemn homilist could do that a pure character and a reasonable spirit are far better than massive strength of body and a mind of surprising ingenuity.

We laugh at Samson, though we realize that he made a fool of himself, knowing that the fool is one of the staple articles in the humorist's wares. Without his kind the wit would find his occupation gone. Were all humanity of flawless wisdom it is difficult to see how the contrasts and incongruities which are so vital to humor could be conceived. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the humorists have always taken kindly to the people of defective sagacity. Said Charles Lamb: "I love a fool as naturally as if I were kith and kin to him. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding." It is this recognition of our community with the fool

which makes the portrayal of his frolicsome antics, his sublime absurdities, and his childish hallucinations so palatable to us all. Seneca deprecated the silly fashion of keeping idiots as servants in aristocratic families of his day, and said: "If ever I want to amuse myself with an idiot I have not far to look for one; I laugh at myself." The Bible deals more severely with fools than does other literature, because its writers are so deeply concerned with the moral aspects of folly. Yet even they base their diagnosis of the fool on irresponsibility, rashness, and lack of common sense characteristic of his class; a kind of egotistical self-sufficiency and absence of self-restraint, coupled with excessive love of talk and itch for disputation; all which traits reach their acutest stage in the crowning stupidity of a foolish life—opposition to the will of God.

It is in the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament—Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and certain psalms and prophecies—that the fool receives the most elaborate attention. The points of humorous criticism to which he is subjected in these writings are so familiar to students of the Bible and so numerous that specific citations in this place are neither necessary nor desirable. Though the author of Ecclesiastes is commonly regarded as sounding a melancholy note, a modern critic has ventured to say of Koheleth: "His humor is mostly of the cheerful order; and far from weeping over the foibles and follies of the human race, he makes merry over them." The subjects which evoke humorous treatment at the hands of the Wisdom writers are generally those on which the humorists of all ages have exercised their genius. The contentious woman, the slothful man, the meddler with other people's affairs, the person with itching ears, the trader who brags of a sharp bargain—these and many more are etched in epigrams which provoke mirth. The vanities of worldliness are delineated in a way to excite smiles of philosophic scorn. With these amusing bits of wisdom may be compared the broader rebukes of arrogance and ambition contained in the Fable of Jotham on the choice of a king by the trees (Judges 9. 8-15), and the Apologue of Joash on the thistle and the cedar (2 Kings 14. 9), all characterized by humor.

It will be objected by some that these exposures of human

folly are so satirical as not properly to be classed as humor, which is uniformly gentle and good-natured. It is significant, however, that Thackeray, who is entitled to be called an authority, and whose definition of humor as "a mixture of love and wit" has been widely accepted, in his lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century actually begins with Swift, whose temper is vitriolic. It is in this first lecture of the series that he says: "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture —your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. . . . He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak." It would seem, then, that the gentle humorist may be severe if his motive is benevolent. There are also degrees in satirical speech. "Satire without humor," it has been said, "is invective." On the other hand, Lowell declares of Chaucer that his "satire . . . is genial with the broad sunshine of humor." The elder Disráeli says of Cervantes, a prince of humorists, that he "excels in that sly satire which hides itself under the cloak of gravity; but this is not the sort of humor which so beautifully plays about the delicacy of Addison's page." Yet Macaulay writes of Addison: "So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that since his time the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and the most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon." According to these experts, satire may apparently be classed with humor when it is not malevolent; a note of distinction to be kept in mind when we test certain passages in the Bible.

The absurdity of idol-worship is a favorite subject of caricature with the prophets, admirable examples of which are to be found in Isa. 44, Jer. 10, and elsewhere. Everybody notices the grim humor of Elijah's suggestion to the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, "Cry aloud; for he is a god. Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Job's famous rejoinder to his tormentors is appreciated by the dullest mind: "No doubt but ye are the people,

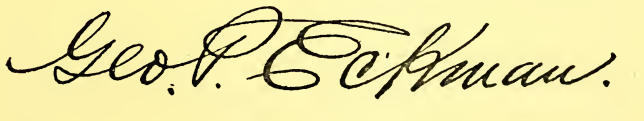
and wisdom shall die with you." Other equally humorous bits may be culled from the wonderful book which bears his name. Irony is employed with much effect by the apostle Paul, who is proficient in almost every rhetorical expedient, to whom also a variety of puns may be accredited. There is no resisting this stroke at the self-assurance of some of his followers: "Now ye are full, now ye are rich, ye have reigned as kings without us: and I would to God that ye did reign, that we also might reign with you. . . . We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye are honorable, but we are despised" (1 Cor. 4. 8, 10). Of similar quality is this admonition: "If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another" (Gal. 5. 15).

No one questions that Jesus was a master of ironical speech. "Many good works have I showed you from my Father; for which of these do you stone me?" he asks of his enemies. "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets," he admonishes his disciples. Though the scholars tell us that there is no proof that the Pharisees ever did such a ludicrous thing, yet the spirit of it endures to our times, and derision is the only effective method of discouraging it. The parable of the unjust steward is a masterpiece of satire. So perfect is it that it has confused a multitude of commentators who have dangerously wrenched their intelligence in the vain effort to give it an interpretation consistent with the idea that it is a sober piece of teaching. How absurd it makes a false trust in Mammon! When Jesus compares his generation to children playing feast and funeral, and complaining of one another, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept," his criticism must have brought a smile to the faces of those who heard him.

One cannot speak of the humor of Jesus without the utmost delicacy; he must not in the slightest degree abate his reverence for the divine Saviour. Nevertheless, it is to be remembered that the Son of Mary was a whole man, and that to ascribe anything abnormal to his human nature is to do violence to any reasonable and scriptural interpretation of his person. Yet he has been

almost uniformly depicted as a man of sad countenance and solemn manner. The shadows of his life have been permitted to efface the sunshine of his gracious character. It has been forgotten that he repudiated asceticism; that he mingled at feasts where laughter, song, and jest would certainly be encouraged; that he watched with sympathetic interest the merry games of children, and was fond of their prattle; that he used music and dancing to symbolize the joy of God over repentant sinners. We are reminded that the record gives no indication that Jesus ever laughed, though it does once affirm that he rejoiced in spirit. But we are in danger of making too much of that fact. When we recall certain traditions of our Lord from extra-canonical sources, which have been preserved by orthodox Christians of primitive times with the apparent feeling that these might in part be authentic, we are inclined to wonder whether a certain reserve may not have prevented the evangelists from recording humorous incidents and sayings of his life with which they were familiar. Are not we also affected by an artificial veneration and a fragmentary conception of Christ's nature to such an extent that in some measure we dehumanize him? Ought we not to concede to him a natural sense of humor, quickened by the rarest intelligence and refined by his divine spirituality? But we are not left to mere conjecture regarding the humor of Jesus. His recorded utterances are before us bearing incontrovertible evidence that his genial spirit found expression in kindly pleasantries and humorous suggestions. His colloquy with the Syrophœnician woman (Mark 7) is a good-natured challenge of a heathen's right to ask anything of him until he has attended to all the applications of his own people. The mother's rejoinder is unmistakably witty, and is apparently very much relished by Jesus: "Yes, sir; but the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Back of the woman's quick intelligence our Lord sees faith in his actual mission, and he instantly responds to it, and grants her petition. Observe his quaint characterizations of those who carefully cleanse the outside of the cup and platter, forgetting that they drink and feed from the inside of these vessels; of men who carefully strain out a gnat but incontinently swallow a camel. Notice how he hits off the absurdity of trying to serve two masters,

of feeding pearls to swine, of putting a light under a bushel, of proffering a stone instead of bread, or a serpent instead of a fish, or a scorpion instead of an egg, of pitting Beelzebub against himself. What a grotesque thing it is for a camel to attempt to squeeze through the eye of a needle, or for a blind man to try to lead another sightless mortal, with the result that both pitch into the gutter. How preposterous it is for a man with a beam in his eye to offer to remove a mote from his brother's eye. Consider the ludicrous plight of the architect who places a house on the shifting sands, of the general who goes to war without thinking it worth while to estimate the possible resources of his enemy, of the man who makes himself the laughing-stock of the town by commencing to build a tower which he has no means to finish. These are delicious bits of our Lord's humor with a high moral purpose. Think of the quaint shrewdness of admonishing his disciples not to think of the morrow, because that was characteristic of the Gentiles, nor to depend upon the worldly policy of loving their friends, since that was the habit of the publicans. Remember the pathetic humor of his response when the Pharisees warned him that Herod was on his track: "Go ye, and tell that fox, Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected, . . . for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." Recall his quiet remark, probably accompanied by a tremulous smile, when the disciples brought out two old swords with which to confront the world, "It is enough!" Run through his parables, and observe how a rich vein of humor pervades nearly all of the more important ones. What further need is there of illustrations?—though the number of those not mentioned here is very considerable. It is perfectly evident that Hebrew humor did not fail when He came "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write."



Art. III.—CONTRIBUTIONS OF ORIENTAL CHURCHES TO WORLD-WIDE CHRISTIANITY

To many the title of this article will seem strangely preposterous, especially when it is seen that the reference is not to contributions of money, but to gifts of thought, and character, and life. Most Christians in the West have thought so long of the Orient as the place of heathenism, and have grown so accustomed to thinking of the West as the home of Christianity, and its faith and practice as the proper Christian standards for the world, that they will look upon the suggestion as wholly presumptuous or foolish, that Christianity may receive from the East nobler interpretations of some of its essential principles. The West is the giver of money, of ecclesiastical systems, and of theology; the East is the receiver only, and bound to accept Christianity, both in thought and life, as the West thinks and lives it. No greater mistake could be made; and those who support missions to enhance the glory of Western churches by extending their influence in the East and keeping the Orient in religious subjection to Western standards are engaged in a hopeless enterprise. They should remember that Asia is the ancestral home of all the world's great religions, of Christianity as well as of Buddhism; that Christianity was born in the East, and the East is rapidly coming to appreciate that. Keshub Chunder Sen, the great leader of the Bramo Somaj, or Theistic Society, of India, and the most original of modern Indians, proclaimed to his followers that Jesus was an Oriental. "Was not Jesus Christ," he said, "an Asiatic? . . . I rejoice, yes, I am proud, that I am an Asiatic. He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. When I reflect on this, my love for Jesus Christ becomes a hundredfold intensified. In Christ I see not only the exaltedness of humanity, but also the grandeur of which Asiatic nature is susceptible." From the mistake of expecting the Oriental churches to remain in subjection American Christians ought to be saved by their own his-

tory. Most American Protestants received their Christianity from England, whose people are of the same race, speak the same language, inherit the same traditions and cherish the same ideals as their own, but they long ago severed the connection with their founders and have developed their theology and their ecclesiastical systems in entire independence. Equally certain is it that the churches of the East will not long remain in any kind of formal subjection to the churches of the West, composed of persons of a different race, with a different history, who speak different languages, and cherish greatly different presuppositions of life and ideals. We should prepare, therefore, for the independence of the Eastern churches. A few decades, or even a few years ago, when we thought of Asiatics as inferiors, and had little knowledge of their literature, their history, and their life, we thought of them as made to be governed by the West. But the modern history of Japan, and the recent awakening of China and India, show us the greatness of the East, and the folly of the idea that it will long consent to receive its theology or its systems of church government from Western lawgivers. With the awakening of the spirit of political independence there rises the spirit of religious independence. Japan has led the way, the Christians of China are thinking of it, and nothing in the future is more certain than that the churches of India will soon feel the same hopes. The Rev. John P. Jones, who has lived over thirty years in India, in his India: Its Life and Thought, says: "The outward form of Christianity, after Western pressure has been taken away from this land, will depend upon the mental makeup and peculiar spiritual aspect of the Indian Christian, and until he is able to furnish and enforce this, which I call the Oriental type of Christianity, he will never be able to make his religion appeal to his brothers and make it an indigenous faith in India." The same may be said of every great people among whom missionaries are working. In every land the native churches will say to them: "You have brought us great gifts, and we shall never forget it; but we can walk alone now, and can set up for ourselves to interpret for our people the Word of God and live our own Christian lives free from Western control." That time has not come for

most lands, but it will come, and then the native Christian church, living a freely developing life, with the same book to guide it that has guided us, and the same Spirit to interpret, will illustrate phases of Christianity which are not conspicuous among ourselves, and will so complete the life of God in the soul—and life—of man. For that glorious day we should pray and work, and the signs of its coming we should hail with joy, for it will mean the universal headship of Christ, the full flowering of the Christian faith in all the world. Here surely is a subject worthy of consideration, and it should be presented to the Christians of America more frequently than it is. Too much attention is concentrated on the evils of the East; we ought to give more of it to the growing church of the East, and strengthen our faith and kindle our hope with the vision of things to come, the contemplation of the future that is even now foreshadowed by the facts of the present. The cherishing of such a hope is most reasonable. Races differ in many respects. In their mental and moral characteristics they have set before themselves different ideals, and are appealed to and won by different motives. This being the case, and Christ having taught a universal faith, and being, as he loved to call himself, the Son of man, and representing all mankind at its best, it is surely reasonable to believe that it will take all races to interpret him fully, and that each race will make its own contribution to the full interpretation of his universal character. It will take all mankind to illustrate fully the fullness of the life of God in the soul of man. The West interprets and illustrates some phases and results of that indwelling; other phases and results will be interpreted and illustrated by the East. Let us look at some of the contributions likely to be made by the greatest peoples of Asia: Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans.

The fundamental religious thought of the Hindus is their conception of the immanence of God. The idea of the immanence of God is not a conception unknown in the West, but here it is accompanied and balanced by the conception of God's transcendence. To the Hindus, however, before becoming Christians, the transcendence of God is meaningless and impossible. Surrendering themselves to the demands of pure logic, they deny the reality

of the finite, as an impossible limitation on the Infinite, and denounce the personality of finite being as an illusion. Their belief in divine immanence is carried to an extreme which precludes transcendence and destroys all distinction between God and man, eliminates all human responsibility, and makes God responsible for all human activities, good and bad alike. It makes the whole scheme of atonement meaningless. The doctrine of divine immanence, held in that sense, makes Christian faith impossible. But as, under the influence of the character of Christ, that extreme doctrine of immanence is corrected and balanced by the truth of divine transcendence—in other words, as the people of India become Christians—there will be a grand result which will be India's supreme contribution to the Christianity of the world. What will that result be? Such a sense of the presence of God in common life as is not usual among Western Christians. In the West we call some departments of life religious and others secular. To the Hindu all are religious, and God shows himself in the smallest and humblest activities of life as well as in the greatest. The West sees God in the strange and unusual, India sees him in everything; and this sense of the presence of God in all things will consecrate the whole of life and immensely enrich our Western religious thinking. Again, Indian Christianity will make a large contribution to world-wide Christianity by the reality with which it will illustrate the passive virtues of religion. In the vigorous, aggressive, and self-assertive West the patience of Christ, his quiet endurance of wrong, his sweet serenity under all circumstances, are praised much, but little practiced. The Rev. John P. Jones says in his India: Its Life and Thought:

> I am inclined to believe that we of the West have few things of greater importance and deeper religious significance to learn from the East than the appreciation of such graces of life as patience and endurance under evil. We stand always prepared to fight manfully for our convictions and to obtrude them at all points upon friend and foe alike. It is not in the nature of the East to do this. We say that the native of India has no stamina, and call him in opprobrium "the mild Hindu." But let us not forget that he will reveal tenfold more patience than we under trying circumstances, and will turn the other cheek to the enemy when we rush into gross sin in our haste and ire. His is one of the hemispheres of a full-orbed character, ours of the West is the other.

One of the most remarkable books on Jesus ever written in English, The Oriental Christ, was written by a Hindu, Protab Chundar Mozoomdar, and one of the most interesting and instructive things about it is the prominence it gives to the gentleness and patience of the Master. As the author was one of the most spiritually minded men of modern India, as well as one of the ablest, his book shows the features of Christ's character which appeal especially to Hindus, and which will be shown most certainly in Indian Christianity. Surely here are lessons which the West greatly needs to learn. We are too much given to thinking of the Western type of Christianity, with its emphasis on externals, its insistence on institutionalism and ecclesiasticism, as the only genuine type and standard of Christian living for the world. But the emergence of India, and the diffusion of its influence, will introduce into Western Christian life another type, one in which gentleness, and patience, and serenity in suffering will be prominent characteristics. Western Christian life will be immensely richer because of the gifts of the churches of India. And how much richer will be the interpretation of Christ when the sublime qualities of the Indian soul are concentrated on him. "No adequate commentary on the Gospel of John will ever be written," said the late Bishop Lightfoot, "till India is converted." The qualities of the Indian mind, when brought into the service of Christ, will be far better fitted to interpret that wonderful book than the mind of the West.

Look now at China. The Right Rev. J. C. Hoare, D.D., Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, who was many years in China before he was elevated to the episcopacy, when asked what contribution to world-wide Christianity might be looked for from the Church of China, said that he looked especially for a great lesson in Christian unity. He believed that owing to the practical nature of the Chinese and their inability to see any vital meaning in the subdivision of Christianity into so many denominations, and the deep and broad sense of brotherhood which prevails among the churches of all names in China, the Church of China might have for its glorious mission the work of illustrating and restoring the oneness of the body of Christ. I do not think

that any man can be really acquainted with Chinese Christians who will not agree with this. China is a large country. Its people speak many and mutually unintelligible dialects, yet the Chinese Christian, traveling in the empire, is everywhere received by other Chinese Christians as a brother in Christ. And as he sees that Christians of other denominations than his own worship the same God, hold the same faith, and are equally ready with his own people to suffer and die for it, he finds it impossible to believe that any special denomination enjoys peculiarly the favor of God. Everywhere he is received as a brother in Christ, and consequently there have already been movements toward the establishing of a Chinese Church. Another contribution of Chinese Christianity will be a new and deeper sense of brotherhood. Descent from a common ancestor establishes the relation of brotherhood. The calling the Emperor the father of his people makes all Chinese one, and among Christians the fact that they are the sons of God gives them a deeper sense of brotherhood than is often felt in the West. Bishop Hoare gives the following characteristics of Chinese Christians as grounds of his confidence that other large contributions will be made by China to the Christianity of the world: First, the steadfastness of the Christians under persecution; their willingness to endure hardship, even death, for the sake of Christ. This was shown in the many persecutions which the Christians in China have endured, and notably in the terrible massacres which marked the Boxer outbreak of 1900. The opinion has widely prevailed that China has been broadly tolerant toward other religions than its own, but the great Sinologue, De Groot, in his Sectarianism and Religious Persecution in China, has shown this notion to be purely chimerical. There have been many persecutions in the empire, but through them all the vast majority of the Christians have been faithful. No longer can any man of honor, who is familiar with modern Chinese history, be guilty of the gross calumny which condemns the body of Christians in China as "rice Christians." The more than ten thousand who died for their faith in 1900, though many of them were given the liberty of choosing life by denying Christ, are reply sufficient to the cruel slander. A British official from

North China called on Bishop Hoare in Kong Kong, just after the Boxer storm, and in the course of conversation said:

> If anyone had asked me my opinion about missions at the beginning of this year I should have said that missions were humbug and the converts shams, but I have entirely changed my mind now. I have, as you know, been living as Consul at ————. While there I have seen men and women brought down from the interior—some dead, brought down to be buried, others, mangled and wounded, brought down to be healed, or to die in the hospitals. In my official capacity I had the opportunity of making inquiries as to the circumstances of their sufferings. In a large proportion of cases I found that the people had the alternative put to them, "Deny Christ or die," and they had deliberately chosen death. Never again will I say that Chinese converts are shams.

From many other parts of China comes practically the same testimony. The heroism of the early years of Christianity has been shown again in our own day in face of sufferings as great and death as cruel as those earliest confessors of Christianity faced and conquered. It seems to me that the apologetic value of this will some day be seen. It cannot, when known, but have a stimulating effect on Christians the world over. The heroic history of the early days lived over again in our own time will give a needed lesson on the power of Christianity to make character; to make heroes of the most ordinary men and women of our own time. The second characteristic which the widely experienced Bishop notes is the diligence of the Chinese Christians in spreading the gospel. The number of converts in China doubles every seven years. Few persons in America realize how rapidly the Christian community in China is growing. A few years ago the late Bishop Lightfoot showed that, so far as could be argued from available statistics, in the year A. D. 250 the Church in Rome, after more than two centuries from its foundation, numbered some 50,000 Christians, or about one twentieth of the population of the city. He also showed that four hundred years after Christ the church at Antioch, though it had had imperial sanction for sixty years, numbered about 100,000. The present rate of progress in China would lead to far greater results than that in a much shorter period. Now the most effective agents in bringing about that splendid result have been, not the foreign missionaries, but the Chinese Christians themselves. In far the greater number of

cases inquiry shows that the new members were led to the church by Chinese Christians. "The farmer talking with his fellows, the traveling tinker talking in the towns while he mends his pots and pans, the field laborer talking with his friend on his way to work, the woman telling her husband or her neighbors of the new message of salvation which she had learned—these are the evangelists of China by whom the gospel is being spread." It is because of this that there are so many places in China in which there are strong and prosperous churches which have been planted and fostered by native Christians, with but scant supervision on the part of the Western missionary. This lay evangelism, the earnestness with which the ordinary Chinese Christian spreads the glad news of salvation, may teach us of the West a glorious lesson. The typical Christian of the Occident does not often speak of Christ to his unconverted friends, and so the spread of religion among us is left largely to specialists. It is the regular work of settled pastors or the spasmodic effort of special evangelists. The spread of Mohammedanism in the Far East was due chiefly to the preaching of Mohammedan merchants and travelers. Every Moslem, whatever his occupation, was a missionary of his faith. Nothing like that can be said of Western merchants in the Far East, many of whom declare only too plainly that they are not Christians themselves and that they do not wish the people among whom they live to become Christians either.

In Korea we see the same principle at work. The very rapid growth of Christianity in that country is due to unpaid lay evangelism. It is no uncommon thing for the Christians, most of whom are poor indeed and have no money to give, to contribute, in their meetings, many hundreds of days to be specially devoted to the work of spreading the good news of the gospel. What a contribution from the churches of the Far East this spirit of universal lay evangelism will be, making every merchant and traveler, every mechanic and laborer, and professional men of all kinds, feel that their faith is the most precious thing in the world, and the preaching of it, in public or in private, their paramount duty and chief joy.

A third characteristic of Chinese Christianity, one which will

surprise many, is the scrupulous care with which Christians admit persons to their church fellowship and the severity of discipline with which they treat breaches of the life to be expected of the Christian. Life and profession must agree, is the insistent demand of the Christians, and nowhere in the world is that rule more insisted on. Very often it is the Western missionary who pleads with the Chinese elders for leniency to an offender, and the plea is often rejected. I have lived many years in China, and I do not hesitate to say that nowhere have I seen discipline against offenders more rigidly enforced. The Christians live in the midst of a heathen society, and feel it to be absolutely necessary for the existence of the church, and the continued power of their faith, that life and profession be one. A final characteristic worth mentioning is the Chinese spirit of reverence for age and their love of order. Reverence for age and respect for those in authority is an old principle of life in China, and does much toward making the Chinese lovers of order. Here are two great elements of life which the Chinese Church will introduce with unexampled power into Western life, and that they are sorely needed there needs no discussion. From these characteristics we may surely look for large contributions to world-wide Christianity. The Chinese Church will probably not contribute much to Christian thinking; will not do much, if anything, for Christian theology; for the Chinese are preëminently a practical people, and judge of religion by its fruits in life rather than by its seeming intrinsic rationality.

Look now at Japan. "Can any good thing come from Japan?" will be asked by many. "Much good," I do not hesitate to reply, "will come from the church of Japan." As in the case of China, the lessons it will teach us, the contributions it will make, will be chiefly in the sphere of practical life. I shall name but one, but it is one of immense significance and promise: I believe that Christian Japan will be the greatest missionary nation in the world. As this may seem to many the very climax of unreason, let me remind them that no finer examples of missionary zeal have ever been shown than Asiatics have manifested in the propagation of Buddhism. No missionary journeys have ever

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been undertaken which showed a finer spirit and a more willing endurance of hardship in the following of religious ends than the pilgrimages to India of the Chinese Buddhist monk, Fahien, in the fourth century, and of another Chinese monk of the same faith, Huen Chang, of the seventh. These long journeys, Fahien having been eighteen years absent from China and Huen Chang seventeen, were undertaken for religious purposes only: the finding of Buddhist books and teachers and taking them back to China for the good of the Chinese people. If Buddhism, which in its earliest form differed, in spite of its high morality, but little from atheism, could inspire such enthusiasm and devotion in Mongolian hearts, the person and teaching of Christ will inspire an enthusiasm and a devotion very much higher. Asiatics are capable of great and noble enthusiasms, and with the above examples before us we may confidently look for a still greater devotion and heroism in the cause of Christ when Asia knows him, for he will evoke their noblest and most loyal enthusiasm as the Buddha could not; and this is all the more sure from the steadily growing habit of Oriental Christians of looking on Christ as an Oriental, one who has shown the high qualities of the Asiatic nature as no other has done. My belief, therefore, that Japan will prove to be the greatest of missionary nations will not appear inherently unreasonable. It will, I believe, give to the West such an example of missionary heroism as the West has rarely seen. And I believe this because of one of the fundamental elements of the Japanese character. There are no people who give themselves, even to death itself, so willingly, so gladly, for the sake of him whom they regard as having the right to command—the Emperor. How wonderful an exhibition of noble loyalty they gave in the war with Russia every reader of the papers of seven years ago knows. A couple of years ago a book devoted chiefly to the fighting before Port Arthur was written by a young lieutenant in the Japanese army. It was soon translated into English with the title of "Human Bullets." What a wonderful record it was of devotion to the interests of the Mikado. I regard it as a promise and pledge of the heroic devotion of the Japanese people to Christ when they come to look upon him as their spiritual Lord.

When they learn to listen to the Great Commission as spoken by one who had the right to command, they will give themselves to missions as only the choicest spirits of the West have done. Already the Japanese Church has sent a missionary to Formosa, and the same devotion may be looked for from the church of Korea. When the first Korean Presbytery was organized it had only seven elders, and, in response to the missionary call, one of them was sent to organize a mission in the island of Quelpaert, off the eastern Korean coast, and he willingly went. It was like going to a foreign country, but that elder, one of the leading men in the Presbyterian Church in Korea, gladly went. All this, with the heroic story of the early Buddhist missionaries from China, convinces me that when Christ is known and accepted in Asia we shall see a glorious outburst of missionary zeal and service. Japan, dedicated to Christ, will be a matchless missionary agency, ready for any service, however hard, if the call to it come in the name of Christ. There are other characteristics of the Japanese people which will have precious lessons for the West. Among the most notable are patience under affliction, an immediate readiness to proceed to work when the untoward circumstances have passed, and, finally, an unexampled willingness to subordinate personal interests to those of the nation. They will show the same readiness to subordinate personal interests to the interests of the Church, and, above all, to the interests of the Leader of the Church, Christ the Lord.

So from each of these leading churches of Asia will come its own contribution to the fullness of the world-wide kingdom; gifts of interpretation which will exalt Christ in the thought of the world and contributions of noble service which will grandly aid in answering the prayer of Christ that the will of God may be done in all the world as it is done in heaven. Of course all this rests on the supposition that every nation in the Orient will have its own church, develop its own theology, and organize its own ecclesiastical life; and the supposition is, happily, based on a solid foundation. The central guide of Christian theology and of Christian life, the New Testament, is as open to the East as to the West, and in natural powers the East is the West's equal.

The East will have also, as fully as the West, the presence of the interpreting Spirit, which Christ promised, and promised first to Orientals. We may rejoice, then, in the prospect before the church of the world when the church of the Orient lives its own life, freed from Western control. Till then let us remember that Christianity in the East is as far outside of Eastern life as a European government is. The government of England is the finest example the East has known of a government inspired and guided by justice and by a supreme desire to help the people. This is certainly true of India, and yet there, in spite of all that England has done for them, in spite of the blessings of the Pax Britannica, under which every man may live his own life in peace, and cultivate his fields without fear, the Hindus do not love it, and would try to overthrow it to-morrow if they dared. A Western church trying to exercise permanent control in India would be no more loved than a Western government. Every friend of Christian expansion should look gladly to the time when the churches of the Orient become independent of Western control, and, on the basis of the New Testament, and with the guidance of the Spirit of God, begin to live their own life, and in ways suitable to the genius of the East give expression to the life of God in the Eastern soul. The Christianity naturalized in the East will appeal to the Eastern heart with a power with which a Christianity under Western control, an exotic deriving its life from Western gifts and Western men, never can.

The East will some day surrender its sublime powers to the enthroned Christ and enlarge and ennoble the interpretation of him to the world, and then we shall see no longer a Christianity of the West, which is but one hemisphere, but the other hemisphere, that of the East, joined to it, we shall have a whole Christianity, the Christianity of the world, the full expression of the life of God in the soul of man.

George B. Smyth.

Art. IV.—"ROGER ASCHAM, THE SCHOOLMASTER"

A recent book, The French Renaissance in England, by an eminent English scholar, Mr. Sidney Lee, indicates the influence of the French language and literature upon English thought and expression. To one feature of that book attention is called in connection with our present purpose.

The introduction of printing into England, while due, primarily, to an intelligent silk mercer, Mr. William Caxton, was affected and directed not a little by French standards. The facts of history, even in connection with the development of printing, cannot be stared out of court, but there are more than facts which bear testimony showing how French standards controlled English effort in typography. The early English presses, except Caxton's, may have been "small ventures of half-educated mechanics," neither Oxford nor Cambridge University having a permanent press until 1582; but the French printers were men of intellectual light and leading. In Paris the first printing press was set up by two professors at the Sorbonne, and the new invention of printing, which "instantly fascinated the cultivated intelligence of France," became the serious pleasure of men who were scholars and teachers. French printing was a fine art, practiced as a learned profession. Such men as the Etiennes, father, son, and grandson; such a man as Geoffrey Tory, and certainly such a man as Etienne Dolet, contributed skill, enthusiasm, and scholarly devotion to the new art. The Etiennes were classical scholars of note; Tory was a flourishing professor of philosophy at Bordeaux, and Dolet, the scholar-printer of Lyons, sealed his glory as a humanist by suffering martyrdom in the cause of intellectual emancipation and the freedom of the press. These men, or perhaps more accurately, since we are speaking of printers, men of this type, gave character to French printing, and influenced, in a direct and helpful way, if not the origin, then surely the development of printing in England. As the thin ranks of the English printers were recruited from time to time we find men coming to England who had French training and followed the French tradition. Wynkyn de Worde,

Caxton's assistant and successor, and Richard Pynson, a French emigrant, whose name holds high place in the annals of English typography, are among those who gave direction to English printing. As in France, where the books that were first printed were of interest and significance to university scholars, so in England, the relation of the new art to the life and work of schools was close and constant. The titles of the books issued from the early presses exhibit the influence of university scholarship. This may have been just as true in Germany and Italy, but its interest lies just now in connection with English effort under French stimulus. The ninety-eight separate titles of Caxton's work show the earmarks of the schools. And this close connection between academic standards and book publication continued for many years. To be sure, religious controversy occupied much of the printer's time, for the days subsequent to the invention of printing may be called terribly religious days; but there were other things, poems, romances, and even plays, printed in somber religious England. John Day, a Puritan printer, the friend of John Fox, author of The Book of Martyrs, which very book John Day issued, and whose epitaph seems more of a quip than the expression of serious sorrow:

> Here lies the Day that darkness could not blind,
> When Papish fogs had overcast the sun,
> This Day the cruel night did leave behind,
> To view and show what bloody acts were done—

even this man was as versatile as a printer as he was industrious as a Protestant, and to him we are indebted for many and varied books. It would be interesting to classify the kinds of literature which came from the English presses showing, as Mr. Lee suggests, the French influence, and particularly the influence of French schools and schoolmasters, but that cannot now be done. Let it suffice to say that one kind of literature, the literature of pedagogy, such as text books, books about teaching, educational hand books, etc., came in a stream from the printer's font. This is as we might expect; but not enough attention has been given by Mr. Lee, or by anyone else, so far as I know, to this fact.

It is not my purpose to review the literature of pedagogy as related to the development of printing in England, but to take one

of these early printed books that deal with education and examine it in the light of modern school principles and practices. Their number is fairly great, and their character interesting. The early ones, a partial list of which has been formed by various writers, are usually translations; but about the middle of the sixteenth century there appeared three of great value, displaying much originality and having considerable significance for us. These were:

1. Sir T. Elyot: The Governor.
2. Thomas Wilson: The Art of Rhetorique.
3. Roger Ascham: The Schoolmaster.

The last of these, entitled The Schoolmaster and written by Roger Ascham somewhere about 1565, and published by John Day in 1570, is a book of more interest than at first appears. It would seem from most estimates of it as if the critics had not read it. To say that "by seeking the practical ends of instruction coldly and dispassionately" "prevents it from being regarded as a work of literary value" is curious criticism. As a program of education it might not satisfy some of our pedagogical innovators, men who despise academic simplicity, who propose, indorse, and urge such courses of study as give promise of qualifying for money making, who regard a college curriculum as if it was a load to be carried in one direction and not discipline for swift and sure going in any direction, and whose utilitarianism is now popular. But to some of us who still think culture and refinement and humanistic appreciations worth seeking and worth finding, even if sometimes unremunerative, this book has value from the point of view of pedagogy as well as interest as literature. It is valuable also for other reasons.

The author was a schoolmaster; but quite an unusual one. The histories of education and the biographical dictionaries provide commonplace information about his birth in 1515; his employments as a teacher of Greek, music, fine penmanship, and archery; his authorship of various books, particularly the book entitled, Toxophilus—a treatise on archery, of which one critic is kind enough to write that it "ranks among the classical pieces of English literature," and another book, The Schoolmaster, which

I prefer, even on the ground of style, to the Toxophilus; his appointment as the teacher of Queen Elizabeth, and his death in 1568. Such a record may be all that a schoolmaster of the sixteenth century deserves, but this interesting man warrants larger consideration. He was a lover of letters, preferring the Italian language next after Greek and Latin; he was "a strong, plain Englishman of Henry's day, with his love for field sports and cockfighting, his warm, generous heart, his tolerant spirit, his thorough scholarship, his beautiful penmanship: a man to be loved and honored." The spirit of English humanism finds no better expression than in Ascham. Of himself he says: "For it is well knowne, that I both like and love, and have always, and do yet still use, all exercises and pastimes that be fitte for my nature and habilitie. And beside naturall disposition, in judgement, also, I was never either Stoick in doctrine, or Anapabtist in religion, to mislike a merie, pleasant and plaiful nature, if no outrage be committed against love, measure, and good order." This reminds one of very few actual schoolmasters, and is not in strict accord with the typical schoolmasters preserved in literature or presented in drama. And yet this humanistic English teacher may not intend to reveal his own character so clearly as he does when he advocates the following course: "I would wish that, beside the knowledge of the tonges and learning, young gentlemen should use, and delite in, all courtlie exercises and gentlemanlike pastimes," such as, "to ride cumlie; to run faire at the tilt or ring; to plaie at all weapones; to shote faire in bow, or surelie in gon; to vaut (vault) lustilie; to runne; to leape; to wrestle; to swimme; to daunce cumlie; to sing and play instrumentes cunnyngly; to hawk; to hunt; to playe at tennis, and all pastimes generally," and whose notion of a gentleman seems to be one who can think hard, ride well, speak the truth, and shoot straight. An interesting master, surely; but whose most renowned work, singular as it may appear, was as the teacher of a woman. In connection with his work as Queen Elizabeth's tutor his book, The Schoolmaster, was produced. Its origin is no less interesting than its contents. In the frank preface to his book Master Ascham reports a conversation at and after dinner in Windsor Castle. The dinner party was

made up chiefly of her Majesty's privy council, summoned by Queen Elizabeth, possibly, to consider the great plague then raging in London. Sir William Cecil, the Queen's chief secretary, was the host, and gave direction to the table talk by referring to an item of news that had reached him on that 10th day of December, 1563, from Eton. Some of the boys at Eton had run away from school because they were afraid of the popular, approved, and scripturally defended discipline of that time—a discipline that was averse to spoiled children and spared rods. This escapade of the boys, from a fear of being beaten by the masters, who were evidently men who did not have "a strong grip on their subjects," led the Queen's secretary to criticize school practices in a serious, sensible way. The other persons at the dinner table expressed their opinions, radical or conservative, condemning or approving the theory and practice of education then in vogue. One or two of the opinions are worth quoting; as, for instance, "The schoolhouse should be in deed, as it is called by name, the house of play and pleasure, and not of fear and bondage," evidently a quotation from Plato; or this, that "The best schoolmaster of our time is the greatest beater," the name of the person being given. But one of those present at the table, the Queen's tutor, Master Roger Ascham, had philosophic penetration enough to see things in their relations, and raised the question as to the purpose of education, the connection of school with school, the bearing of the work of Eton upon the work of the university, and the place and probable influence of educated persons in the forward-going life of England. It is evident that he spoke candidly, with heat enough to make his opinions glow with sincerity, leading to further conversation and conference some time later. Just after dinner, possibly as a cordial, the Queen and her tutor read together in Greek a noble oration of Demosthenes, and when that was over Sir Richard Sackville, who had been quiet at the dinner table, sought out Master Ascham. He poured into his ear confessions of disappointment connected with education, the kind of confessions altogether too common; as, for example, when a man feels that he has been denied good advantages, and thus prevented, it may be, from realizing the promise of his youth and the power of his life on account of inferior teachers,

whose pedagogic horizons were dull and narrow, due to professional incompetence and personal selfishness, and not, as they ought to be, luminous and universal, from a love of learning and the love of blessed human service. Such confessions, let it be repeated, are too common. The world is full of men and women who fail to get the cheer, and charm, and triumph out of life which they deserve, and might have had if it had not been, in no small degree, that they were subjected to teachers who minified their calling, observing only the letter of pedagogical duty instead of the spirit of stupendous privilege as directors of precious young life. Such confession led, as usual, to frank statements on many subjects of mutual interest, and, finally, Sir Richard Sackville asked the Queen's tutor to put down in a book the opinions he entertained on the subject of teaching. This he consented to do. What he did, with many apologies and personal revelations, with discernment rarely keen, and sympathies strangely wide, became, by rare good fortune, one of the early printed books in our English tongue, and remains, by a fortune as rare and good, one of the most vital educational manuals ever written. The value of Ascham's work may be judged from various points of view. It was a labor of love, written with an exalted sense of rendering help; it expresses the mind and heart of a manly scholar whose merit is attested by the fellowship of England's best men and the favor of England's mighty queen; it is a book of pedagogical convictions, some of them at variance with principles and practices common in his time and ours; and it is in many respects as modern as a paradox of Chesterton, or a polished protest from George Bernard Shaw. And on the basis of this latter fact I shall try to indicate its value nearly 350 years after its first publication.

I. The first principle emphasized by Ascham is that the greatest problem in formal education is the problem of a good teacher. We hear much about the ability, the personality, and the consecration of teachers. I could quote to you, if my time and your patience were unlimited, page after page of book after book, published within recent years, dealing with the vocation of teachers, and making it plain by all varieties of direct and indirect discourses, such as complaint, rebuke, exhortations, and

command, by references to antecedents and appeals to posterity, that the chief factor in education is the personality of the teacher. Education is teaching, and the best teaching results in the transformation of personalities by a personality. But in no book is a clearer, more appropriate, or more eloquent statement made on this line than in Ascham's book. Education is not the transfer of facts. Some of the mechanical theories and mechanical practices of modern education, in schools and colleges and universities, would make this mild-mannered English schoolmaster draw a strong bow of protest and drive an arrow of condemnation as straight as any arrow could be driven by the author of Toxophilus, if he knew of them. Modern school work sometimes substitutes a partial psychology for the philosophy of sanity which Ascham believed; and that philosophy exalts teaching most highly, as a vital process, regarding every teacher as Promethean in power, privileged to scale the heights of heaven and bring light and life down as a gift to the young. It is undoubtedly true, at least in our country, that popular interest in education has never been so active as now; but may it not be just as true that the philosophic basis of education has never been more flimsy than now? Ascham's book, with its reiterations about the personal qualities of the teacher, about the transfer of life to life, as well as of facts and principles to minds, is certainly not modern in a certain limited sense, but it is emphatically modern as a message of need for our time, presenting principles that we teachers dare not forget if our work be well done. Listen to such passages as these:

> At Cambrige also, in S. Johns Colledge, in my tyme, I do know, that, not so much the good statutes, as two gentlemen, of worthie memorie Syr John Cheke, and Doctour Readman, by their onely example of excellency in learning, of godness in living, of diligence in studying, of councell in exhorting, of good order in all thyng, did breed up, so many learned men, in that one College of S. Johns, at one time, as I beleve, the whole Universitie of Louaine, in many years, was never able to affourd.

Of this teacher, Sir John Cheke, Ascham has many fine things to say, such as this:

> I call to remembrance the goodly talke that I have had often tymes, with that gentleman of worthie memorie, my dearest friend, and teacher of all the litle-poore learning I have, Sir John Cheke.

One of the most eloquent passages in The Schoolmaster urges this question of responsible personality. After quoting from Isocrates a passage about the city of Athens, this follows:

> Athens, by this discipline and good ordering of youth, did breede up, within the circuit of that one Citie, within the compas of one hondred yeare, within the memorie of one man's life, so manie notable Capitaines in warre, for worthinesse, wisdome and learning, as be scarce matchable no not in the state of Rome, in the compas of those seven hondred yeares, when it flourished moste. And because, I will not onelie saie it, but also prove it, the names of them be these: Miltiades, Themistocles, Xantippus, Pericles, Cymon, Alcybiades, Thrasybulus, Conon, Iphicrates, Zenophon, Timotheus, Theopompus, Demetrius, and divers more. . . . And beside nobilitie in warre for excellent and matchles masters in all manner of learninge, in that one Citie, in memorie of one aige, were more learned men, and that in a manner altogether, than all tyme doth remember, than all place doth affourde, than all other tonges do conteine.

And, extravagant as the statement seems, Ascham does make out a fair case. We would do well to revise some of our pedagogical principles, judged by actual results of school work as related to the personal quality of teachers.

II. But I must point out several other particulars in which The Schoolmaster meets modern conditions. Speaking as a college president I regret to confess that too often the success of college administration is estimated in terms of money-getting, in building up a material equipment, and all that is related to the physical appearance of an institution. There is, however, a little comfort in learning that this was also true in Ascham's day:

> Doctor Nico. Medcalfe, that honorable father, was Master of S. Johnes Colledge, when I came thether: A man meanelie learned himselfe, but not meanely affectioned to set forward learning in others. He found that Colledge spending scarce two hundred markes by (the) yeare: he left it spending a thousand markes and more. Which he procured, not with his mony, but by his wisdome; not chargeablie bought by him, but liberallie geuen by others by his meane, for the zeale and honor they bare to learning. And that which is worthy of memorie, all thies givers were almost Northenmen: [like Mr. Carnegie], who being liberallie rewarded in the service of their Prince, bestowed it as liberallie for the good of their Contrie. Som men thought therefore, that D. Medcalfe was parciall to Northrenmen, but sure I am of this, that Northrenmen were parciall, in doing more good, and geving more landes to ye forderance of learning, than any other contrie men, in those dayes, did: which deede should have beene, rather an example of goodnes, for other to folowe, than matter of malice, for any to envie, as some there were that did.

III. The newspapers and magazines occasionally comment about certain phases of student life, such as the conduct of students in places where they consort, or the appearance of students, with their extravagant styles and garish colors in dress, their unidiomatic idioms in speech, and many other seemingly modern modes. One may derive a small measure of consolation by reading a few passages from Ascham's book:

And, if som Smithfield Ruffian take up, som strange going: som new mowing with the mouth: som wrichyng with the shoulder, som brave proverbe: som fresh new othe, that is not stale, but will rin [run] round in the mouth: som new disguised garment, or desperate hat, fond in facion, or gaurish in colour, what soever it cost, how small soever his living be, by what shift soever it be gotten, gotten must it be, and used with the first, or els the grace of it, isstale and gone: some part of this gracelesse grace, was discribed by me, in a little rude verse long ago.

> To laughe, to lie, to flatter, to face:
> Foure waies in Court to win men grace.
> If thou be thrall to none of theise,
> Away good Peek goos, hens Iohn Cheese:
> Marke well my word, and marke their dede,
> And thinke this verse part of thy Creed.

Also in outward behaviour, than began simplicitie in apparell, to be layd aside. Courtlie galantnes to be taken up: frugalitie in diet was privately misliked: Towne going to good cheare openly used. Honest pastimes, ioyned with labor, left of in the fieldes: unthrifty and idle games haunted corners, and occupied the nightes: contention in youth, no where for learning:

IV. A criticism against The Schoolmaster, man and book, as viewed in the light of our brilliant, democratic day, is that its conception of education is based upon class distinctions, the distinctions of caste, and a social order now happily forever past. There is something in this criticism; but it may be something unexpected. Education as privilege had a different meaning in Ascham's time from its present meaning. The privilege of education was not a popular privilege. The children of the rich, and a few charity scholars, went to the so-called public schools, and after to the universities; then, if they could afford it, on a grand tour to Italy, as part of an exclusive program, not, it is imagined, fitting them for the world's work but for their own narrow, selfish ends. This is where we are misled. The education of the leisure class of

Ascham's time was not a contribution to softness, self-indulgence, and despicable gratifications. They read Ascham and English history wrongly who say so. The leaders of England did belong to an old social order, with indefensible prerogatives and privileges; and these leaders were the products of the schools. They were not, however, soft, lazy, and incapable. The leaders of England have been taught the glory of service; and English schools have done much of this teaching. I could quote you verse after verse of English schoolboy poetry, as well as phrase after phrase of English schoolboy speech, to prove what I mean:

> Such were those, dogs of an elder day,
> Who sacked the golden ports,
> And those later who dare grapple their prey
> Beneath the harbor forts.
>
> Some with flag at the fore, sweeping the world—
> To find an equal fight—
> And some who joined war to their trade, and hurled
> Ships of the line in flight.
>
> Whether their fame centuries long should ring
> They cared not over-much,
> But cared greatly to serve God and the King,
> And keep the Nelson touch;
>
> And fought to build Britain above the tide
> Of wars and windy fate;
> And passed content, leaving to us the pride
> Of lives obscurely great.

But the conception of education in our day—the day of no class distinctions, the day of too little honored and sometimes dishonored leadership—may be a conception related to the delusion of falsehood. Education is more than equipment for getting on. Education is more than an economic asset. Education is a discipline that gives something better than speed in competition. Education is not solely a means to a mercenary end. If education be only this, then education is ignoble, not majestic; paltry, not magnanimous.

V. A peculiarity of Ascham's book is its omission of advice about the higher education of women, but this is a peculiarity of phrase, not a peculiarity in the sense of prejudice against such

education, or a denial of a woman's rights. This schoolmaster did not need to discourse learnedly about what should be taught to women, their competence to learn, or their ability to use. He speaks of the higher education of one woman, his royal pupil, in gracious phrase, acknowledging himself as a loyal subject as well as a proud master:

It is your shame (I speake to you all, you yong Ientlemen of England) that one mayd(e) should go beyond you all, in excellencie of learnyng, and knowledge of divers tonges. Pointe forth six of the best giuen Ientlemen of this Court, and all they together, shew not so much good will, spend not so much tyme, bestow not so many houres, dayly, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queenes Maiestie her selfe. Yea I beleve, that beside her perfit redines, in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she redeth here now at Windsore more Greeke every day, than some Prebendarie of this Chirch doth read Latin in a whole weeke. And that which is most praise worthie of all, within the walles of her privie chamber, she hath obteyned that excellencie of learnyng, to understand, speake, and write, both wittely with head, and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the Universities have in many years reached unto. Amongest all the benefites yet God hath blessed me with all, next the knowledge of Christes true Religion, I counte this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me, to be one poore minister in setting forward these excellent giftes of learnyng in this most excellent Prince. Whose onely example, if the rest of our nobilitie would folow, than might England be, for learnyng and wisedome in nobilitie, a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men: The best examples have never such force to move to any goodnes, as the bad, vaine, light and fond, have to all ilnes.

But there is a reference to a scholarly woman in Ascham's book which is deplorably sad. He tells of a visit to Lady Jane Grey in words that are very significant:

And one example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue and lerning, I will gladlie report: which maie be heard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Grodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was exceding moch behondinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and Duches, with all the household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge *Phaedon Platonis* in Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som gentlemen wold read a merie tale in *Bocase*. After salutation, and dewtie done, with some other taulke, I asked her, whie she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadow to that pleasure, that I find in Plato: Alas good folke, they never felt, what trewe pleasure ment. And howe

came you Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you unto it; seinge, not many women, but verie fewe men have atteined thereunto. I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will mervell at. One of the greatest benefites, that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and severe Parentes, and so gentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whethere I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowing, plaing, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number even so perfitelie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yet presentilie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so gentlie, so pleasentlie, with soch faire allurementes to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, what soever I do els, but learning, is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking unto me: And thus my booke, hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringest dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles unto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that ever I had, and the last tyme, that ever I saw that noble and worthie Ladie.

VI. One will be expected, doubtless, to refer at length to the distinctive teaching-principles laid down in Ascham's book, his plan for teaching the Latin language. The second, and longer, half of his Schoolmaster is concerned with the double method of translating classical languages—a method at that time novel, at this time unused, but a method which he and a few others have employed to great advantage, although it is condemned by the gerundgrinders who regard grammar as a sort of divine grace, who are as hidebound in method as their books are in fact, and who fail to discern force and life in literature, but only forms. The method of Ascham is referred to in many text books on teaching, and is often referred to in such a way as to indicate a lack of familiarity with it. At the most, it is not now, I regret to say, important, because of the slight concern shown by teachers in the secondary schools to those incomparable mental fertilizers, the study of Latin and Greek.

VII. A striking difference between the English educational programs issued in the sixteenth century and those now in vogue is seen in the emphasis which our English forebears laid upon the

question of religion. The religious nature of man is assumed, but the normal development of that nature without definite instruction is not assumed. Not merely ethics, as a subject for investigation and formulation, but also religious principles, derived from the Christian revelation, must be insisted upon, if youth is to be safeguarded and rightly reared. The persistence of this strain in these early programs is like the presence of a simple melody in a great *concerto,* appealing, compelling, and dominating. And from the point of view of a modern teacher praise must be given to the teachers of the former days, who were pedagogically right. If modern pedagogy is to be a highly specialized form of animal psychology, and if the trained human is to evince fitness, expertness, shrewdness, and genius in secular adjustments—a tendency now existing in many directions—then the product of education will be wolfish selfishness; mere brutal urgency under sleek forms of clever adaptation. Listen to Ascham's profound word as he says, "To wreste out of mens handes the knowledge of Goddess doctrine is without all reason, against common sense, contrarie to the judgment also of them which be the discretest men and best learned."

Ascham's book reveals the placid man, careful and conscientious, full of benign dignity. The Holbein portrait of Erasmus, the Dutchman who spoke no modern language so well as classical Latin, many persons have seen; and that portrait of a man with an austere face which betrays in its expression a subtle sense of humor, a habit of self-content, and reverence for high thought, represents Humanism at its best. The real Erasmus, the man behind the portrait, and Roger Ascham, the real schoolmaster, the man behind the book, are spiritual kindred, bearing messages of significance to all who know truth, love righteousness, and live becomingly.

Art. V.—A FIVE DAYS' TRUANCY

Be it known, to my disgrace, that I never played "hookey" until last Thanksgiving. It is impossible for me to render any adequate excuse for this grievous omission of my adolescence, and I shall not try. However, I have amended, and my first brave dereliction from duty has ended so prosperously that I trust the next may not keep me waiting over long. The much-traveled leisure class and the much-traveling commercial class could not fail to smile in derision at the pleasant excitement in the home of a quiet college professor when he contemplates breaking away from the routine of classes and papers and students to get some first-hand impressions of Sodom or Nineveh. Chicago is Sodom and Nineveh in one—with a touch of Warsaw, Vienna, and the New and Old Jerusalems—and my truancy there extended from Tuesday morning to Saturday night. It seems now incredible that I spent only eighty-four hours in Chicago and twenty-four on the train, for I lived a year. It was a year of life, though—not a year of growing old, but a year of renewal, of re-creation, of intellectual house-cleaning, and refurnishing, and refurbishing. Some furniture I have sent to the bonfire; other fine pieces, used before for company, have been brought into the living room, and there is some brand new—of the mission style, I hope and intend to make it. I am not going to try to tell the whole history of my journey and visit. That were a task to threaten my ink supply, and, besides, I am back at work again, and this is not eternity. Just a word about the friends I visited, and then the story of my homeward trip.

Three friends constituted my excuse for the descent on Chicago. The first is a man of universal scholarship, who is at present teaching in the department of philosophy in the University of Chicago, teaching at night in the University Settlement on Gross Avenue, back of the Stock Yards, and carrying on investigations among the youth that are being consumed by that fiery, sooty, bloody Moloch. With him I slept at the Settlement House, visited the more aristocratic Hull House, hunted up Hod Carriers' Hall

and Brick Layers' Hall to see and talk with the striking Garment Workers who congregated there daily to see and hear some new thing. In one of these places we felt a latent mentality shaking the bars of its penthouse environment in such manner as might well cause the Captains of Competitive Industry to tremble in their seats. From this friend I caught a vision of the Fourth Estate, or Fifth, Sixth, or Seventh Estate, rather. From his intelligent sympathy I realized the deepest, darkest problems of present "poor, sad humanity." Through him I met and talked face to face, "comrade" to "comrade"—how it revived Walt Whitman to be thus addressed!—with socialist men and women whose faces were alight with belief in and zeal for something. Nothing more refreshing is open to our twentieth century than a breath from a soul that really believes. My second friend is a brilliant young minister, in a Presbyterian church, to a complacent, prosperous suburban congregation. With him I discussed a paper he had been working up on Some Theological Aspects of Pragmatism, and reviewed his church from basement to study. From him and his busy life, punctuated at that time with evangelistic services, which he detested but perforce attended and, as he said, "assisted at the obsequies," I caught a glimpse of the great body of church people under the lead of Chapman and Alexander who were then engaged in the yearly routine debauch of religiousness. Fondly imagining they were hastening the millennium, they were affecting the real wickedness and the real misery of Chicago no more than being sorry ever affects a festering sore. My third friend is a miracle. Having worked gigantically for nine years to get through seminary and college, and just on the eve of graduation, he fell victim to the Strenuous Life imposed by his ideal. Cardiac trouble demanded that he forego all forms of mental as well as hard physical exertion. He must be active, but not forced; his mind must be exercised, but not urged. His early dream of preaching, his later vision of Social Work, which he actually realized for a few months, had to go by the board. After agonizing effort to find work that would meet his conditions, whose conditions he could meet, he finally compromised with health and livelihood by turning waiter. He has a happy wife, three healthy children, and the

prospect of a little farm of his own if his heart stands by him fourteen hours a day for two years longer. With him I talked two afternoons and two nights into the growing hours of the dawn, and from his invincible courage I learned anew the lessons of Epictetus. Nothing outside us is an evil. Within he had nobility, love, religion, aspiration, friendship; without was a life of meniality and cruelly frustrated ambition. But my friend lived a life of the spirit, refuting all materialistic philosophies whatsoever and proving idealism the only truth.

These were my three friends, and I should like to tell more of them. But this is to be a story of my journey home.

All of one long, beautiful November day, flashing through dark freshly plowed wheat fields on rolling prairies, past the Dalles of the Wisconsin and all the whelming and bewildering tricks and sports of nature in erosion, my eyes were blinded to their charm, for I was captivated by that of men—three men who traveled with me. I met the first when I entered the train. My friend the minister introduced me to Doctor A, general official of rank in his church, and that was all I knew of him for an hour or two while we were getting out of Chicago and devoting ourselves to our books—he to Browning and I to Joseph Vance, which I was reading for the second time and taking leisurely. About noon, while awaiting the call to luncheon, we met in the smoking room, and I learned that he was a national organizer of Sunday schools, and was on his way to attend one of the many conventions that demanded much of his time. He was a fluent and engaging talker, and spoke enthusiastically of Sunday school unity as a first step toward church unity. It happens that I have never been particularly impressed with the necessity, or value, or wisdom of church unity, and I mildly implied my doubts, remarking that, broadly speaking, the various churches still represent various temperaments. Although all Presbyterians are not cold to conversions, and all Methodists are not perfervid, still there are always these two types of people, and, call them what you please, they manage to get pretty satisfactorily segregated. Lovers of beauty, history, and the past should be Catholic; devotees of service, progress, and the present should be Protestant. Individuals are frequently

found in the wrong pastures, but, on the whole, the fences serve very well. He came back at me and demolished me, I suppose—though I don't remember what he said—and went to dinner.

Now begins the quick movement!

I had not noticed a good-looking commercial-appearing man who showed some signs of impatience during our conversation, and, after Dr. A had gone, he commenced to bubble over to the other occupant of the room, a young man with round unthinking eyes and undisturbed intelligence. A less promising audience than this pococurantic youth would have been hard to find, but he served as an escape for my new friend. He appeared a likable fellow, and I was sure we could be friends. Besides, the most impeccable intellect would have been sore pressed to interpret the high-pressure snorts and semi-developed, semi-suppressed exhausts that filled the room for a few minutes. One thing was perfectly clear—even to the unreflective Adonis: the stout commercial-looking gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. B because his name did not begin with a B, was not pleased by the conversation he had just heard. As I listened to his angry exhaust I detected the exotic odor of the metaphysics of the business man of the world. A long afternoon was ahead of us; a college professor gets few enough chances to talk freely with the man of affairs; I liked his looks; I would always talk theology and isms at the drop of a hat—and so I addressed him. I admitted my connection with a denominational college, but it was only English that I taught, and so I had a claim on ordinary human intercourse. I asked him if he wouldn't tell me his quarrel with us, and after I had lighted one of his cigars he began. Primarily, he was disgusted with Dr. A for using his brains to organize Sunday schools. Dr. A's vocal and articulary capacity had impressed him, and he regretted that a man who might be doing some good in the world should be frittering his powers on Sunday schools to teach an outworn and parasitic creed. Then, in a more fundamental way, he was disgusted with me for my defense of denominations. That was the particular red rag. If the Church as a whole was comedy the denominations were howling farce. I abandoned them shamelessly to their fate and

asked him if he had any place for religion. He decidedly had, and in that place was the most beautiful religion in the world—the religion of science. He was agent and technician for a great wire concern and was an expert in certain fields of practical chemistry and physics. By those tokens he had the most reverent regard for the God of Chemistry and Physics, but for any other a most supreme contempt. He was in that delightful early stage of implicit faith in facts—or truth, as he persisted in calling them. (And, by the way, I had rather flattered myself that I had a knack of showing the difference between a fact and a truth; but after I had used all my ammunition he smiled at me, as though appreciating my unsuspected gymnastics, and assured me that it made no difference what you called the thing.) Chemistry was verifiable; religion was not. Why not leave it all alone? I said: "The church is just a set of complex machinery to make the world better. You are a practical man. You believe in and depend upon the vast business machinery, which is artificial and man-made, why object to ecclesiastical machinery?" "O," he smiled, "the dollar is an artificial thing. I rob every man I meet" (he really was a delightful fellow), "and you can't compare the two." The airy inconsequent admission of the frank man of affairs that the code of business and the code of religion are incommensurable is one of the intellectual posers of our time.

Well, we got to liking each other—as men do when they talk frankly. Our intellectual platforms were just as distinct as before, for unless they are joined in the dry dock of early education it is a miracle to tie up on the high seas of maturity, but we felt a better trust in each other. Tolerance grows, not for abstract theories but for concrete men and women. Figures do not lie, but a lot of liers figure; and, conversely, we may distrust the engine but have a supreme faith in the engineer. The Good Will in man cannot fail to grow out of such talks as ours, and some day, please God, the feelings will conquer the dogmas and men will unite to put in chains their tyrants. We are like soldiers attacking a garrison at night-fall. Friend and foe are alike indistinguishable, and we have been defeating ourselves. When good men learn that they all *feel* alike there will be the devil to pay for some honored

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abuses, and he will be paid and retired permanently from business on short order.

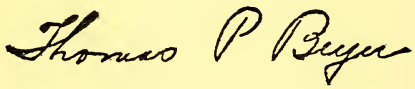
Well, we drifted into anecdotes and reminiscences. Mr. B told of addressing a college class on some phase of commercial chemistry, and I confessed to having tried to sell some telephone stock several years before. I recommended a book, and he gave me the address of a patent lawyer from whom I could get some samples of clear-cut patent speeches for the study of my rhetoric classes. He told me of selling wire to Jim Hill and I narrated a favorite yarn about Stevenson. Then we shook hands, and he went to supper and I back to Joseph Vance.

A stiff, elderly, Covenanter-looking man had witnessed a part of our linguistic tournament, and had evidenced great uneasiness when Mr. B had remarked, rather belligerently, that Jane Addams was doing as great work for humanity as any man or woman that has ever lived, and might (who knows?) be worshiped as a god in a thousand years. I have a great admiration for Miss Addams myself, and besides understanding the natural pride of a Chicagoan in any civic institution am constitutionally not shockable along that avenue of approach. But not so with Rev. C, the elderly Covenanter-looking gentleman. He approached me now, and after complimenting me on my stand against the forces of Gog and Magog, launched a flow of bottled-up invective against modern science and all forms of Higher Criticism, root, stock, and branch. Very mildly I insinuated that certain forms of Higher Criticism—provided it didn't speak German, or French, or Dutch—were less obnoxious than others, but he was scandalized at my heresy.

Dr. A was now tired of Browning and we started on a second round. I tried to "sick" him on Mr. B, but he had more wisdom, or less temerity, than I, and declined to be "sicked." He had two ideas that he had no use for and wanted to pass them on to someone that might irrigate them. The first was the conviction that the Bible had best be taught as literature in the colleges; under the application, especially, of principles of historical criticism. This was unimpeachable doctrine, and I expressed surprise only that he had discovered real colleges that were teaching exclusively in any other way. The second was a particularly petted hobby, that the Uni-

versities should found a chair for the teaching of Executive Ability. *This was a poser.* I had visions of Chairs of Animal Magnetism, Business Cunning, Loving Kindness, but meanwhile Dr. A was making plain that his scheme was not so chimerical as it appeared. "A man need not be a good executive to teach Executive Ability, any more than a man needs to be a good practical lawyer to teach the rudiments of law." I wondered what kind of a fool Mr. B would think Dr. A if Mr. B happened to be within hearing. And then I had to answer. On the whole, I think my reply rather neat. At least it diverted the issue. I said colleges were already teaching Executive Ability in its atomic units. A sense of the motives that sway men and the channels of appeal make one fundamental requirement, and self-expression is the next. As a rhetoric teacher, in drawing out the personality of a student I am teaching the latter, and History and Psychology reveal the former; so there you are. Let the student put one and one together and he will make an Executive. It satisfied Dr. A, and luckily I did not have to meet Mr. B on the issue, for we were pulling into the Union Depot.

So ended my five days' truancy. I had seen Chicago and realized it vitally; I had touched Ecclesiasticism, new and old, and been granted an illuminating view of honest commercial materialism. When I can afford it I shall run away again.



Art. VI.—MARK TWAIN AS A PREACHER

Sitting one November afternoon with Mark Twain in the library of his beautiful "Stormfield," which crowns one of the Connecticut hills, our conversation turned on Helen Keller. Mr. Clemens said: "One thing about Helen Keller puzzled me for many years. At a reception in Boston I placed my hand on her head. Soon after Miss Sullivan sent for me and said Helen was identifying the people she knew as they spoke to her, but could not tell who the gentleman was who had placed his hand on her head. At Miss Sullivan's request I repeated my greeting and Helen instantly recognized me. The more I thought of this feat the more my wonder grew, and I was never able to solve the problem until one day recently when Helen paid me a visit here. I asked her if she recalled the circumstance. She did, perfectly. I said, 'Helen, how did you recognize me?' She answered, 'I smelt you.'" We all had a good laugh at Mr. Clemens's expense. Miss Clemens insisted that Miss Keller smelt his brand of cigars, but Mr. Clemens fell back on the theory that each person has a peculiar, individual odor which Miss Keller was able in his case to recognize. It is true that the loss of one sense often makes more acute another. We call Mark Twain a genius because of his alertness to see and phrase the humorous side of things; but he was possessed of an equal genius, which has been slower in reaching recognition, to see and phrase the moral value of things. His humor almost invariably takes this moral turn. May I not then call him a preacher? It is something of a leap, I grant you, from the cap and bells of the humorist to the cowl of the preacher, and Mark Twain never made it to the satisfaction of the general public, but he made it for the more thoughtful. And he has made it for posterity. It may be too broad a statement to say that he never wrote to make people laugh; that he always wrote to make them think and feel, but the statement is true in the main. Read his Heaven or Hell—the story of a thousand lies—and if you do not have a thousand thinks coming, and almost as many tears as

laughs, your mind must be a vacuum and your feelings in a state of atrophy.

The fact is, the name "Mark Twain" was, is, and I suppose always will be, a synonym for laughter. The muscles of the mouth begin to twitch the moment you open a book bearing the magic words, "Mark Twain." You become so accustomed to the idea of laughter that you are led to the delusion that a humorist can never be serious. Yet Mark Twain was one of the most serious of men. Humor as a subject never interested him, and never did he accept an invitation to respond to a toast on humor. Because of his reputation as a humorist it was not easy for him to get a serious hearing. He published Joan of Arc anonymously that it might be taken seriously. He long desired to write a Life of Christ, and only desisted for fear of an entire misunderstanding on the part of the public. But he gradually came to his own. At the annual dinner of the Saint Nicholas Society in New York, December 6, 1900, he was referred to by Rev. Donald Sage Mackay in these words.[1]

> Mark Twain is as true a preacher of true righteousness as any bishop, priest or minister of any church to-day, because he moves men to forget their faults by cheerful well-doing instead of making them sour and morbid by everlastingly bending their attention to the seamy and sober side of life.

Mr. Clemens's response was not merely facetious: it expressed the longing of the preacher in him:

> Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the Saint Nicholas Society—These are, indeed, prosperous days for me. Night before last, in a speech, the Bishop of the Diocese of New York complimented me for my contribution to theology, and to-night the Reverend Doctor Mackay has elected me to the ministry. I thanked Bishop Potter then for his compliment, and I thank Dr. Mackay now for that promotion. I think that both have discerned in me what I long ago discerned, but what I was afraid the world would never learn to recognize.

And yet, as late as 1892, Professor Richardson, in his American Literature, dismisses Mark Twain with a few sentences as one of those humorists who have their brief day and are forgotten on the morrow. His advice was to make hay while the sun shone.

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[1] Mark Twain's Speeches, page 123.

In less than a decade the popular American jester and fun-maker, thus dismissed from the real literati, was to receive his honorary Doctor of Laws from Oxford, and come to his recognition as the first living American man of letters, a unique figure in the literary world. This was not because of his humor, but in spite of it. It was because he was a preacher. He had a message. Literature was his pulpit. While his fame has been spread by the infection of his laughter, his real reputation has been made by the seriousness of his moral purpose.

Like all good preachers he was to some extent a theologian and a philosopher. I do not know that his idea of God would altogether pass current in our schools of theology. He had his own idea, to be sure. We might have to call him a heretic. Even so, he is in good company. Some of our greatest preachers have been heretics—Paul, Luther, Wesley, Robertson, Kingsley, Maurice, Bowne—so I turn to our modern Saint Mark and say, "The goodly company of the apostles salute you!" He did hard, reflective thinking. He was interested always in the unusual and mystical. He was deeply responsive to the religious. Mr. Twichell[1] tells me that one day, when Mark Twain had remained his guest over night, he was so affected by the simple devotion of their family prayers that he sobbed aloud. His daughter Susie knew at fourteen what the public were a long time discovering, that her father had other gifts than the one that made him famous. She gave it as her opinion that he was more of a philosopher than anything.[2] Professor Phelps, of Yale, has called attention to the fact that, when he was a boy of thirteen in the West Middle Grammar School at Hartford, he heard Mark Twain talk to the graduating class on "Methuselah."[3] Thirty years after Professor Phelps produces the idea of that address from memory: "He informed us that Methuselah lived to the ripe age of 967. But he might as well have lived to be several thousand—nothing happened. The speaker told us that we should all live longer than Methuselah. Fifty years of Europe are better than a Cycle of Cathay, and twenty

[1] Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, Asylum Hill Congregational Church, for many years Mark Twain's pastor.

[2] Mark Twain's Autobiography, North American Review, May 17, 1907.

[3] Mark Twain, by W. Lyon Phelps, in the North American Review for July 5, 1907.

years of modern American life are longer, and richer in content, than the old patriarch's thousand. Ours will be the true age in which to live, when more will happen in a day than in a year of the flat existence of our ancestors." We can see Mark Twain's moral and religious philosophy germinating in this speech of thirty years ago. We can see it better in his later injunction for right living: "Diligently train your ideals upward, and still upward, toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbors and the community." Mark Twain wrote out his philosophy of agnosticism, and wanted to read it to a Hartford preachers' meeting, but was deterred by his friends. It might have been better had he done so. That should have been the place for the frank discussion he sought. I suppose Wesley would have classed Mark Twain among those who might die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried to Abraham's bosom.[1]

It is not my purpose, however, to discuss Mark Twain's theology or his philosophy of life. That would be premature, now that his official biographer, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, is engaged in a discussion of these matters at first-hand sources. My point is that, because Mark Twain was a philosopher, what he had to say was worth listening to; that he had a philosophy was largely determining in making him a preacher, in elevating him to his high position in letters. Bernard Shaw calls him primarily a sociologist. Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of South Carolina, says:[2] "Throughout his long life he has been a factor of high ethical influence in our civilization; and the philosopher and the humanitarian look out from the twinkling eyes of the humorist." I use the word preacher as the one word most descriptive of this versatile genius. These messages of vital life that were at first considered passing jokes have found their place in permanent literature. Tom Sawyer at one time was considered too coarse to be admitted to New England public libraries. It has found its place as the great epic of American boyhood. Professor Phelps classes it on the shelf with those distinctive books,

[1] Wesley's Sermons, vol. i, Preface.

[2] Harper's Magazine, May, 1909.

Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, and Robinson Crusoe. Kipling said he would rather have written it than all he is the author of. Its companion, Huckleberry Finn, Brander Matthews calls the "Odyssey of the Mississippi, the finest of his books, the deepest in its insights and the widest in its appeal."[1] His works of travel are as valuable for their realistic descriptive powers as for their humor. Roughing It might almost be called a folk chapter in American life. It gives a permanent preservation of a phase of our early nationalism which, but for Mark Twain, might have been lost to us forever. His Prince and Pauper and Connecticut Yankee, as pieces of imaginative writing, stand incomparable in a class by themselves. Joan of Arc was a literary triumph. The humorists of the future will always find his short stories their greatest mine, and his essays will in a few years be more widely read than his stories. They are all vital works. They live. The preacher speaks in them.

And, if Mark Twain be preacher, what is his gospel? I suggest three dominant notes. Most apparent, naturally, is the note of cheer. He was an optimist in his writing, though he was often as pessimistic in his own thinking as a dyspeptic preacher after a labored sermon. We may be thankful, however, that Mark Twain saved his pessimism so largely for home consumption. He devoutly aimed to bring cheer and comfort as "the Oldest Friend of the Human Race." Well did he minister to a "mind diseased," as the preacher should. With the reminder of Howells's verse we may say, His has ever been the gospel that banished care, cheered the lonely, reached the deaf ear untrumpeted, and made the lame dance with delight.[2] But his was scarcely the gospel of laughter; he brought more than laughter, or he missed his point altogether. Laughter is ephemeral, humor is a literary form. We should not condemn the preacher because God has given him the gift of humor. "There is a time to laugh."[3] "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."[4] Even Elijah had his joke.[5] Humor is not a

[1] Introduction to Author's National Edition of Mark Twain's Works—"Biographical Criticism."

[2] Poem, by William Dean Howells, "The American Joke," read at Birthday Dinner to Mark Twain, December 5, 1905.

[3] Ecclesiastes 3. 4. [4] Proverbs 17. 22. [5] 1 Kings 18. 27

luxury, but a necessity. It is a lubricant that keeps the machine running, and prevents all sorts of over tension, fanaticism, worry, insanity. Christianity is distinguished from the other religions of the world because of its gladness. It is the business of Christianity to replace the sorrows, miseries, and sins of the world with hope, joy, gladness. Humor as well as pathos has its moral side, and yet the mass of godly people have felt that there was something malefic in humor, and a snore in the congregation would be more easily condoned than a smile.[1] There is a reason: our humorists in the main have been cheap; their humor has been irreverent. Mark Twain entered a field thus unhallowed, and sanctified it. What I mean is this: Most humorists have suffered from the intoxication of irreverence. They largely depended for their effects on illegitimate spelling, or juggling the language, or attacking ideals instead of creating them. They chose the wrong side in all public matters. As Mr. Howells has pointed out: "They were on the side of slavery, of drunkenness, and of irreligion. The friends of civilization were their prey. Their spirit was thoroughly vulgar and base. Before John Phœnix there was scarcely any American humorist—not of the distinctly literary sort—with whom one could smile and keep one's self-respect."[2] Mark Twain brought humor into a new atmosphere. He refined it. He did not sift out any of the fun, but his fun was never at the expense of the weak, the unfriended, the helpless. It was kindly, like his heart. It was just, too. He could be irreverent. But you must define irreverence; he did not lampoon anything essentially sacred in religion or life. His the irreverence for the worship of out-worn customs, ancient myths, fool ideas; for pretense, sham, injustice, and hypocrisy. Thus his irreverent Yankee laughs out of court the "good old times" delusions of ancient chivalry with its kingcraft, priestcraft, and caste. And The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg is a splendid burlesque of the cocksure religiosity of a good many simple-minded mortals of our own day. His humor, as Mr. Howells has said, "sprang from a certain understanding of common sense, a passionate love of justice, and a generous scorn

[1] Imperial Thinking, by William L. Watkinson, page 141, "The Efficacy of Joy."
[2] Mark Twain, by William Dean Howells, Century Magazine for September, 1882.

of what is petty and mean."[1] Here is surely the message of the preacher.

Mark Twain's gospel not only cheers up, but builds up. Democracy was a dominant note. A book like The Prince and the Pauper, as his little daughter Susie (always his keenest critic) well wrote, best represented him. This book, as well as the Connecticut Yankee in the Court of King Arthur, fairly scintillates with democracy. No conventional democracy his. He wanted substance, not form. Take this sentence at random:

> You see, my kind of loyalty is loyalty to one's country, not to the institutions or the office holders. The country is the real thing; the substantial thing; the eternal thing. It is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to. Institutions are extraneous; they are its mere clothing; and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags, that is a loyalty of unreason. It is pure absurdity. It belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it.

He stood broadly for the extension of human rights and the curtailment of privilege. He pointed out many inconsistencies in our practice, such as that of selecting for jurors only those men who swear they have no opinions. He made ringing speeches for Seth Low and against Tammany's corruption in the New York city campaign of 1901.[2] His wit was always at good advantage before legislative bodies. In protesting against an apparent water supply graft bill at Albany in 1901, he facetiously advised the Senate "not to worry themselves over a measure like that to furnish water to the city of New York, for," he added, "we never drink it."[3] In defending the Seymour Bill before the Assembly—a bill to legalize the practice of osteopathy, he concluded: " I was born in the 'Banner State,' and by the 'Banner State' I mean Missouri. Osteopathy was born in the same State, and both of us are getting along reasonably well. At a time during my younger days my attention was attracted to a picture of a house which bore the inscription, 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors.' I could attach no other meaning to it than that Christ was actually quarreling with

[1] My Mark Twain, by Howells, page 130.
[2] Mark Twain's Speeches, pages 114 and 118.
[3] Ibid., page 256.

the doctors. So I asked an old slave, who was a sort of a herb doctor in a small way—unlicensed, of course—what the meaning of the picture was. 'What has he done?' I asked. And the colored man replied: 'Humph, he ain't got no license.' "[1]

Mark Twain taught democracy in his own home. It was a charmed circle. His servants lived with him a generation. His coachman, Patrick McAleer, for instance, was with him thirty-six years. In one of his last speeches, a lay sermon given at the Majestic Theater, New York, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, on "What Is a Gentleman?" he tells the story of this coachman's splendid qualities, and concludes, "I have been asked for my idea of an ideal gentleman, and I give it to you: Patrick McAleer."[2] He was himself a product of democratic Missouri soil. He came to know every type of man, woman, and child, black and white, in the valley of the Mississippi. He knew the type that went West to the gold mines in the "sixties." He knew all the sectional types thoroughly, and sympathetically. It has been well said, "One cannot know America without Mark Twain." It may also be said that if we were to select two of the most typical products of democracy in the last hundred years we could hardly do better than name Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain.

The other dominant note in Mark Twain's gospel is truth. With all the drollery, incongruity, cyclopean extravagance, which characterized his humor there was the content of truth. There was the note of reality. There was the sense of justice. This did not make him more than any other man free from error, imposition, or even prejudice. It did make him always open to the light. A fine study of his own development of appreciation can be seen in comparing his speech on Stanley and Livingstone at the White Friars' Club, London, August 6, 1872, with a speech he delivered in introducing Mr. Stanley in Boston fourteen years later. The first speech was replete with a lot of playful, but rather frivolous, jibes at the missionary subject in general. The one in Boston, while it contained humor, was humor in his best vein and more, it was a dignified appreciation of a great man. It was a speech of

[1] Mark Twain's Speeches, page 252. [2] Ibid., page 136.

real power. In it were such sentences as these: "When I contrast what I have achieved in my measurably brief life with what he has achieved in his possibly briefer one, the effect is to sweep utterly away the ten-story edifice of my own self-appreciation and leave nothing behind but the cellar. When you compare these achievements of his with the achievements of really great men who exist in history, the comparison, I believe, is in his favor. I am not here to disparage Columbus. He is a product of institutions which exist in no other country on earth—institutions that bring out all that is best and most heroic in a man. I introduce Henry M. Stanley."[1]

Some one asks, What about his attack on our missionaries in China? Only this: he was, like many another observer from the outside, sincerely mistaken. His appreciation of missionaries, though, is evident to anyone who has read King Leopold's Soliloquy. Here he buttresses his whole philippic by the testimony of missionaries. He was mistaken certainly at times. What preacher has not been? But a man as promptly and absolutely truthful, Howells says he never knew.[2]

Mark Twain was the fearless champion of the right. He tore the mask from hypocrisy. He threw his lance into snobbery, affectation, and cant. He made "the galled jade wince." He cleared the atmosphere and made humor wholesome. He left the frivolous high and dry, because his humor was altogether too full of gray matter for their appreciation. He fearlessly defended "John Chinaman" on the Pacific Coast when almost every hand was lifted against him. His essay on the Jew is a masterpiece in apologetics. His impassioned defense of Harriet Shelley would have done credit to the best barrister before the English bar. His soliloquy of King Leopold was such a terrific onslaught against that atrocious ruler that magazine after magazine refused the manuscript for fear of the long arm of Leopold.

Whether it is his sweet and romantic picture of The Prince and the Pauper, his homely and realistic picture of Huckleberry Finn, his critical and illuminating defense of General Grant's

[1] Mark Twain's Speeches, pages 154 and 157.
[2] My Mark Twain, by Howells, page 30.

English, his facetious and kindly introduction to "English as she is Spoke," his lampoon at Christian Science, his eloquent literary monument to Joan of Arc, we feel the ring of sincerity, and through the humor we see the historian's perspective, the philosopher's grasp, the moralist's vision, the preacher's passion, and the lover's heart.

A preacher is judged best, not by what he says, but by what he is. Book after book has been written to apologize for English men of letters, ten talented men, who should have been the guardians of goodness, but were the outlaws of moral order. We do not have to apologize for Mark Twain. His marital life forms one of the sweetest romances of history. To those who knew her, Mrs. Clemens was the most beautiful type of American womanhood. Her husband said of her, "Perfect truth, perfect candor, perfect honesty were born with her. She was the most perfect character I ever knew." Mr. Clemens's life was filled with incidents of kindness, tenderness, and generosity to others. One interesting instance was when he saved General Grant from signing a contract for the publishing of his Memoirs by promising to give him a three times larger percentage and publish it himself. This he did, and had the privilege of proudly handing over to the General the largest check that had ever been paid an author! Not greater in real value than many other acts of his life, but more prominent, from the nature of the case, was his attitude at the time of the failure of the publishing house in which he held the controlling interest. He might have done as a church in Brooklyn did—paid ten cents on the dollar, and sang the doxology—but he didn't. His lawyer advised him to go into bankruptcy, telling him the cargo had gone to the bottom, and that, having done everything possible to keep it afloat, he was no longer responsible for the loss. He might have followed this advice—but he didn't. He was sixty. He had been looking forward to retiring from activities and enjoying the rest of his life about the fireside with his family —but that was not to be. He said the people who invested in and trusted the American Publishing Company did so because of his name. There was something dearer to him than aught else—his honor. So, at the time of life when he was rightly entitled to a

rest, he took up his arduous duties once more and, with his loyal wife, made that famous tour of the world, went through years of poverty, lectured, and wrote, and published, until he had paid a hundred cents on the dollar and left no blot on the escutcheon. This tour proved again that he who loses his life shall find it. It was the beginning of a new and undying fame for Mark Twain. But his dream of "the fireside" was never to be realized. Sickness, suffering, excruciating pain was soon the lot of his wife. He never recovered from her death, though he lived six eventful years after. They were years of gloom to him. I have recently read a letter he wrote on the day of his wife's death; another written thirteen days later; still another a year after. Such tender pathos, such absolute laying bare the heart, such infinite longing, and all couched in such exquisite literary form, I have never seen in the letters of any other man. A year ago last Christmas occurred Jean's tragic death, leaving only his eldest daughter, Clara, married, and then in Germany. His death followed three months after.

It is not always given a man to sing his sweetest song when he is dying. But the Swan Song with which Mark Twain closed his literary labors, "The Death of Jean,"[1] begun at Stormfield on Christmas Eve, continued on Christmas Day, and concluded the day after, was the noblest, the sweetest, the most pathetic pæan that ever escaped from his noble heart to find immortality at the end of his pen. His masterpiece. A prose poem. It was his bleeding heart:

> And I wrote, and learnt with years,
> That on a parchment washed with tears
> And in heart's-blood every poem must be written.

How strange that one who set the whole world laughing should himself die under the shadow of deepest sorrow. And yet how often we find that those who have done most for the world's redemption have suffered most! All the great forces in life and civilization tending for human and social uplift are redemptive. And thus in the faithfulness of his stewardship as man of letters,

[1] "In Memory of Jean," by Mark Twain. Harper's Magazine for January, 1911.

as a guardian of cheer, and democracy, and truth, and a follower himself in the light of his own highest ideals, Mark Twain became a part of that redemptive force which is bringing to earth the kingdom of heaven.

The words he adapted for the stone over the grave of his heart's treasure, Susie, may well be placed over his own and those of his beloved wife and other loved ones who sleep with him:

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here.
Warm southern wind,
Blow softly here.
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart.
Good night. Good night.

Art. VII.—ROUND ABOUT UNTO ILLYRICUM

Dalmatia is a country little known to the modern world. It is out of the beaten track of the tourist. Most travelers on the Adriatic visit the Italian shore, especially Venice, while the eastern coast is but vaguely remembered. The attention of the public is now being drawn to this attractive region for its charm of landscape and its remarkable history. Here are hundreds of beautiful islands, wild fiords, landlocked bays, fortresses perched on beetling crags, beautiful cities, majestic mountains. The Balkan States are notorious chiefly because of their turbulency, for they are peopled with a liberty-loving race which for generations, in the clear air of their mountains, has steadily resisted the oppression of the Turk or the encroachments of Austria. It is within this territory that the Roman Illyricum lay, and it is here that to-day the historian, the archæologist, and the traveler find a fascinating field of study. Cut a section down through the history of this region, and the strata revealed are Roman, Byzantine, Hungarian, Venetian, and Austrian, while English, French, and the Turks have at times played a prominent part. Rome dominated this region for centuries—Roman roads, Roman aqueducts, Roman inscriptions, Roman theaters bear evidence of the sway of the Cæsars. The Byzantine influence on the artistic development is everywhere seen in the curiously carved capitals in many of the public buildings. The winged lion of Saint Mark, the conspicuous campanile, the beautiful arcade, the graceful loggia, the delicate window tracery bear witness to Venice. Frowning fortresses, crowning surf-beaten rocks, tell of sturdy resistance to Venetian and Turk. Splendid modern roads and massive stone quays and docks indicate the work of Austria during her hundred years of control. Here is a strange commingling of the Occident and the Orient. A few miles from the coast, as at Mostar and Sarajevo, we are in the midst of the minarets and bazaars of Cairo. Here is a relatively fresh field for the historian. Its history is not yet written—or, rather, it is being rewritten. The standard work on Illyricum, Farlati's Illyricum Sacrum, was

published in Venice in 1780. It is now obsolete. Within the century and a quarter since this publication the spade of the archæologist has been at work and the lovers of architecture have been ransacking the quaint old cities. New material is at hand. The best work in English is three handsome volumes by Jackson, an English architect, published in 1887—Dalmatia, Istria, and the Quarnero. The Guida di Spalato e Salona, published in 1894 by Professors Jelic, Bulic, and Sutar, and the Bulletino e Storia Dalmata, by Bulic, are better sources for the antiquities of this region. Two vague allusions introduce the readers of the New Testament to this country. In Rom. 15. 19 Paul writes: "From Jerusalem round about to Illyricum I have fully preached the gospel of Christ." In 2 Tim. 4. 10 he writes: "Demas forsook me and went to Thessalonica, Crescens to Gaul, Titus to Dalmatia." Did Paul evangelize Illyricum? So Jerome would have us understand, just as Thomas had preached the gospel in India and Peter at Rome. But this conclusion is scarcely warranted from *mekri tou Illyrikou.* It is, however, claimed by some, on untenable geographical grounds, that Paul was not shipwrecked on the island of Melita in the Mediterranean, but on the island of Melita (now Meledà) off the Dalmatian coast, and that thence he preached the gospel in that country. As to the passage in 2 Timothy (even if it must be admitted that this epistle was written about the time of Domitian), we may rest in the conclusion that Christianity was preached in Dalmatia in the first century. Yet we have no satisfactory knowledge of the extension of the church in this country until we come to the early Christian records, and to the witnesses turned up by the spade of the excavator. Some of these ancient records, especially the martyrologies, are constructed to prove a theory and must be overhauled in the light of modern historical research. Professor Jacques Zeiller, professor in the Swiss University of Freiburg, has recently given an illuminating discussion of the Christian origins in the Roman province of Dalmatia, wherein he shows how conjecture has played a great part in the construction of the early history of Christianity in this region. According to the traditions in Salona and Spalato, Christianity was preached in Salona, after the coming of Titus,

by Domnius, who was the real founder and first bishop of the church. They hold that Domnius was martyred under Trajan at the beginning of the second century. Thus the church of Dalmatia would rival the two other great centers of the Adriatic region, Aquileia and Ravenna, which trace their origin to the disciples of Peter—the first to Mark and the second to Apollinaris. All we know of Domnius is that he was Bishop of Salona, and that he submitted to martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, in 304, not in the reign of Trajan. To the student of Christian archæology this entire country offers a great field of research. From the early Christian remains in Aquileia in the north, throughout the entire extent of the coast, as far as Cattaro, are found abundant witnesses to the Christian art and life, especially from the third to the sixth centuries. There are notable churches, with ancient sculpture, and mosaics, and inscriptions, as at Parenzo, Pirano, Pola, Zara, Spalato, Ragusa, Sebenico, and Traú, and—above all—the open-air cemetery and the extensive remains of Salona.

The country is easy to reach. The Austrian Lloyd Company has fine vessels running from Trieste to Cattaro, a distance of about four hundred miles, stopping at the principal cities of Istria and Dalmatia. It was in this region that I spent a part of last summer (1910), attracted especially by the explorations in the ruins of the Roman city of Salona. Leaving Trieste at eight o'clock in the morning, we arrive at Spalato, the principal city of Dalmatia, about midnight. Beautiful for situation, on ground sloping to the sea and backed by majestic mountains, Spalato at once introduces you to some of the notable monuments of the third and fourth centuries of Rome, for here, immediately on the shore, facing the sea, the Emperor Diocletian built his noted palace, covering a space of nearly ten acres. This was his childhood home and here, we are told, on his abdication, in 297, he retired, preferring to raise cabbages rather than wrestle with the problems of state. About four miles to the northwest was the large Roman city of Salona, with a population of six hundred thousand. When the Avars swept down upon it in the early part of the seventh century, they completely destroyed it. The inhabitants fled to the neighboring islands and the adjacent country.

Many of them took refuge within the walls of the old palace on the shore, and here they built a city—naming it after the palace—"Spalato." The town eventually outgrew the palace walls and spread on all sides, but the old palace town is still intact, and the ancient palace walls, and gates, and temples are preserved, though the old walls are built in with modern masonry. The sixteen towers which once marked the walls have vanished, but the peristyle court now forms the town square or piazza, and its blackened and defaced Corinthian columns, which support an entablature, are noble in their ruins. The temple of Jupiter has been transformed into a Christian cathedral, one of the exterior decorations of which is a lion clutching a lamb in his jaws; an expressive illustration of the relation of Diocletian to the Christian Church of his day. The temple of Æsculapius is used as the baptistery. This is a small rectangular structure, about twenty-five feet long, with a fine porch and beautiful vaulted ceiling. The church is octagonal, less than fifty feet in diameter, and with a conical roof. It is maintained by some that this building was not a temple, but was intended to be the mausoleum of the emperor. If this be true here is illustrated a revenge of history, that the very structure which the fierce hater of the Christians designed as a resting place for his bones should be dedicated to the services of the triumphant Christianity. A splendid sarcophagus is said to contain the remains of the first bishop, Domnius, but this is in conflict with the fact that the remains of the saint were taken to Rome, deposited in Saint John Lateran, and a chapel named for him. The notable carved doors, each panel of which represents an event in the passion of our Lord, remind one of the celebrated doors of the Church of Saint Sabina at Rome, and are regarded as among the finest wood carving of the middle ages.

Salona is situated on a beautiful bay. In the fifth and sixth centuries it suffered severely from incursions of the barbarians, but in the seventh century the fury of the Avars completely demolished it. Much of the city still lies buried under the modern vineyards, though since 1825 the Austrians have been gradually uncovering this ancient site. The present director of the excava-

tions is Professor Monsignor Bulic, an archæologist of fine ability, worthy to stand beside the brilliant De Rossi, to whom the world owes such a debt for our knowledge of the catacombs. For ages the ruins have been ransacked. Many of the houses of the modern inhabitants are built with stone from Salona. Splendid marbles and mosaics have been carried off to Venice and to other Italian cities. As far as Vienna and Pesth the plunder has been transported. Italian governors have rewarded their friends with shiploads of the costly marbles of Salona. The ruins are reached by carriage from Spalato in about an hour. En route we see the modern water supply carried over the great arches built by Diocletian. The ancient walls with their gates and bastions may be clearly seen. Here and there are ruins of baths, and of the various public structures, such as the amphitheater. Notwithstanding the fury of the barbarian, the ruthless greed of the wealthy vandal, and the plundering of the peasant, vast remains awaited the spade of the explorer, for here was located a great metropolis of the Roman world more than a mile each way. Baedeker states that not much has been found that is valuable, but a visit to the spot and a study of the museum of Spalato, where the "finds" are stored and catalogued, will reveal a great wealth of material in more than two thousand inscriptions, many notable sarcophagi, multitudes of objects from domestic life, besides several notable churches, and the greatest open-air cemetery of the early Christian Church. Just south of the north line of the city wall we come to the recently excavated ruins of a large basilica with its baptistery. The latter was first uncovered, and a few years later the main edifice was brought to light. It is unlike any other baptistery known to Christian archæology. We notice a fine octagonal chamber, the roof of which was supported by columns of rare marble. Semicircular niches occupy the walls. A canopy supported on four columns of red marble was placed over the font, which latter is a rectangular basin below the floor, entered by means of marble steps. Pipes supply the font. The floor is of fine mosaic and the walls were lined with marble. A large room adjoining was used possibly for the removal of the garments, while a second chamber, much larger, was used for

the ceremony of chrism, which concluded the rite of baptism. This room had also a fine mosaic floor, containing the picture of two stags drinking from a font, with the text from Psa. 42. 1: *Sic cervus desiderat ad fontes aquarum sic desiderat anima mea ad te Deus.* Here, evidently, the rite of baptism was administered by immersion. The date of this structure is about the fifth century. We have evidence, however, that this was not the uniform custom in this region, for in Aquileia is a slab of the fourth century in which water is poured upon the subject.[1] The basilica was evidently a large and fine structure, 165x85 feet, with three naves, transept, and narthex, or vestibule. It is not all yet uncovered, but sufficient is cleared away to show the character and style of the building. In the ambulatory about the choir is a very fine mosaic, which is preserved *in situ,* being merely covered up by sand so that the *tesseræ* may not be injured by the feet of visitors. It is believed that further excavation may discover that there was an *atrium* leading to the vestibule, as was often the case in the early Christian churches. In excavating the basilica an interesting inscription was discovered, indicating a member of the Manichean sect: *Bassa Parthenos Lvdia Manichea.*

It is not known that the Manicheans had representatives at Salona, but we know that about the fourth century their doctrines had attracted considerable attention, fascinating even Augustine. They were driven from Rome and undoubtedly took refuge in the provinces. This may account for the presence of this slab in Salona in Dalmatia.

About three hundred feet north of the city wall, and hence outside of the city, we come to the Christian cemetery which is the most remarkable of all the early Christian cemeteries outside of Rome. It is not subterranean, but above ground. We notice as we enter through the ruined gateway an inscription: *Cœmeterium legis sanctæ christianæ in predio Asclepiæ.* By this we are to understand that this cemetery was in the estate of Asclepia, a Roman matron. Before us lies a confused mass of stone monuments, a vast collection of huge stone sarcophagi and fragments of sarcophagi, some inscribed and others bare of any

[1] Bennett's Christian Archæology, p. 442.

lettering or decoration. Not one of these has escaped the fury of the barbarian. While some have great holes smashed into them, the majority have been shattered to fragments, which lie all around over a vast area. These limestone coffins seem almost as massive as the sarcophagi of the Pharaohs. They are cut out of one solid block, measuring from 7 to 8 feet in length, with covers cut in gable form, with acroteria. Occasionally there is a "bisomum," or a "trisomum," with two or three separate inscriptions. Some are placed on what seem to be family lots; others occupy beneath the ground a rude vault of their own; several family vaults are seen, the entrance to which is closed by a stone sliding into a groove. The oldest tomb, that of Lucius Ulpius and his family, was composed of an underground vault and a chamber above it in the open. The interior was richly decorated, paved with marble, and painted in floral designs. This is assigned by Professor Bulic to the end of the first century or the beginning of the second.

The apparent confusion of these monuments may be somewhat reduced if we follow the plan as worked out by the Austrian Commission under the guidance of Professor Bulic. In the center of the necropolis are the ruins of a cemetery basilica, the foundation walls and several columns still in position. This church was evidently built over the remains of a previous edifice, for fragments of the former structure are seen imbedded in the walls. The later church belongs to the sixth century; the earlier church to about the fourth century. The foundation walls of the latter may be easily traced. We discover that this edifice was of peculiar form, there being no less than ten apsidal chapels on three sides. In these chapels were placed the sarcophagi of the martyrs. When the new church was erected, three of these chapels were removed and the sarcophagi were placed in the space under the *confessio* of the new structure. No less than three distinct strata of burials are noted: first, those of the time of Lucius Ulpius, the supposed founder of the cemetery—the latter part of the first century and the beginning of the second—before any church was erected; second, those of the period up to and including the middle of the fourth century; third, those interred from

the middle of the fourth century to the destruction of the city in 639. It is doubtful whether the extreme antiquity of the earliest strata can be maintained, for most of the epigraphic material does not indicate a period much earlier than the third or fourth century. What claims to be earlier is so utterly shattered, and is so pieced out with conjecture, through an effort to follow the current traditions, that the proofs are slender indeed. However, as revealing to us conditions of the third or fourth century, the material is priceless. It is noticeable that there are comparatively few Christian symbols on these monuments, such as we are accustomed to meet in the catacombs and in the early Christian cemetery at Aquileia, about 250 miles to the north of Salona. In the catacombs we find the fish, the anchor, the lamb, the palm, the orant, the alpha and omega, the dove, Moses striking the rock, the story of Jonah. We miss also some of the formulæ so frequent in Rome, *in pace, requiescit, dormit, in eterno.* The symbol most frequent is the Constantine monogram and the cross. The character of the inscriptions is quite in contrast with what we know of the earliest Christian inscriptions at Rome. There often we find merely the name, with a symbol or the formula *in pace,* with no indication as to the individual. The inscriptions at Salona tend to describe the deceased and to deal with the *cursus honorum,* or his social status. The common burial formula is *Depositus, Depositio.* We find also the use of the "Indiction" as a means of dating the tomb. Since Rome began to use the indiction, about 312, this leads always to a definite year; each indiction marking a period of fifteen years, when a new census was taken, it was a simple matter to note the number and add the result to 312. The style of the epigraphy is somewhat crude. Nearly all the inscriptions are in Latin, with now and then one in Greek. The letters are usually very large. Occasionally Greek and Latin hexameters are noted. The Latin differs decidedly from the classical type, as may be seen by the varied spelling and bad syntax. Individual tombs are of great interest. One large double sarcophagus is that of Constantius and his wife. Constantius, as the inscription tells us, was ex-proconsul to Africa after the time of the consulate of Gratian. He is described as

vir clarissimus, as is also Gratian, who was an equestrian, or *eques.*

DEPOSITVSCONSTANTIV
IVSVCEXPROCONSUL
EAFRICAEDIEPRIDNO
NIVLPOSTCONSDNCRA
TIANIAUC. IIIETE
QUITIVC

The inscription to his wife is in hexameter, in nine lines. She is described as *mater parvorum* and as *eximie carissima semper et una,* and also *adscita martyribus.* Although there are here no distinctive Christian symbols, Constantius and his wife were no doubt Christians, because they were buried in the sacred locality of the Christian martyrs; hence the expression *adscita martyribus.* It seems to have been a great honor to be buried in the region where were placed the remains of the martyrs. The description of the noble Honoria as "mother of little ones" and "as exceedingly dear" is striking for its rarity as a Christian epitaph.

I took a squeeze of a beautiful inscription from a sarcophagus in which were interred the remains of a young girl—Eusebia. It is in Greek hexameter, and reads: "Thou beholdest the tomb of the pure Eusebia. For two years, while yet a maiden, she lived in perfect faith; the third year she left this life without a taste of evil. She is enthroned among the saints."

In the northern part of the necropolis there are the ruins of a wine press and an oil press which, it is supposed, belonged to the original estate of Asclepia. In the chapel erected in this region was buried Anastasius the fuller, the servant of Asclepia, who figures in the martyrology of the fourth century. In the Passion of Anastasius, which is from the end of the fourth century, it is related that some servants of Asclepia were drowned by order of Diocletian, in the first persecution; that she had the bodies recovered, and after the fury of the persecution had subsided erected this chapel where they were buried. Under the floor of this chapel was found a finely sculptured sarcophagus of the "Good Shepherd," which was probably the tomb of Asclepia.

and her husband. A very large coffin, in a rude vault of its own, under the *confessio* of the basilica, contains the inscription:

PRIMUS EPISCOPUS NEPOS DOMNION ES MARTORES

This is not to be understood as "the first bishop," for the first bishop of Salona was Domnius. His name is Primus, who, according to the lists of the bishops of Salona, served somewhere between 304 and 370. We come across the tomb of Domnius elsewhere. It is near the apse of the latest church and beneath the floor. It is a solid vault in three compartments, put together in fine workmanship. Here, according to the inscription, was buried, with two other martyrs, the original Domnius, martyr of Diocletian and first bishop of Salona. The inscription reads:

DEPOSITIO DOMNIONIS EPISCOPI IIII IDUS APRILES

About one mile to the northwest lies another early Christian cemetery, the necropolis of Merusinae. It is of the same general character as the one at Salona, though much smaller and with fewer important tombs. A letter recently received from Professor Bulic states that the Austrian Archæological Commission is about to begin work upon the part of Salona which still lies buried. The result will be awaited with great interest.

The entire field is a rich one, but peculiarly difficult, owing to the complete demolition of this great city. In one of the sections of the museum at Spalato there are literally thousands of fragments from Salona, which are being studied with infinite patience and skill. Occasionally an inscription is completely assembled from these fragments, or a piece of statuary gradually takes shape, as bit by bit it is searched out of the mass of broken marble. The results of this work, from year to year, are published by Professor Bulic in the *Bulletino e Storia Dalmata,* and thus gradually there is being built up a body of information concerning the early Christian Church in Dalmatia.

Anna W. Patten

Art. VIII.—"NOR SOUL HELPS FLESH MORE NOW THAN FLESH HELPS SOUL"

If in this day a youth or a maid is caught writing poetry, consternation reigns in the family, and the family doctor is called in. He diagnoses the case as poverty of the blood, or depleted vitality, or, if the patient is disappointingly normal, hints at an incipient love affair. Deprived of this resource, he makes light of the matter, classing it with other ailments which young flesh is heir to—such as measles, mumps, or membranous croup. It would be hard to think of a more terrible malediction than to wish that your enemy's child might be a poet. Poetry as a profession, like undertaking, is all very well so long as it is kept outside the family. Naturally enough, the children early come to look upon versifying as abnormal. Their early twitterings are kept from the ears of their friends. The boy soon learns that in the code of boyhood poetry is girlish; it is associated with gush; and his parents are usually content that he shall adopt the code. Is it any wonder that he is bewildered when he comes to college and finds the part which poetical literature plays in his courses? Is it any wonder if he assumes a sophisticated attitude toward his professors, regarding them as more or less genial imbeciles riding a harmless hobby? If he happens to have an open mind, and is converted to a belief in the greatness of the art, is it any wonder that he is likely to look upon great poems as permanent and accomplished facts—admirable enough, but as little to be understood, as to their origin, as the hills and rivers, and as little to be imitated? He would be a bold man who to-day should advocate a course in the writing of poetry as a necessary part of a liberal education. Yet, aside from any positive benefits, such a course would have the negative benefit of the custom said to prevail among confectioners, who let all new employees, during the first week, eat all the candy they want. Many a young would-be Milton, subjected to a merciless drill in the mechanics of verse, would be glad to remain inglorious.

There is a discrepancy between our word and our deed as

regards poetry. We laud it as the greatest of the arts, we proclaim the poets to be the teachers of the race, but we look askance upon the fledgling muse. The nightingale may prove a daw. Even for the nightingale there is the question of bread and butter. We endure the Hadean torments of five-finger exercises, and hang our children's drawings of hands and ears on the walls of our garret rooms with serenity of mind, undisturbed by any forebodings that the perpetrators are doomed to become artists or musicians. Such activities on their part develop the art-instinct, train the hand, and ear, and eye; teach observation, educate the perception of beauty. Here in America the trail of the pedagogue is over us all. To say that the *chief* value of instruction in free-hand drawing, or in the elements of music, is the acquirement of an ability to enjoy, sounds like heresy. If we once became convinced that instruction in drawing or piano has no particular value but the very great one of helping the student to understand and enjoy pictures and music, the chances are that most of us would stop paying our money for it. To be sure, most of the popular instruction in piano and drawing has about as much relation to the graphic arts and music as bookkeeping has to high finance; yet in these instances we at least grant our children a peep into the workshop of the arts named; we put into their hands the implements and give them at least a hint at the design. But what of poetry? This art, which it costs nothing to acquire, we view with trepidation. We boast to our friends that our child shows musical or artistic talent, but maintain a great silence regarding any poetic gifts he may show. We may give him poetry to read, and he may like it for its sing-song, as he likes the rhythm of a ride on the merry-go-round; but that it is an art, that it is the product of the "practical application of knowledge or natural ability"—to use the dictionary definition—never enters his head. And does it ever enter ours?

The poets may come and go, but we of the reading public go on forever. We are already the inheritors of a priceless treasure; it lies with us whether we use it or not. There is a prevalent lack of any real conviction that the study of poetry is necessary, or even important. We no longer look upon it as

worthy of all the athleticism of a vigorous mind. It is perfectly possible to *read* and *enjoy* a fine poem without a thought of its form and structure, the artistic will which evoked it, the artistic intelligence which pervades it, just as it is possible to read and enjoy it without understanding a word of it. This will not seem an extreme statement to any teacher who has seen a class of ambitious and thoughtful students gasp over the verbal beauty of a Sonnet from the Portuguese without the remotest idea of what it all means. Indeed, it is hardly temerarious to say that most of us adults do the same thing to our dying day. We share the popular delusion that art technique is dry. We enjoy poetry as we do botany *until* we are called upon to learn the lingo of stamens, and pistils, and petioles. These things are too high—or too dry—for us. We leave them to others. We class poetry as an intellectual luxury with the bodily indulgence of strawberries in winter. We men are content to leave it to the women, who, we think, have a natural bent to it as to religion. As to our poetical instruction in the schools, we have suffered of late years a reaction, as in other branches of teaching, from the grubbing and groping methods of our ancestors, when our grandfather and grandmother were called upon to parse line by line the first book of Paradise Lost, and, as a consequence, harbored an aversion to the work until their demise. We have gone to the other extreme of reading whole libraries of poetry to and with our children, thinking to generate a love for the art, and hoping that they will continue the reading into their adult years. There can be no doubt that this method is better than the other; yet the conviction is growing that, as usual, the safer road lies between. Our critics are telling us a great deal about the present low estate of poetry. Some blame the poets, some the public, some the schools, some the art itself. The poets are paying too much attention to form; they have nothing to say; we do not teach the subject properly in our schools; we of the public do not read the poetry we already have, and so the poets have no incentive to write—these are some of the opinions that are being expressed. Critics of a more philosophical turn suggest that painting and music have usurped the domain of poetry—as if they are two impinging or tangent

circles and their place of contact a microscopic point, all that is left for the sister art that lies between. Still others declare that science has killed poetry by robbing it of its material. All this we have heard and more, and yet the poets, as usual, go on writing simply because they can no more stop than they can cease breathing. And they are too busy to proselytize. It is not easy for one whose hand and heart are dyed in the color of his trade to catch the point of view of those for whom that trade is not a matter of livelihood, much less of life and death. Probably an art can seem vital only to one who practices it, or who, because of inborn love, has steeped his heart in it. For these nothing that has to do with it is uninteresting. Matters of little enough moment to the outsider are for them vital. Artists have too much to do creating to find time to make converts. For them the only fact in life is production; the why and how have to be mastered, not preached. If as artists they are not great, that is not their fault. An inscrutable Providence ordains that some eras shall be poetic and some shall not. To attempt to account for the periodic scarcity of poets is as vain as to try to diagnose a shortage in the wheat crop, and as amusing for the statistician. All speculation crystallizes itself into the one self-evident proposition that we have no great poetry because we have no great poets.

For years the body of the muse has been subjected to vivisection with a view to finding out the seat of her soul. The process has taught us much, doubtless; if nothing else, that her soul is past finding out because it is simply the soul of life and art. But in the course of these researches have we not made the mistake of anatomists who, in the furore of tracking the life-principle to its lair, sometimes forget that the body is quite as admirable and wonderful a phenomenon as the object of their search? Mr. Stedman, in his best known volume of criticism, found it necessary to keep constantly in mind the twofold estimate to which every poet must submit. Again and again in estimating the work of a poet he spoke of those qualities which give delight to poets and those other and different qualities which give delight to the reader. Mr. Stedman was both poet and critic, and he felt, as few critics have done, that the popular estimate—the imme-

diate and temporary estimate, of course—is wrong at times simply because it is based upon wrong principles. It was this which made him suspicious of a large part of Browning's poetry, admirable enough as literature but questionable as art, and which made him dwell with such loving solicitude upon the poetry of Landor; slight enough as literature, perhaps, but so inimitable as art. The distinction has often been made, notably by Theodore Watts in his Encyclopædia Britannica article, between the two uses, general and specific, of the word *poetry;* the one, of the poetic spirit which diffuses itself through every activity of man and defies definition and analysis; the other, of poetry in the concrete, as an art having certain definite laws and conventions. It is to be doubted if a true poet ever thinks, or has any right to think, of poetry in the general sense, except in moments of revery and abstraction; it is poetry *as an art* that concerns him. The poetic spirit is innate, the poetic art is cultivated; and for any poet to determine to express the former and disregard the latter is for him to doom himself to failure. It must be remembered that poets have no monopoly in the poetic spirit, although they have in the poetic art. The Poetic Spirit is a coy goddess who has to be caught and bound before she will sing. She peeps out of the most unlikely places and warbles her native wood-notes from strange groves. We catch her tones in a picture, a phrase of music, a sentence of prose. But it is only through the vocal shell of a perfect art-form that she lifts her voice up sweet and clear and sings her melody to the end. On the other hand, it is quite as true—although the fact has not been generally noted—that we apply the term *thought* to poetry in a twofold sense. To the true artist the word "thought" used of poetry means applied thought, thought expended upon expression, thought directed to the end of perfect, complete, ultimate art.

> To keep in sight Perfection, and adore
> The vision, is the artist's best delight;
> His bitterest pang, that he can do no more
> Than keep her long'd-for loveliness in sight.

But as the word is generally used it means pure thought; the thought stated, propounded, by the poem. We hear it often

said of our poets of the present day that they are too much occupied with form. Nothing could be farther from the truth. No poet can ever be over-occupied with form if he has really the divine yearning to speak and the divine gift of speaking well. Again, we complain that they have nothing to say. Here again are we not wrong? Nothing is more killing to the fine flower of poetry than the frosts of jocularity or of indifference, unless it is the fog of a benighted pedantry. When we shall stop treating our poets as if they were philosophers and asking of them philosophical systems, who knows but that we shall have a new springtime and that the songsters may be incited to sing once more? The appreciation of poetry consists largely in the conviction and constant reiteration to one's self that it is an art. The poet may be philosopher, scientist, mathematician; he may use, in his poetry, the knowledge and wisdom derived from these other interests; but unless he is first, and chiefly, an artist he had better keep to prose. Perhaps it is heresy to say that a great deal of the poetry which has brought about the formation of societies for its study would never have received that dubious compliment if it had been written in prose. The poet who thinks that he is called upon to formulate a philosophy in meter has missed his calling; and, what is more to our purpose here, we, if we expect it of him, have missed our calling as readers. Not only the sonnet, but every poem is a "moment's monument," though it takes twenty years to write. This is the method of poetry. The troubles of poets have never been of matter or manner, but of that mental or moral vigor, that elevation of soul, that inexplicable union of faculties, which for want of a better name we call inspiration. This is the proposition with which we started when we said that we have no great poetry because we have no great poets. Yet we must not forget that this oversoul of inspiration, this "poetic moment," or whatever else we call it, is the universal unknown increment which enters into all attempts to assess the value of art. It lies back of all the arts. It is the effect of which what we call genius is the cause.

We are touching upon matters about which the critical battle has endlessly raged. The various advocates of form, subject-

matter, language, inspiration, as the essential component of poetry, are as far from agreement as ever. Victory flies afar from any camp. The special point which concerns us here is that in the course of this Thousand Years' War we have been too often inclined to consider poetry as almost anything but what it is, an art; and have been guilty of applying to it almost any tests but the legitimate ones, the artistic. We have devised philosophical, and esthetic, and scientific systems of criticism; psychological, physical, evolutional, laboratorial methods of weighing and gauging its peculiarities. We have felt the muse's pulse, and looked at her tongue, and have often given the patient up, only to have her spring from her bed, or grave, and astound us with a new burst of song. Meanwhile we go on amusing ourselves by trying to account for the unaccountable. We find poets who have all the marks which can be named that a poet should have, whose poetry nevertheless is dying or defunct; and, on the other hand, poets who violate about all the laws of manner and have little enough of matter whose poetry, notwithstanding, breathes a haunting charm, throbs with the red blood of life, sings with a larklike lift, enthralls us with a loveliness as ineffable and as inexplicable as that of a plot of anemones or the face of a girl. In its presence our wiredrawn theories are abashed. Like a politician caught peculating, we have nothing to say. Surely, in what we have said thus far we have done full justice to inspiration, and may be forgiven if we add that the more one reads poetry the more one is inclined to conclude that, in most instances, inspiration is a convenient myth; that most of the qualities usually ascribed to it are the results of hard work, of an austere will, of a tireless selective judgment which refuses to be contented with second-best. It is the little poets who rely upon inspiration; who expect their song to grow like a plant or spout like a fountain. And when we read their verse we have no sense of the "applied" thought; the austerity of art is lacking.

> Time, the extortioner, from richest beauty
> Takes heavy toll and wrings rapacious duty.
> Austere of feature if thou carve thy rhyme,
> Perchance 'twill pay the lesser tax to Time.

One who reads great poetry reverently is more and more prompted to exclaim, "Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul." If the inspiration or thought—or what you please—is the soul, the poetic form is the flesh. More and more it is borne in upon us that the poetic forms, and laws, and conventions have an astonishing share *in the inspiration*, the invention (in the best sense), not only of separate passages but of poems as wholes. Whenever a poet who has not been misled by German influence to confuse the poetic spirit with the poetic art has written upon poetry he has instinctively dwelt upon this thought. Leigh Hunt has this to say: "Verse to the true poet is no clog. It is idly called a trammel and a difficulty. It is a help. It springs from the same enthusiasm as the rest of his impulses, and is necessary to their satisfaction and effect. . . . Verse is no dominator over the poet, except inasmuch as the bond is reciprocal, and the poet dominates over the verse. . . . Verse is the final proof to the poet that his mastery over his art is complete." The mistake touched upon here, that verse is a sort of necessary evil, an arbitrary clog imposed upon the poet by a froward fate, has led to no end of misunderstanding of poetry, and seems to lie at the bottom of most of the foolishness which has been spoken of it. The notion that form is necessarily formalism is responsible for most of the blunders of the critics and the mother of most of the freakish and eccentric productions of the artists.

It has been one of the convenient commonplaces of the literary historian to say that emphasis upon form is the mark of a period of decadence, and he points to the age of Pope, with its translations of Horace, Ovid, Vida, and Boileau, its own metrical Arts of Poetry, its voluntary slavery to the heroic couplet, and its interminable insistence upon the manner of saying rather than upon the thing said, as an example to prove his assertion; not seeing that in such periods the decadence lies not in the adoption of a cut-and-dried technique but in the death of all true poetic inspiration. Surely, poetic form is a higher thing than the yard-stick and bullet-mold system of turning out pentameter couplets. In the men who did so there could have been little of that insatiable curiosity and never-ending love of experiment which are

characteristic of the artist and innovator. The fact which is usually missed in all such discussions, and the recognition of which is essential to our purpose here, is that every great period of poetic production has been also a period of intense interest in poetic form—yes, if we must use the word, in prosody. It may be said with equal force, and with very small allowance for exceptions, that every great poet has passed through a period of intense interest in technique. If it is necessary to name instances we can refer to the age of Elizabeth, with its score or more of treatises on the subject, its endless experiments in quantity and accent, its kaleidoscopic array of meters, stanzas, and modes; and to Shakespeare, who, as Professor Saintsbury has recently shown so well, tried his hand at practically every one of them and remained an experimenter as long as he used the pen. Modern criticism, following in the wake of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Arnold, and the German critics, has exalted the matter of poetry at the expense of the manner, apparently not realizing that the poets, true to their instinct, have gone on experimenting in all the rhythms, meters, rhyme-schemes under the sun; adopting foreign forms, reviving others long since forgotten, inventing new. Much of this has been little more than fun, it may be, yet surely "out of this old cometh new corn from year to year." To the poet poetic technique, whether he thinks of it in terms of foot and verse or not, is a vitally and perennially interesting thing. Whether he studies the theory of metrics and works out new theories of his own, like Patmore and Lanier, or practices it incessantly, like Tennyson and Swinburne, or tries to throw the whole cargo overboard, like Whitman, the truth of the matter is that he is a creature of his artistic conventions and can no more disregard them than can the musician his scales, harmony, and counterpoint. To say that poetry is a formal art is only another way of saying that it is an art. The remarkable fact is that it should need saying at all.

We began with a reference to the popular distrust of poetry. This distrust, if it really exists, is the result of economic causes. We are all willing that our children should like poetry if they will only promise not to become poets. The trouble is that we do not give them a fair chance to find out whether they like poetry

or not, because we do not usually present this type of literature to them as poetry. Many people, young and old, with all the impulses toward a love of poetry, seem to be creatures moving about in worlds not realized simply because they have not acquired or been given a point of view. The intellectual and emotional history of a lover of poetry is much like that of a poet. He at first experiments in form, and the form may for a time be tyrannical. He is inquisitive concerning foot and verse, pause and stanza. He wants to know the practical artistic value of these. He is amused and pleased to discover the different movement of the same meter as handled by different poets. He begins to see method in all this. He traces melodies peculiar to the various rhythms; harmonies which are the fruit of certain systems of rhyming. A normal boy or girl in the teens is interested in poetic forms as well as in the emotions they arouse. He is perfectly able to acquire the rudiments, and more, of the art. But he cannot be expected to make all the discoveries himself. Give him the start and the implements and no one can foresee the extent of his researches. But to expect him to appreciate poetry, to weigh it, to assess its value intrinsically and comparatively, when he has merely read a great deal or heard it read, however well, is as vain as to expect him to acquire a critical feeling for pictures by sitting in an art gallery. With all deference to the pedagogic insistence upon the value of reading poetry aloud, we must confess that it can scarcely lead to love of poetry as poetry—as an art. It can result at best only in a bovine and somnolent sense of vague pleasure of a sort with the popular enjoyment of the opera. It assuredly does not lead to appreciation in the best sense of that much-abused word. Those who read poetry intelligently like it. While, like the other arts, it is to be appreciated emotionally, sheer emotion unguided by judgment is not enough. And the judgment should be directed to appraising its forms and artistic methods rather than to estimating its value as thought material. In this day poetry is the Cinderella of the arts. Her beauty is her only dower. Do not we owe it to her to clear our minds of some of the current false notions about her? With the richest fund of poetic material about us, in an air snapping with the electricity of new ideas and stretching to wider

horizons, might we not hasten the dawn of the poetic era that is bound to come by informing ourselves and our children of the real, the true, ends and aims of the art which is rightfully called the divine? The point upon which we have been dwelling, perhaps too long, is that there can be no high enjoyment of an art unless we treat it as an art; that each art is an expression in certain forms and in certain modes of the thought; and that the thought is never comprehended fully until the expression is perfectly realized. The artist is primarily concerned with the expression, and is satisfied with it, or is not, to the extent that it approaches or does not approximate perfection. We, as readers, miss more than a moiety of the pleasure art has for us if we do not adopt the artist's standards. The only way in which to comprehend his standards is to learn his technique. We hear it asked continually, and not always by the immature, why such and such a poet did not say in prose what he had to say. It is hard to think of any really valid reason unless we can refer the inquirer to the form of the poem. If this in its conclusive perfection does not prove a sufficient answer there is nothing to say; because there is no doubt that a man with a genius for prose can say anything, and perfectly and adequately, that has ever been said in the other medium. The same answer will suffice for those who say that they prefer to take their ideas, information, wisdom, in the unvarnished and uninvolved form of prose. If this declaration is the result of long study and thought such persons are beyond redemption. They will never like poetry. But if it is the result of thoughtless youth or untaught age there is still hope that acquaintance with the why and wherefore of the art, a realization of its methods and aims, may make them see the foolishness of such a view.

What has been said, of course, applies to all of the arts. It has been a plea for a fair popular attitude toward art. We have spoken much of form, yet it will surely be seen that we use the word in its highest sense; not as applied merely to the structure of line and stanza, but as it relates to the architectonic structure. If poetry is an art, it is written for a higher purpose and with a broader view than to lull us into a temporary forgetfulness of the

world; it is not an opiate but a stimulant. If it gratifies the senses it also arouses the mind. The artist has focused all his intellectual forces upon producing it; he has a right to demand that we shall do him the justice of exercising a corresponding intellectual force in the reading. If his poetry will not bear this, it will die. But how can we expect to apprehend his aims and accomplishment if we do not recognize the aims and ends of his art? How can we hope that our children shall appreciate the beauty of which an art is capable if we do not teach them the grammar of the art? When all is said, the artist is a thinker who has chosen a certain medium for the expression of his thought, and the one thing which separates him from other thinkers is the mode of expression which he has adopted. The expression is the all-important thing. He may live as a thinker on the strength of his thought, but he can live as a poet only on the strength of his expression.

> If in the Work must needs stand manifest
> The Person, be his features, therein shown,
> Like a man's thought in a god's words express'd—
> His own, and somehow greater than his own.[1]

[1] The three stanzas quoted are from Mr. William Watson's Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature—the reflections of one of the truest poet-artists of the time.

Robert M. Gay

Art. IX.—SOCIAL THEORIES AND CHRISTIANITY'S PROGRAM

Socialism is disturbed humanity's protest against existing conditions. It has its life through dissatisfaction with the present social order. Examining those mighty institutions created by mankind for its own benefit, it pronounces them insufficient to serve the highest interests of all. It views with sincere alarm the deepening abysses that sever the human family into antagonistic classes with clashing aspirations. It poses as an arch-critic, pointing the finger of scorn and warning at the failures, the contradictions, the disease of modern society. Cognizant of present-day social defects, it makes high claim to being the deliverer for leading mankind out of bondage into a new liberty. Nor is Socialism's message superficial or superfluous. Very easy is it for us to overestimate "the astounding miracle of our social order." Amazing, indeed, are the majestic institutions bequeathed by an heroic past to the rich present. Great is modern society! But contentment with present conditions is not always a virtue. Passivity readily degenerates into death. Stubborn allegiance to the institutions of the past may involve national disaster in the future. Mankind dare not cease striving to better its social order until the "ideal state" has been ushered in. Especially imperative will such an attitude of mind be when the existing order is burdened with serious economic evils; when long-standing grievances breed discontent and hatred, and when the very struggle for existence is fraught with so serious misfortunes. Well may we rejoice when any sober-minded nation becomes zealous over the common welfare of its people. Radical changes may follow such serious-minded thinking, but all such transformations of our social institutions are likely to be toward prosperity and freedom.

The Socialist claims to be a thinker, not a faddist. His arguments are burning convictions. Finding society diseased, he is ready to prescribe a remedy. His program calls for nothing less than a complete reorganization of the popular institutions of

civilization. He argues that a social order sheltering such cruel injustices and misfortunes and inequalities as does ours condemns itself as fit for execution. His list of grievances is a long one. He is aware of the degradation of the masses, their hopelessness of outlook, their savage struggle for a bare living, the heartlessness of economic systems. Increasingly conscious is he of the tendency toward concentration of wealth and its "licentious use," toward centralization of production and limitation of opportunity. Very bitterly does he denounce the "cruel system of competition," inevitably resulting in commercial slavery, and in repeated industrial crises with their demoralizing periods of stagnation, working untold misfortune to the helpless "wage-slave." He claims that individualism, with its base creed of selfishness, is conserved by its own fruits, and that governments hitherto heedless to the cries of the oppressed must seek for better methods in administering the complicated interests of humanity. But Socialism will be given the reins of government only as it is able first to prove the reasonableness of its theories. Society will not rashly overturn its present institutions, however defective they may be in parts, unless certain advantage is sure to result from such a sweeping reorganization. Yet just here Socialism is most confident, loudly making its strongest assertions and most glowing promises concerning the evils it would eradicate and the blessings it would inaugurate. Nor can anyone deny that in some of its items Socialism has a well-defined plan and most laudable purpose. The fundamental problems which it endeavors to consider are not only economic, but philanthropic and ethical as well. It poses primarily as the champion of the masses, arguing that government must aim at reaching and uplifting the least and lowest and most hopeless member of society. It must teach him the grand and solemn meaning of life, and by opening the door of opportunity lead into a fuller and nobler manhood. Just this spirit was what animated Proudhon's broad definition of Socialism as "aspiration toward the improvement of society." The same conception moved James Russell Lowell to say concerning it, "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, coöperation and community of interests; sympathy; the giving to the hands not so large a share

as to the brain, but a larger share than hitherto in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." The richest blessings it would bring to those who now stand in greatest jeopardy. Kidd says that true Socialism has always one definite object in view: "the final suspension of that personal struggle for existence which has always been waged, not only from the beginning of society, but, in one form or another, from the very beginning of life." Through it would be established "that morally perfect state in which government, law, and police would be unnecessary," and in which, as Bellamy says, there would be "no police and no criminals, since society rests on its own base and is in as little need of support as the everlasting hills." According to the teaching of St. Simon, Marx, Engels, Lassalle, and Blanc, the "common people," as the most needy members of modern society, would be the chief beneficiaries in the new regime. Socialism's chief strength consists in its endeavor to guard those inalienable private rights which to disregard inevitably ushers in rankest injustice and unrighteousness. As Graham says, "the real question of Socialism is essentially an ethical one, involving the whole great question of justice; not justice in the narrow sense, but in the most comprehensive as well as deepest sense. The present system, industrial and social, the reformer says, is organized injustice." Cavines similarly finds serious defects in our industrial order, and says that "these conditions are not easily reconcilable with any standard of right generally accepted among men." So also Sidgwick writes, "If the Socialist's method of providing for the progress of industry could be trusted to work without any counterbalancing drawbacks, the perpetuation of the inequalities of distribution that we see to be inevitably bound up with the existing system would be difficult to reconcile with our sense of justice." In so far, therefore, as Socialism is moved by these worthy conceptions does it meet with the unqualified approval of all. But, despite its very evident merits, and the victories that it has won in many of its minor contentions, Socialism has never found so large a number of thoughtful opponents as to-day. These base their objections to it on its imprac-

ticability, and on its inability to inaugurate just those sweeping improvements concerning which it makes its loudest promises. Individualism utters its solemn warning against any such wholesale transformation as the reformers would institute. If collectivism promises an era of justice and brotherhood through the abolition of the competitive system and of private ownership of land and capital, "the two great requisites of production," then individualism responds that, however commendable some of Socialism's theories may be, untold confusion of disaster and retrogression would result from the acceptance of its entire system.

Nor is it an easy task to determine which of the two schools of thought is established on the best arguments. The fundamental problem of civilization has been, and will ever be, how to secure equal justice to both the individual and the social group. As Donisthorpe has said, "The whole history of civilization is a record of the struggle to establish a relation between society and its units, between the whole and its parts, which is not absolute Socialism nor absolute anarchy, but a state in which, by absolute action and reaction of each upon each, such an adaptation shall take place that the welfare of the whole and that of the units shall become coincident, and not antagonistic. The result will be perfect law and perfect liberty." But in the discussion it is necessary to bear in mind, as Fairbanks shows, two fundamental questions: "On the one hand is the question of fact as to whether, from the scientific viewpoint, the individual or the group is the bearer of culture or the unit of society; on the other hand is the question of worth—whether the individual or the social whole has ultimate value, and which should be developed at the expense of the other in case the two come into conflict." Individualism is able to make a strong defense of its theories. It argues that "every man, as a self-contained individual, independent of other individuals, must be free to exercise his powers in any way he chooses." Nor must be forgotten the extent of the social function which the few perform in progressive communities. Mallock heralds the "great man" as the true leader of civilization, and protests against "merging the great man in the aggregate." Society, he claims, is not made up of "equal units." "The scattered few are more pro-

ficient than the majority, and if some men were not more proficient than others society would lag in its progress." The characteristic of a genius is that he blesses the world not only by what he himself does, but by what he helps others to do. As James Stuart Mill writes: "The initiative of all wise or noble things comes from individuals. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following. Retrogression comes as soon as the individual ceases to feel the influence of higher impulses." The inference from the theory, therefore, is this: Ministering thus profoundly to the needs of mankind, the individual ought to be considered as having the largest social value, and to be entitled to peculiar rewards. Extraordinary service ought to meet with extraordinary remunerations; otherwise incentive will be lacking to call forth from capable men the largest achievements. Centralization of industrial and social power must therefore be expected, even though such concentration may be subject to minor criticisms.

But to all of these contentions Socialism makes keen response. Appealing to history, it proves that individualism inevitably degenerates into license and tyranny. Its cardinal doctrines are topheavy. Ross offers a sharp criticism when he says that the theory "emphasizes the individual unduly in regard to his purpose and will," since the facts of social life are by no means the results of man's voluntary choice, but are indirectly forced upon him. As Fairbanks declares, the social group in its governmental functions must be considered immeasurably superior to the individual. The sphere of influence of the "great man" in the social well-being may be greatly overestimated. Other subtle forces are at work besides those having their existence through the will of any individual, however influential. The social group itself is a most potent factor. Ross shows his masterly grasp of sociological problems when he points out to what extent "the gulf between the aims of the individual and the aims of his fellows is bridged from both sides," through the rise in mankind of the powerful factors of "sympathy," "sociability," and "justice." Not through individual initiative have these resulted, but as the consequence of man's gregarious instincts, when his "social deeps" are agitated

and some of his "acquired ferocity is bred out of him." These "natural motives" most powerfully guard and control, for the collective interests, the will and conscience of the individual. Consequently, the social group, and not the self-seeking individual, ought to be made the chief recipient of the rewards of civilization. Rank injustice is done to multitudes when the wealth which the many directly and indirectly help to produce becomes the private possession of the few. New principles must consequently be put into practice concerning the production and distribution of wealth; collective management must supersede private control. In the radical transformation, the State must claim and exercise a new right of interference and control. As Adolph Wagner says, "The universal law must be that of the increasing function of government. Its duties will be those of superintendent, statistician, and arbitrator." Only thus will occur that longed-for alleviation of the ills of humanity. Individualism is doomed. Mankind seeks for a substitute that will guarantee, not the interests and welfare of the few, but the happiness and prosperity of the many.

But equally certain is it that extreme Socialism is increasingly regarded with suspicion and fear. Constructively it is notoriously weak. Alert thinkers put no confidence in its claims and its promises. Its theories are unpractical and its plans are wildly infeasible. As Ely says, "Socialism is too pessimistic about the present, too hopeful about the future." Several vital objections invalidate its pretentious claims. An extreme paternalism would inevitably cripple private enterprise and energy so long as human nature remains what it is. Competition forces men into activity. It compels every man to realize that the continuance of his existence is dependent upon his own labor. For a careful thinker, it is difficult to understand how a system of collectivism would not result in an enormous system of parasitism. One part of society would inevitably live upon the labor of the other. Socialism would fail to supply "any thoroughly efficient stimulus for the whole of the population to exert itself to the highest degree when the main wants of life are secure." How, also, could the vast intricacies of the sphere of labor be so simplified that each man could find his own proper place as worker according to his abil-

ities and reasonable preferences? The competitive system automatically determines this. It decrees that each must work to live, but it grants to each, also, the inestimable boon of choosing his own occupation. Each laborer, according to his abilities and energies, finds his own levels. This simple adjustment Socialism would hopelessly disturb. What reason is there to expect that official labor administration would not degenerate into unbearable tyranny? Such a national executive board of administration as Gronlund advocates would have absolute authority to determine the occupation and working hours of each person. What an impossible task! What tyrannical infringement upon private freedom and the pursuit of happiness! A veritable slavery in its hardest form would be the sure outcome. What a price to pay for some questionable benefits! As Flint says, "The organization of society thus to be obtained would be dearly bought, whatever might be the material advantage gained." What theory wilder than that which advocates that a human, fallible board of administrators be given jurisdiction over the minutest details of our private lives! Socialism deceives itself when it asserts that "payment in labor checks," or in "leisure hours," or "more agreeable duties" would not be just as burdensome to gain as under our present regime, since energy and faithfulness and honesty are never the same in any two individuals. Ely well sums up the case thus: "Competition affords a stimulus which human nature needs, because competition rewards men for achievement and saves us from many of the evils to which otherwise we would fall prey." Also an immense gratuitous problem would arise were the state to be made, as Socialism demands, "not only the sole landlord, but also the sole employer of labor, the sole distributor of commodities, and the sole director of the wills and the supplier of the wants of its members." This so-called solution of the social problem would foster a giant and hideous system of slavery, intrigue, dishonesty, deceit, and bureaucratic oppression. Government would degenerate into a military despotism. As Flint declares, "Socialism attempts to cure evils by universalizing them, by depriving every workman of his tools, by leaving him not a bit of private property, and by giving him no voice in the direc-

tion of his labor except a vote in the choice of his taskmaster." Ely summarizes the salient objections to such a regime when he mentions the tendencies to revolutionary dissatisfaction which a socialism in actual practice would produce; the difficulties in the way of organizing several important factors of production, notably agriculture; difficulties in the way of determining any standard of distributive justice that would be generally acceptable and would, at the same time, enlist the whole-hearted services of the most gifted members of society.

To several weighty conclusions we may steadfastly hold: Even though the principle of extreme individualism must be discarded as erroneous and dangerous, the abundant beneficial aspects of competition must be recognized. Private enterprise is not an unmixed curse. Socialism, on the other hand, is lamentably weak in its practical, constructive aspects. Unspeakable confusion would inevitably result from the effort to reorganize society according to its program. Neither Individualism nor Socialism is theoretically correct in the radical form in which they are usually presented. Indeed, to place them in antithesis is a fundamental error. Unmistakable truth abides in both schools of thought. With each succeeding generation mankind must move away from that order in which the unrestrained individual is supreme to that condition wherein the rights of the social unit are of primary concern, but in which the reasonable freedom of all is protected. Society must not be so organized as to become the prey of the few; neither should the saving, worthy few be submerged by the many. Not Individualism *or* Socialism alone is true, but Individualism *and* Socialism together. The two schemes must go hand in hand. The "happy mean" must be put into practice after having been theoretically learned. So say the mere theorists. But these fundamentally fail to recognize that tangible improvement in the social order is impossible until some third principle be brought into play that will have power to reconcile the two divergent schools of thought and make their dreams things of substance. How can the conclusions to which the sanest sociologists have come be put into execution? This is the strategic question! Deeper motives must actuate humanity than a mere knowl-

edge of theoretical conclusions. Mankind must be willing to act on its knowledge. The deed must follow the ideal. The saving good must be put in practice. Humanity must not only think out its own salvation, but work it out. Conclusions must become operative. Then social redemption will follow, and both individualist and socialist will behold the entrance of the new kingdom. And just at this point does Christianity, in all of its majestic power, make connection with social theories. It claims to be able to speak the final word. Well would it be for modern nations to remember, as Kidd says, that Christianity also has its social program, and that it alone is sufficient to usher in that new order for which all mankind waits. Permanent cure for the distressing ills of modern society can be found only in the transforming principles of Christianity.

We hear much in these days about "Christian Socialism." By many the claim is made that Socialism and Christianity are identical, and that every intelligent consistent Christian must believe in Socialism. St. Simon, the "founder of modern Socialism," argued eloquently, therefore, for the application of Christian principles to all social problems. Kingsley, Maurice, Hughes, Von Ketteler, Stöcker, see no hopes for society unless it be established on a Christian basis. Carlyle declared that "the abyss lay before society unless the Great Man appeared to save it," and Tennyson wrote, "Before Earth reaches her best a God must mingle with the game." But many object to thus identifying the two. Even though superficially alike, they are intrinsically different. To speak of "Christian Socialism" may be an error. But undeniably there is a *"Social Christianity."* The religion of Jesus of Nazareth is broad as the needs and possibilities of humankind. Christianity is foe to all evils of modern society. It aims at the uplifting and ennobling of the masses. It purposes a social transformation and redemption. But in all of its methods it radically differs from Socialism. With unswerving fidelity it champions certain momentous principles. Therefore it connects with modern times, and has a social message to all nations. Christianity has ever been the advocate of the application of the highest social standards to all human relations. In the name of jus-

tice it thus becomes the arch-revolutionist, attacking all forms of oppression and unrighteousness. Against tyranny, pauperism, crime, it is ever a champion. The ideal of "human brotherhood" is synchronous with the birth of Christianity. To the spirit of discord and division it is the bold enemy. The bitterness of class antagonisms and selfishness must vanish where it rules. It disallows hardhearted indifference to the degradation and misfortunes of mankind. By inculcating sympathy and helpfulness it makes the fortunate, the strong, the happy responsible for the betterment of the lot of the heavy-laden. Most emphatically does it declare, "No man liveth unto himself." Ever has it been the chief inspiration toward the framing of laws that minister to the public welfare. No matter of chance is it, as Kidd says, that gradually laws are becoming Christianized. Joseph Chamberlain spoke as a Christian statesman when, referring to the social improvements witnessed by the last half-century, he marveled at the vast progress made in the decrease of crime and pauperism, the larger opportunities for education of the lower classes, the opposition to excessive toil and overwork, the repealing of the laws against labor unions, and the care of the public health. But let us not forget that in this transformation the place of leadership was held by such men as Shaftesbury and Gladstone, proud believers in Christianity and in the social salvation that it was capable of bringing. Nor have we reason to doubt that, as a Christian sense of justice animates not only our legislators but their constituents as well, gradually there will continue to be framed laws that will prevent the heartless selfishness of individualism, with its iniquitous systems of accumulation and centralization of wealth. Surely at no distant date may we expect laws that will regulate competition by humanizing it; that will aim at some kind of social equality by providing at the expense of the rich the best opportunities for the education and improvement of the poor. A thoughtless socialism views these momentous achievements as matters of course, mechanically resulting through some blind process of evolution. It forgets that practical Christianity commands men to "regard each other as brothers, and to coöperate for mutual helpfulness and happiness." Christianity's purpose

is indeed "to substitute love of neighbor for love of self by framing institutions that make the substitution possible" and in which altruism is assured. Our present social order may be at fault, but we agree with Fladden when he says, "Instead of pulling down the existing order, the thing to do is to enlarge its foundations. The reform needed is not the destruction, but the Christianization of the present order." Were vital Christianity put into operation, almost all of socialistic agitation would be unnecessary. It asks for an opportunity to apply its principles.

Again, Christianity differs from Socialism concerning its starting-point in reform. The latter system begins with the group, and believes in reform exclusively by the wholesale. It begins with society "at the top, and works downward" until it reaches the individual man. Christianity reverses the process. Understanding human nature better, it begins with the individual. By radically transforming his nature it substitutes good-will and sympathy for selfishness and indifference. It converts him into an influential, conscientious unit in the larger group, consciously and unconsciously laboring for the social betterment of all. Nor can there be any doubt as to the wisdom of this process. The only way permanently to save society is to save its individuals. Justice, kindness, brotherhood are empty terms until they become concrete in individuals, vitalized by the Christian spirit. Indeed, as Socialism itself claims, the fundamental problems of reform are ethical in import. Nor can these ever be solved until moral standards be given a ruling place in the life of each human being. But ethical ideals become dominant in social life in proportion to the number of separate units controlled by them. In overlooking, therefore, the strategic significance of the transformed individual, Socialism destroys the possibilities of accomplishing the miracle of an established ideal society. Christianity, on the contrary, lays mightiest stress upon the character of each man. It is keen enough to see that most of the grievous ills now harassing society will disappear when a sufficient number of Christianized individuals exist to control public sentiment. Then can the truths of Christ work out through these as centers of light until all of humanity's gloom is dispelled. Nor must we overlook the fact that

Socialism demands for its successful operation just those ethical qualities which Christianity alone has power to create. It takes for granted that were land nationalized, or wealth democratized, or competition removed, or society leveled, then immediately greed and injustice, hard-heartedness and tyranny would disappear. What a baseless hope! History disproves it. Reason rejects it. Men's hearts would still be the same despite improved environment. The un-Christian spirit, even under the new regime, would show new obsessions and break forth into new tyrannies. Brotherhood and justice are the miracles of God's indwelling in men's souls. Only he can change their purposes and motives and make them willing to surrender self-interest to the welfare of all. Without the restraints and propulsions that Christianity offers Socialism would be wildest anarchy. Nor will Individualism loosen its grip of greed until Christianity writes its creed of altruism. Only when Christianity becomes regnant can we hope for such a nation as Socialism sees in its dreams. Our need is, as Taylor states, for "men who feel that life does not consist in the abundance of material possessions, who regard stewardship as nobler than ownership, who see in the ultimate outcome of all true work issues reaching beyond the limits of the present dispensation, and who act faithfully and strenuously on these beliefs." No nobler, more far-reaching work, therefore, can be done than that accomplished by Christianity, when, recognizing that society is composed of persons capable of living in right or wrong relations toward each other, it insists upon the "changed heart" for each human being. Humanity is loth to acknowledge how many of its social ills are the black harvest growing from the guilt and iniquity in particular men. Socialism's charge must be denied, that the present social order in itself is responsible for crime and degradation and pauperism. Our worst social ills are those breeding in the unregenerate heart. These will disappear only when each person recognizes the sacred solemnity of life, and seeks to bring himself into conformity with Christ. The primary need of this age, as of every age, is more Christianity. Paternalism in government is no substitute for individual righteousness. Less insistence upon improved externals, and more

stress upon inward holiness, would usher in a greater new era than even the wildest reformer advocates. Nor by this is meant that any Christian can be indifferent to political and industrial progress. Anything that brings in that broad "Kingdom of God" that is synonymous with blessedness and righteousness and contentment among men must ever be of primary concern to every follower of Christ. But "His Kingdom" can come only as each one of the children of men is willing through his deeds to say, "Thy will be done."

In another respect also does Christianity make its priceless contribution toward the social betterment. To each human being does it point out his social obligations, imposing upon each the duty of ministering to the welfare of others. Spencer, in his Data of Ethics, argues for that kind of State in which there shall be a reconciliation "between the interests of each citizen and the interests of citizens at large, tending ever toward a condition in which the two become merged in one, and in which the feelings answering to them respectively fall into complete accord." But by what agency can such a State come into existence? Only Christianity has power requisite for such a herculean task. It alone uproots "egotism" and substitutes "service." Theoretical Individualism and Socialism are in a sad dilemma. They behold the ideal State afar off, but are powerless to bring men into it. Christianity knows how to make "self-interest and benevolence balance." Its ruling motto is, "He that seeketh his own life shall lose it." Socialism is strong destructively. Only too often do its criticisms blossom forth into bitterness and partisanship and lawlessness. Christianity is as wise a critic but a truer conservator. It guarantees the good of all by abolishing the selfishness of each. As Kidd declares, "Something more is necessary to bring about the ideal condition of society than to draw a ring fence around our borders, to suspend the competitive forces, to organize society on a socialistic basis, and to see that conduct is dictated by enlightened self-interest." The altruism that Spencer advocates will not result through some upward moving process of evolution inherent in society itself. Society left to itself sickens and dies. Christianity is custodian of the sacred panacea. In the name of

God it heralds to all the world, "Each man must be his brother's keeper."

Too often Christianity has been interpreted in an ingloriously narrow spirit. Too often it has been indifferent to its high privileges and careless of its heavy obligations. Too often its voice has been silent against existing social injustice. Too often it has been disobedient to its heavenly visions. But it awakes, thinks, feels, acts. All human interests begin anew to feel its holy influence. It condemns the killing selfishness of an unrestrained policy of "laissez-faire." It champions coöperation and profit-sharing and equality of opportunity. It becomes sponsor for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. It is the vindicator of wrongs. It stands guard against injustice and inhumanity. It sees in man the image of God and endeavors to make him a worthy child of the Highest.

From the standpoint of Christianity must we therefore make our social forecast. The greatest factor in the settlement of social problems must be Christianity. Socialism will be discarded not because it is revolutionary, but because it is insufficient. A prodigious impress have its arguments made upon the heart and mind of humanity, reacting powerfully upon Christianity in demanding new standards of righteousness and good will. Nor is its work yet accomplished. By uncovering the ills that weaken humanity it arouses the sleeping Christian conscience and awakens the spirit of broadest Christian statesmanship, but the final task is intrusted to Christianity. It must bring in the golden age. Who can doubt its all-sufficiency? What miracles in social regeneration it will work when opportunity is given to put its far-reaching precepts into practice! Humanity's unrest will be quieted when all recognize that Christ came to be man's social Saviour as well as his spiritual Redeemer.

Philip F. Frick.

Art. X.—THE STATE: HOLY AND CATHOLIC

If sanctity and catholicity are notes of the true church, they are also notes of the true state; for, if the members of the church realize character-ideals by attaining personal holiness and developing the catholic spirit, so, also, as subjects of the state, they realize the civic ideals by perfect obedience to the moral law and by perfect love of fellow men. The true church and the true state are never far apart: he is the enemy of both church and state who advocates their divorce. In the Divine Mind they are one: the church is not sovereign over the state; much less is the church the subject of the state. Theoretically, ideally, every subject of the state is potentially a member of the church; that is to say, he *cannot* and *does* not *fully* function as a citizen unless he realizes the truth of his existence as a subject of that spiritual kingdom of God which is the true church. The first office of the church, therefore, is to define and enforce the civic duty of the state's subjects and of the powers that be. Hebrew prophet and Christian apostle long ago discerned this with aggressive vision, and declared it with dominant and aggressive self-assertiveness, and, of course, were speedily branded by corrupt rulers as trouble-makers, impracticals, idealists, dreamers, disturbers of the peace. Had they confined themselves to the limp, prosaic "pastoral offices" of preaching, visiting the sick, teaching the youth, they had not been sawn asunder, burned at the stake, and driven to the darkness of caves and dens of the earth; but they were impelled by high sense of duty to command kings in the name of God and summon peoples in the name of justice. Whenever the "man of God" has failed to see this, or when, seeing this, he has shrunk from the task of demanding that the state shall fulfill its functions as a moral organism, that is to say, as a moral person, subject to the same laws as those which govern the individual life; when the "man of God" fails of this supreme office, he becomes a jejune timeserver, earning his reward in the salary paid by an apostate church.

If, in the United States, in the second decade of the twentieth

century, the church lacks power, it is because it abandons politics to the agnostic, atheistic, corrupt, sordid campaign manager whose sole measure of success is the triumph of his party. On the great, vital questions of government, which are specifically the subject matter of the true preacher of righteousness, the church is dumb, lacking unity. In the first place it has no authoritative message, and retreats from the field of politics, having no program of legislation, no scheme of administration, no canons of judgment—a negative organization which the practical politician safely ignores. There is no "church" vote, although there is a "saloon" vote. At intervals, and more frequently during the first decade of the twentieth century, the church has been adroitly forced into open conflict with the saloon in the open arena of political campaigns against the dramshop, but it still remains true that the typical churchman resents the parson's activity in politics. Even in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the august founder of which consistently meddled, as he said, in politics, nothing is quite so immediately fatal to a preacher's personal popularity as open identification with a new political organization, or employment of his pulpit for the purpose of propagating the principles of governmental reform. The parson is expected to keep peace with men who, in actual life, affiliated with pagans in the administration of government in the city, State, and nation, compromising with them for the sake of some "party." A Methodist votes without protest a ticket which is nominated by a gang of gamblers, profane swearers, grafters, whoremongers, and indorses a platform which systematically ignores his "religion—and vehemently denounces his pastor for "sensationalism" if he presumes to attack the flagrant bribery which gains the adherence of the floating vote. One of the most devout and devoted preachers whom I have ever known, a man of consummate spirituality, who, in the discharge of his prophetic office, felt it right to denounce bribery and other forms of political corruption in his city, was astounded to discover that he had made enemies of his own official members—who, besides contributing to his support, had bought votes and otherwise corrupted the franchise. Hostility to him became so vicious that he found it necessary to request another appointment! Instead

of bringing the bribers and grafters to trial, in order to maintain the moral integrity of the church, it was found to be less difficult to remove the preacher. What is the result? The state has everywhere become secularized to the point of crassest agnosticism, atheism, and paganism, and the church has lowered its standards of holiness until Christian perfection has become a "fad," and abandoned its ideals of catholicity until the caste spirit has rendered impossible a true apostolate to all sorts and conditions of men. Few preachers now emphasize sanctification as the ultimate of Christian discipleship, and fewer still proclaim the Pauline principle of universal unity in Christ.

The "revival" will come when the ministry shall assert that the state is not foreign to the church, and that the member of the church is morally bound to articulate politically as a believer in the *political Christship* of Jesus. Whether as a voter, a councilman, a member of the Assembly or of the Congress, the churchman is under obligation to act without compromise as one who is directly responsible to Almighty God. He cannot vote for battleships, because "war is hell." He will not tolerate the liquor traffic, because it is the sum of all villainies. Always he will discern the right and advocate it. Always he will see the wrong and antagonize it. Before his eyes hovers the vision of a state which enacts laws in harmony with Law, and his will acts in accord with that apocalypse whose most glorious propheey was of a world kingdom which had become the kingdom of the Lord and his anointed. This may be a dream, but it is the dream of that apostle of Jesus who, in the isle of his solitude, saw in the future the founding of a nation in which liberty, equality, brotherhood, and coöperation shall supplant slavery, caste, inequity, and ruthless competition. Emerson says: "The only consideration of the state is persons." "The highest end of government is the culture of men." But the only consideration of the church is *persons* —and the highest end of the church is the culture of men; which is to say that the state and the church are one in their ends: they are so essentially identical that the functions of the one may be defined in the terms of the other. Therefore, if the church does not require a confession of belief in the holy catholic state as

a condition of baptism, it is because it is implied in belief in the holy catholic church. The good Christian is a good citizen: his vow embodies itself in a vote. To transmute religion into politics is the end of his moral activity, and to conserve politics in religion is his supremest function.

Ideal church in an ideal state is more than a free church in a free state; it means that distinctions between the two institutions of God, instead of being differentiated without antagonism, are lost in a true democratic nation organized for the communal administration of law. John Wesley's "Methodist Societies" were tentative efforts to fuse religion and the common life, to found an order in which the social, political, industrial, and economic interests should be controlled by the law of perfect love. In them appeared a prophecy of the ultimate church-state, in which freedom and fellowship shall become supreme, in which each man shall govern himself in love of man and love of God.

G. M. Hammell

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Bishop William F. Anderson characterizes the Bible thus: "The charter of all true liberty; the forerunner of civilization; the molder of institutions and governments; the fashioner of law; the secret of national progress; the guide of history; the ornament and mainspring of literature; the friend of science; the inspiration of philosophies; the text-book of ethics; the light of the intellect; the answer to the deepest human heart-hungerings; the soul of the strong heart life; the illuminator of darkness; the foe to superstition; the enemy of oppression; the uprooter of sin; the regulator of all high and worthy standards; the comfort in sorrow; the strength in weakness; the pathway in perplexity; the escape from temptation; the steadier in the day of power; the embodiment of all lofty ideals; the begetter of life; the promise of the future; the star of death's night; the revealer of God; the guide and hope and inspiration of man."

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUL OF GILDER

Write "Richard Watson Gilder" on any page and you turn the rest of that page into the setting for a jewel. To coin the air into the syllables of his name is to transmute oxygen and nitrogen into additional gold currency for the world. Special reasons exist for inscribing that name on the pages of this Review. To it he was an occasional contributor of articles, and for them he always refused to accept pay. Of Methodist parentage and education, his soul was true till death to the faith of his fathers. Marrying a Protestant Episcopalian and worshiping with her did not make his ancestral church less dear to him. Even Professor George E. Woodberry detects and comments on the persistence of the essentially Wesleyan note in his poetry:

> Much of Gilder's verse is exhortatory; there are many hymns and private prayers. It will surprise those who are not familiar with his poetry as a whole to find how preoccupied it is with religious questions. God, Christ, immortality, sin, and sorrow—these are constant in his brooding; and amid

the strangely mingled veins, there is always something that harks back to the old faith, the childish nurture, the large hope. In some things he was nigh to Wesley, and it shows in the various voices of his verse, in his belief in the beneficence of sorrow, which is most Christian, in his philanthropy, in his humilities, in his fervency. The chrism of his birth is on him, and, however enfranchised, he always speaks as a child of his old church.

Because what Woodberry says is true it may be meet, right, and our bounden duty to make memorial mention of Gilder as one of Methodism's choicest products; and we may without impropriety write of him here in a way which might not be suitable elsewhere, but which even non-Methodist readers will not regard as improper on these pages.

To speak of the soul of Gilder is eminently fit and proper, for above all things else he "believed in soul, was very sure of God," made the most of his own soul, and of the souls of others. At a gathering of physical scientists, talking with some of them, he said, "I'm interested chiefly in things of the spirit; my study is the soul." "Well," laughed one of them, "you may search me." Gilder's reply to this is in his verses entitled "Souls," published in the Atlantic Monthly, voicing his incredulity that high souls perish like beasts of the field or the jungle. It was utterly incredible to him that all the high potencies that throbbed in human souls, and the intensive fires that made them men, not stones nor stars nor trees nor creeping things, and gave identity to every soul, making it individual and alone among myriads, could slip out of being and be lost, eternally extinguished and blotted out. Before he himself went he gave order: "Call me not dead when I have gone into the company of the ever-living."

In most cases ancestry counts for much. When young David went forth against Goliath, King Saul said to Abner, the captain of the host, "Inquire thou whose son the stripling is." Captain Abner failed to ascertain and report; but the king attached so much importance to the matter that when the stripling came back from the fight and stood before the king with the giant's head in his hand, Saul said, "Whose son art thou, young man?" And David answered, "I am the son of thy servant Jesse, the Bethlehemite." In the royal mind this was of some significance. And whatever the dogmatic or dubitating scientists may teach concerning heredity, the question, "Whose son is he?" is always pertinent and the answer is often enlightening, partly because parentage generally determines early environment, partly also because the propensities and master-passions of the father are as apt to surge in the blood of the son as parental features are to reappear in the face of offspring.

Richard Watson Gilder was the son of Rev. William H. Gilder, a member of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was the natural and normal product of a ministerial home. The Christian virtues, integrities, and graces were the guardian angels, intimate comrades of his childhood. His youth grew in knowledge and wisdom under the inspiration and tutelage of ideals high and pure and large—ideals intellectual, ethical, and altruistic. Loudest of all inviting voices and most alluring of all lures in the surroundings of his young life was the call of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, to whose fine fosterings his soul was so responsive, docile, and dutiful that they gave tone and color to his whole life, their influence becoming more and more overmastering as his years passed into their declining decades.

Not only the quality of Gilder's soul but the particular bent of his activity was early determined by heredity and environment. Studying and thinking for purposes of effective expression is the constant intellectual occupation of the minister, the chief mental industry that goes on in his home; and the children growing up therein are likely to be influenced toward the study and practice of expression either in oratory, or in literature, or in art. Examples of this are numerous, and a little cluster of three of them happens to lie at this moment directly in our path. In middle New Jersey, within a circle describable by a radius of twenty-five miles, and within the eight years between 1836 and 1844, were born three boys in the homes of as many Methodist ministers. Rev. John Buckley, at Rahway, named his boy James Monroe; Rev. William H. Gilder, at Bordentown, named his Richard Watson; Rev. Benjamin Kelley called his William Valentine. Those three boys came, in the course of time, to occupy for many years editorial chairs within rifle-shot of each other in New York city, the first in the office of The Christian Advocate, the second in that of the Century Magazine, the third as editor of the Methodist Review. The mention of this coincidence will interest parsonages and is sufficiently relevant here to be pardoned by other homes if pardon need be asked. Richard Watson Gilder took to writing very early, carried printer's types in his pocket instead of marbles, and at the age of thirteen was editing and printing with his own hands a tiny paper. Taking this direction so early, his life, however diverted at times by circumstances, invariably returned to the course into which it finally settled. The number of literary careers dating from ministerial homes is large and not a few of them important; a most notable instance of

which is now before the public in the literary prominence of the three sons of Archbishop Benson.

Among Gilder's most amiable and engaging traits were his loving pride in his parentage and his loyalty thereto. Of this a couple of incidents on notable occasions afford a glimpse.

A few years ago the New York Methodist Social Union arranged an evening of ministers' sons; no others spoke; Gilder was one of the speakers. His own Methodist ancestry seemed to him a theme as suitable to that occasion as it was congenial to his own heart; and he talked about it as simply and informally as if at an old-home reunion of relatives and familiars. The subject also chanced to be at that moment uppermost in his mind, for the reason that he had been recently in Philadelphia looking up the records of his grandfather, who was John Gilder, a builder (whose name and occupation, chiming together, were enough to set rhyming agoing in the family). This grandfather built Girard College and with his own hands laid its corner stone, so that the anti-clerical spirit of Stephen Girard, if it saw anything earthly, saw the corner stone of his college put in place by a Methodist class leader, which must have been almost as grievous to the prejudiced soul of Stephen as if it had been laid by an ordained minister of the gospel. Grandfather Gilder, besides being a religious leader, was an enterprising and progressive civic force, an active and influential member of the City Council. (At this point in the story which Richard Watson Gilder told the Social Union, he paused to interject a wondering query as to how much the Philadelphia City Council is nowadays under the leadership of Methodist class leaders.) The old records of the City Council show that John Gilder was one of the chief advocates for permitting the introduction of illuminating gas into Philadelphia, against the stout opposition of timid unprogressives who argued in agreement with Sir Humphrey Davy that so inflammable and explosive a substance would surely blow up the city and destroy a multitude of lives. This grandfather spent his last years in the home of his son, Rev. William H. Gilder, then principal of Saint Thomas School at Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., where the boy, Richard Watson, regarded the good old man with veneration, and heard many sacred words and devout expressions fall from his aged lips, especially in the chamber where the godly patriarch breathed his last, and when his reverent mind, wandering on the verge of life eternal, was full of Bible words and prayer-meeting and class meeting talk. Gilder related how his grandfather, like the father of William Hazlitt, the

English essayist, "went on talking of glory, honor, and immortality to the last." When Richard Watson Gilder, speaking at the age of sixty to the New York Social Union at the Savoy, had finished with dear old John Gilder and was about to refer to his own father next in order, his voice was in danger of breaking into a sob, and he was prevented by his emotions from going further on that subject. Then and there we felt the throb of Gilder's soul, filial, tender, loyal, and affectionate.

A similar manifestation was witnessed at Wesleyan University in commencement week, 1903, when the college celebrated the bicentennial of John Wesley's birth. The exercises on Tuesday evening consisted of a masterly portraiture of Wesley as a Man by Professor C. T. Winchester, and a poem by Gilder, whose participation in that particular celebration was most fitting because of his Methodist ancestry and his name, Richard Watson; while his presence at Wesleyan University on any occasion was natural enough, because it was his father's college and would have been his own, too, had not the Civil War and his father's death deprived him of a college course. With Dr. J. M. Buckley offering the prayer and the writer of this record presiding, this also was to a fourfold extent an evening of ministers' sons. Before the exercises began, Gilder said to the chairman of the evening, "If I break down please take my manuscript and finish the reading for me"; to which the uncomprehending chairman blindly responded, "There will be no need of that, I am sure," and thereafter sat wondering what the poet's request could have meant. After more than sixty lines in praise of Wesley, Gilder came, in the reading of his poem, to a remembrance of his own father, who was chaplain of the Fortieth New York Regiment and who died of smallpox at Brandy Station, Virginia, in 1864, while ministering to the spiritual and physical needs of his soldiers, suffering with that loathsome disease in the regimental hospital. Gilder's tribute to Wesley closed with this prayer:

> Send us again, O Spirit of all Truth!
> High messengers of dauntless faith and power
> Like him whose memory this day we praise,
> We cherish and we praise with burning hearts.
> Let kindle, as before, from his bright torch,
> Myriads of messengers aflame with Thee
> To darkest places bearing light divine!
> As did one soul, whom here I fain would sing,
> Since here in youth his gentle spirit took
> New fire from Wesley's glow.

And then came this filial tribute:

> How oft have I,
> A little child, harkened my father's voice
> Preaching the Word in country homes remote,
> Or wayside schools, where only two or three
> Were gathered. Lo, again that voice I hear,
> Like Wesley's, raised in those sweet fervent hymns
> Made sacred by how many saints of God
> Who breathed their souls out on the well-loved tones.
> Again I see those eager, circling faces;
> I hear once more the solemn-urging words
> That tell the things of God in simple phrase;
> Again the deep-voiced, reverent prayer ascends,
> Bringing to the still summer afternoon
> A sense of the eternal. As he preached
> He lived; unselfish, famelessly heroic.
> For even in mid-career, with life still full,
> His was the glorious privilege and choice
> Deliberately to give that life away
> For country and for comrades; for he knew
> No rule but duty, no reward but Christ.

When the poet in his reading reached this tender reference to his father his voice grew tremulous, almost inaudible except to those in the front seats. Emotion came near choking his utterance entirely; the now comprehending chairman leaned forward on the edge of his seat, ready to obey Gilder's request; but in a few moments the reader controlled the inward tumult, recovered his force of utterance, and proceeded with distinctness. Then and there we felt once more the sensitiveness, the surging affectionateness of Gilder's soul, deep and tidal like the sea. This filial tribute calls to mind Matthew Arnold's homage to his father's memory in "Rugby Chapel":

> But thou wouldst not *alone*
> Be loved, my father! not *alone*
> Conquer and come to thy goal,
> Leaving the rest in the wild.
>
> Therefore to thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself;
> And, at the end of thy day,
> O faithful shepherd! to come
> Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

It recalls also from Jean Ingelow's "Brothers and a Sermon," that good old village pastor, "so anxious not to heaven alone." The spirit and faith of his father fired the soul of Richard Watson Gilder. He,

too, was, in his way, a preacher and prophet. To one who praised "The Gay Life" he cried warning and alarm:

> "Gay"!—as the hot crater's crust all lightning-lit—
> But one tread more, and horror of the pit!
> "Gay"? Yes, for a moment, and then weeping sorrow,
> With wild remorse to meet the dawning morrow.

Through his parentage he received by heredity and caught by contagion the passion for saving and serving men, a passion which came from the heart of Christ into the soul of Wesley and made him mighty. J. R. Green, in his Short History of the English People, after noticing the effect of the Methodist revival upon religion and morals, goes on to say: "A yet nobler result of the religious revival was the steady attempt, which has never ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the physical suffering, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor. A passionate impulse of human sympathy with the wronged and afflicted raised hospitals, endowed charities, built churches, sent missionaries to the heathen." When Gilder was ill in bed from sheer exhaustion after the overstrain of his year's unsparing labor in investigating the condition of the tenements in the slums, we told him that what ailed him was that he was his father's son, troubled with a Christian conscience and burdened with an inescapable sense of responsibility for the welfare of his fellow men and for the saving of the world. This he freely admitted, and said emphatically that the explanation was perfectly true, ascribing the impelling motives of his life to his father and his father's faith.

It might be interesting to hear the readers of Gilder's poetry guess which of the Nine Muses was the main source of his inspiration and presided over his literary work. About this probably he himself knew best, and we happen to have his own word for it. Once, when we wrote him expressing appreciation of his most recent poem, and our wonder that a man of sixty, carrying so many and varied responsibilities, engaged in so many practical movements, and leading all the time so stirring and strenuous a life, could produce so much good poetry, he wrote in reply: "The good old Methodist Lord, who, I sometimes think, is, after all, my chief Muse, has been very good to me of late." And he went on to say that more poems had come to him in the two preceding years than in any equal period of his life. Addressing a thousand college girls at Wellesley, this man, who was the embodiment of exquisite sensitiveness, critical literary and artistic taste, and refined culture, talked of "the good old-fash-

ioned power of salvation." In temperament, tone, and conviction Gilder was true Wesleyan. Under a gentle manner and soft voice was a white heat of spiritual emotion, a depth of tender sympathy, a copious flow of sweet and noble feeling. The genial sunlit, warm-hearted, and fervent faith which sweetened, brightened, and ennobled the home of his childhood was congenial as well as congenital.

A newspaper man had a glimpse of the soul of Gilder one evening in one of the thronged streets of the lower East Side. The column-long account in the New York Sun was headed "A Poet in the Slums." It pictured the editor of the Century Magazine mounted on a dray that was standing idle in the street and discoursing earnestly to the motley polyglot crowd that swarms at night in those "smelly" streets. The gaping crowd, halted by the unwonted spectacle, listened wonderingly to this poet trying to impart to them some of his own ideas and ideals for their enlightenment and uplift. From the refined comfort of his home this artist-soul, after a day of toil, had come down into repulsive conditions for the sake of poor, ignorant mortals, impelled thereto by the divine notion, the benign Christian superstition, that he was his brother's keeper, and that the strange, unfortunate folk in the slums were his brothers. The reporter did not concern himself much with the poet's message to the proletariat, but seemed chiefly impressed with the pathetic futility, almost absurdity, of the effort, since what was said must be mostly unintelligible to the tenement house crowd, toward whom the poet was reaching across a great gulf. Yet the Sun reporter could have nothing but respect and admiration for the high-souled gentleman who was capable of such a mission, and his account closed with a note almost reverential. However futile this sentimental altruistic expedition into Slumdom seemed to the bright young newspaper man, the "Poet in the Slums" came to be the slum's best friend and the most potent practical force that ever undertook the reform of abuses and relief of miseries for the benefit of the suffering tenement house population in New York. In 1894 exposures of the shameful and cruel conditions of many tenements led to the appointment by Governor Flower of a commission to investigate these conditions and report, the governor naming Richard Watson Gilder as chairman. It wrought a revolutionary and lasting reform, and is known to this day as the Gilder Commission, because the chairmanship and the chief burden and credit of its work was his.

Some picturesque reporter might have written up "A Poet as

Fireman," picturing Gilder in fireman's helmet and water-proof suit, running to fires with the engines, at all hours of the night, till he became almost an idol with the fire department, which had orders to call him for every fire in the tenement region between bed time and morning, in order that he might study for himself conditions and causes of the all-too-frequent and disastrous fires there. When a visitor from England in 1911, familiar with the slums of English cities, tells us, after going through the slumdom of our American metropolis, that our slums are paradise compared with the dark, gloomy, sunless courts and alleys known to him in the East End of London, he is unwittingly paying tribute of praise to Richard Watson Gilder, to whom more than to any other one man the tenement regions owe their light and air and sanitary conditions and children's play grounds. This "Poet in the Slums" was a miracle-working good angel to the friendless and defenseless. His heart "mothered" the children of the slums, and his splendid rage fought fiercely against plutocratic greed and the hinderers of reform even when, and most of all when, the infernal opposition came from that richest of ecclesiastical landlords, the Trinity Corporation. We cannot help longing for a statue from the hand of his friend, Saint Gaudens, of the slender figure of this "Poet in the Slums" mounted on a dray like a street-preacher, or rushing into a blazing tenement in fireman's uniform. To serve and to save, in a spirit not less than Christ-like, was the impulse and the purpose of his life. And all this was largely due to the Christian hands that rocked, and the prayers that diffused their holy fragrance around, his cradle.

Gilder had the soul of a noble citizen. New York was the city of his heart, and in many a line he sang with enthusiasm of the

> City of glorious days,
> Of hope and labor and mirth,
> With room and to spare on thy splendid bays
> For the ships of all the earth.

Dear was the murmuring Delaware that afar through his childhood flowed, and dear the four little crystal rivers that gave name to his Tyringham farm amid the green Berkshire hills; but, to the heart of this great citizen, no music was ever "half so sweet as the thunder of Broadway." "This is the end of the town that I love best," sang Gilder of Washington Square and its neighborhood when he lived there in a vine-fronted house, in a region having literary associations and a Latin Quarter. There, where Fifth Avenue starts out of the

little park on its long and increasingly magnificent northward reach, stands now a great white arch, shaped not very unlike the Arc de Triomphe which crests the Champs Elysée. Reared to commemorate the Father of his Country, it may be regarded as also in some degree a memorial of Gilder, since it was placed there through his initiative, advocacy, and active urgency. That arch of stone is a lasting token both of Gilder's love for art which he did much to foster, and of his love for his town, which he did his best to make the City Beautiful and Righteous. To call him a superb and ideal citizen is no exaggeration. Certainly no other man of letters ever resident in New York served the city so unselfishly, variously, valiantly, and memorably; none has left so deep and durable a mark on its face and fortunes; not Washington Irving, nor R. H. Stoddard, nor E. C. Stedman, nor even George William Curtis. Carrying the welfare of the city on his heart, he could not sit with folded hands, merely wishing that ill might cease, but must needs off with his coat for hard work to right whatever was going wrong. And to this end he was "ready to preach, or pray, or fight, or sing a song," whichever would serve the good cause most. When he saw that this huge Town was a place

> Where love of God had turned to lust of gold,
> And civic pride in private greed grew cold;
> Where foul corruption stained the judge's gown,
> And where the base-born broods, like beasts of prey,
> Ravaged the treasure-house by night and day,

then heroic rage flamed in his soul; his gentle fingers clinched into a fist; his song turned into a sword, with which he smote in splendid fury. Once, in the heat of a political struggle, the vulgar and malignant yellow journal which had instigated the murder of the gentle and Christianly McKinley by cartooning him persistently as a hideous and hateful monster, too abominable to live, sneered at Gilder as a mild "imitation of a young girl"; offering thus unconscious homage to his fineness and spotlessness, and posing his slender, spiritual, patriotic figure in contrast with the thick-necked, heavy-jawed huskies who were bullying and brutalizing and looting the town.

Nothing is more wise for a city than to monument its most worthy and useful sons. A suitable Gilder Memorial should be inevitable. From Columbia University comes the proposal of a fund of $100,000 to endow scholarships in that institution to train men for the "Promotion of Good Citizenship." This, while not unsuitable, seems a somewhat cloistered memorial, removed from public sight,

for a career so public and stirring. Nearer the people he served most, and the scenes of his most humane labors, is the suggestion that a bust of Gilder should look down on one of the Children's Playgrounds which he secured.

But would not a monument in some most central and public place do more for the city's credit and for the instruction and uplift of future generations? As good old Peter Cooper sits forever benignly in bronze in Cooper Square, so a statue of Richard Watson Gilder might well ornament Madison Square; and the fitness of things might be served if it should replace the inartistic and uninspiring effigy now occupying the southeast corner, recalling little more than imperious, strutting, and petulant leadership of a splitting and rancorous faction in one political party in a period already and desirably wellnigh forgotten—a figure whose conspicuous presence is to the community a mystery and a mortification.

To those who love a man it is not his fame that makes him dear. One friend remembers most in Gilder his smile, his daily living, and his eyes. In days when he misses him most, he wishes the long day through for a sight of Gilder's smile. When he heard poets chanting over Gilder's dust, "his shining deeds, his star-strewn way," what seemed lovelier than all in his recollection was just Gilder's pure and simple living day by day. And this friend's tribute to Gilder closed thus:

> Nor spires nor creeds have ever yet
> Fashioned for me a paradise;
> But all my unfaith I forget,
> Remembering his eyes.

In self-communication, the most wonderful medium of expression is the face. In human nature's canon, the book of Revelation is at the front, not at the back; the face is an apocalypse, revealing the soul and reflecting its visions; the most expressive feature being the eye, the special organ through which the spirit leans out on the window sill and looks at us. At the Gilder Memorial in Mendelssohn Hall, New York city, where Charles E. Hughes, Hamilton W. Mabie, Jacob Riis, Talcott Williams, and Nicholas Murray Butler spoke, only once was mention made of Gilder's eye and then in quoted words not over-apt, "His mild and magnificent eye." His was not an "eye in a fine frenzy rolling." It was too grave and sober for even the slightest touch of poetic frenzy; though sometimes in the midst of animated practical conversation his eyes went dreamy in an instant, as if they

saw past us and beyond to some land that is very far off or had vision of some King in His beauty. The only eyes that Gilder's made us think of were those of Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, as we saw them many years ago in his Florentine studio, while he went about among his works explaining them to us. His Greek Slave was not so fine as the sculptor's eye, almost bovine in size and serenity—large, benign, tranquil, ruminating, full of meditative seriousness and spiritual calm. Charles Reade declared he had never seen such eyes as Hawthorne's, and Bayard Taylor spoke of them as the only eyes he had ever known to really flash fire. An old gypsy woman, meeting young Hawthorne on a woodland path in his student days, gazed with wonder on his handsome face and into his dark blue eyes, and asked, "Are you a man or an angel?" In his poem beginning "Call me not dead," Gilder thinks that, if he should meet Keats wandering in starry places, he would know him by his eyes, though he had never seen Keats. We who have often looked into Gilder's eyes could, by them alone, easily know him among thousands of thousands in the starry places. And the soul that half revealed and half concealed itself in them was fit comrade for the highest of "the bright intelligences fair in circle round the blessed gates."

A living soul and a quickening spirit, a potent, pervasive, and inciting force was Richard Watson Gilder, always and everywhere the presence of a good diffused.

> He cried "Nay, nay!" to the worldling's way;
> To the heart's clear dream he whispered "Yea!"

In Browning's words, he held hard by truth and his great soul; did out his duty; and

> Through such souls alone
> God stooping shows sufficient of his light
> For men in the dark to rise by.

THE ARENA

PRISONERS OF HOPE

Part One

Once upon a time, there was a Man who was a thinker, and who saw concrete things in their relation to truth, which is the greatest thing of all. Now, the Man was an idealist and an optimist, or he thought that he had been; but, sometimes, when he saw things that were hard and cruel and materialistic, he wondered whether he were still an idealist and an optimist.

One day, as he crossed the great river, he saw a cripple, haggard and helpless, crouched in the lee of the iron wall of the big bridge, waiting mutely for pennies to be tossed into his cap. Within a yard of him, on the other side of the iron partition, the heavy engines, roaring and steaming, rushed the long trains over the bridge, to and from the city. It was an engine which had hurt him one day by starting while he lay on his back beneath a car, oiling its wheels. The crowd passed by carelessly till the Man came. He stopped to speak and to give a coin. Yet, in spite of suffering and of indifference, in the eyes of the cripple there was a light of hope; it tinged his mute appeal with grace and redeemed his face from sordidness.

Now, where the bridge ended, the great city began. And, on one of the busiest streets, in a corner between two shops where the wealthy and the fashionable went to buy Parisian products, the Man saw a poor paralytic selling shoe laces. All day he sat there, helpless, stationary as the wall itself. At night, a neighbor from a far-off tenement district used to come and carry him home in a wheelbarrow. Few noticed him, so common had the sight become. Yet, in the depths of his eyes, too, there shone a light; and hope saved him from despair.

Far up on the western hill, beyond the city, above the river, the Man went to a hospital wherein were gathered the maimed, the halt, the blind, the forsaken, who must, perforce, eat the bitter bread of charity; wherein were pain and sorrow, and death forever coming. And one old woman said, wearily, anxiously: "Pray for me, that I may have an easy death." Yet, while all of this was true, and while some wore out their tired, nerve-racked days in anguish of soul, in the eyes of most there was a light of hope, even in the eyes of the troubled one who prayed for an easy death. And life was not all wretchedness and distress, even for the incurables, for hope was there.

The Man called on an aged clergyman, a veteran in the service of the church, whose income was as nothing, a mere stipend. For the clergyman had spent his life for the church, without adequate compensation, and the little he had saved by scanty living had been lost in a broken bank. He was even too weak and too poor to go any longer to the church he

loved; yet there was a calm, confident hopefulness in his manner which gave him the look of one who endures, as seeing the invisible. Hope it was which gave to all of these the power to wait and to suffer.

Part Two

There was a student whom the Man knew. He was a type of all real students, for he was a seeker after truth. In the laboratory and in the library, on the open field and in the lecture room, he sought to know truth as living, breathing men in all ages have sought it. Poet, philosopher, scientist, all brought their share of abstract truth to him; and he worked with his books as a man works for his life. Why? For the hope that was in him that he, also, might, some day, enrich and beautify the world by his conception of life and of what it means.

A teacher, too, there was, the type of all true teachers, whose life was one of service to high ideals, of devotedness in the midst of disappointment, to what ought to be the issues of life. To his students, as thinking men, he gave his vision of life. And, when they were careless, forgetful, flippant, hope still lurked in the corners of his heart and lighted his face. For, here and there, among the frivolous, he thought he saw an eager face. And he taught gladly.

And then there was a minister whom the Man knew. He, like the student and the teacher, did his work in much of uncertainty and of disappointment, and some lack of appreciation, but with the same hope which they had of bringing something of truth, of life, of beauty to at least a few.

The great surgeon of the city, to whom the Man went one day, was pacing his office floor in an agony of suspense. "If I could only know that the child would live!" he cried. "But, O, the bitterness of uncertainty! I never take up my knife without a great hope of helping; but, if I could only be sure! I can only hope." Just then a nurse came in softly and said, "The little girl is sleeping," and the surgeon's face lighted up exquisitely.

Part Three

The Man saw a beautiful girl betrothed. Blushing, tremulous, half hesitant, knowing the vagueness of the things before her, she would have faltered, even at the altar, if it had not been for hope. And later, when she was, while still young, a widow and an orphan, there was sweetness in her bitterness, for hope was alive, the hope which is eternal and divine, which sees beyond the bounds of human life, and realizes the invisible.

And the Man said:

"I see it all now. These are all 'prisoners of hope.' The cripple, the paralytic, the dying woman, the veteran clergyman, the student, the teacher, the minister, the surgeon, the bride, the widow, all are 'prisoners of hope,' bound by the sordid or the unfortunate, by the exacting or the uncertain, by the terrifying or the disheartening conditions of a life too little comprehended; all are prisoners as long as this life lasts. But hope is with them. And hope is the saving of every one of them from all

that hurts and baffles them. The little baby, reaching out unconscious hands to the sunshine, hopes, and does not know that he hopes. The man who has passed into the beyond has a smile upon his face, a smile like that of which glimpses are seen in all brave, struggling faces, for he has found that which he had hoped for, the full realization of life, unfettered at last."

And the Man knew that, in a chastened, but confident way, he was forever an idealist and an optimist; and this because of all those, in the great present and in the great past, who had been "prisoners of hope," and because of those who should also, in the great future, forever and ever, be "prisoners of hope," reaching out through concrete cruelties and hardness and disappointment, and through joy and success as well, to the great thing, up to which abstract truth leads, to the meaning of life itself, revealed by hope.

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BIBLICAL FIGURES OF SPEECH

The Bible contains the most unbiased history. The evil is recorded along with the good without fear or favor. Hebrew prophecy, when put alongside the literary productions of all ages, is unique. The poetry of the Bible is sublime. The poets of the world may well bow down at the feet of him who penned,

> The heavens declare the glory of God;
> And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
> Day unto day uttereth speech,
> And night unto night showeth knowledge.
> There is no speech nor language;
> Their voice is not heard.
> Their line is gone out through all the earth,
> And their words to the end of the world,

and thus throughout the beautiful psalm, closing with that personal prayer which should be breathed by every earnest heart:

> Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
> Be acceptable in thy sight,
> O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

Search the pages of the books of the world, and in your search include the latest rhetoric, and you will find that not a single new figure of speech has been added to language since John, the beloved disciple, laid down his inspired pen. Not only does the Bible give to us all the figures of speech that have been used in the past and are being woven into language at the present, but it also gives us the finest specimens on record.

If one is looking for the epigram, the book of Proverbs is filled with them from beginning to end. If we are in search of the most sublime interrogation, we must turn to the fortieth chapter of Isaiah and climb with the author those interrogatory steps as the great prophet mounts higher and higher in his conception of Jehovah: "Who hath measured the waters in

the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Who hath directed the spirit of Jehovah, or being his counselor hath taught him? With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of justice, and taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding? . . . To whom will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him? . . . Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning? Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth? It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth. . . . The everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding."

The antithesis that most strikingly arrests the attention of man as a free moral agent is that in Deut. 30. 15, given by the first inspired writer: "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, death and evil." That figure of speech called the parable really has a touch of divinity. The parables that are worthy the name fell from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake. If you doubt it, try to write one. Strange as it may seem, the most cutting ridicule and sarcasm clothed in irony fell from the lips of the gentle Jesus as he effectively silenced the Pharisees.

Is it the simile we are seeking? Listen to David in the one hundred and third psalm as he takes his flight:

> For as the heavens are high above the earth,
> So great is his loving-kindness toward them that fear him.
> As far as the east is from the west,
> So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

After the psalmist has taken us upward and outward and onward in his grand flight to describe the mercy and forgiveness of God, he rests us in the loving arms of our heavenly Father with the most beautiful simile on record:

> Like as a father pitieth his children,
> So Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.

If it is the metaphor you are seeking, you may stand again in the presence of the psalmist as he pens that metaphor of all metaphors, "Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want." Search all literature and you fail to find one that excels.

The synecdoche that has provoked the best thought of all ages was voiced by the prophet of Uz, as well as by the sweet singer of Israel, and quoted by the inspired writer of the book of Hebrews: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" while the exclamation reaches a climax as the prophet pronounces woe after woe upon the drunkards of Ephraim.

Would you have a sentence embodying the hyperbole? Strange, again, it seems that we must listen to the Master and hear him give the hyperbole that has never been excelled. Imagine the hook-nosed Jew going through the process:- "Ye blind guides, that strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel!"

Personification is a strong figure of speech. To behold this figure in

the greatness of its strength, we must stand with Paul as he looks into the conquered sepulcher and gives to the world the grandest message of all ages, clothed in the figure of personification: "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The greatest apostrophe? Where shall we find it? Again we turn a listening ear to the voice of King David. This time he is not "walking beside the still waters," nor beholding the glory of God in the heavens and his handiwork displayed in the firmament, but is, figuratively speaking, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. The son of his youth lies cold in death. The forgiving heart of the great king overflows as he climbs to his chamber of prayer, and he gives to the literary world the apostrophe of all apostrophes: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

We stand enraptured in the presence of the metonomy. We turn the pages of literature in search of the choicest gem. To find it, you must take ship and sail to the Isle of Patmos and lend a listening ear to John the Revelator. He swings his great telescope of vision and looks away into the future and sees the onward march of the King of kings and the Lord of lords. He is shown the hope of every Christian heart and the culmination of all Christian effort. The picture is photographed on his inspired soul and he gives it to us in the gem of all metonomy: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." Nothing like it in all literature.

Should the rhetorical mind be in search of the climax, that figure of speech that is unsurpassed in language, he must listen to the voice of Isaiah speak cheeringly to Judah as his telescope of prophecy pierced seven dark centuries and he has caught a glimpse of the star of Bethlehem. Listen to the great prophet as he reaches a climax that has never been surpassed: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." This climax in prophecy is the climax in literature as well. Pause a moment and consider the fulfillment as seen through the eyes of the four Gospel writers. Matthew sees him as the Wonderful, Counselor, Mark describes him as the mighty God, Luke brings him so near that we see the everlasting Father, while John exalts him as the Prince of Peace—a climax in prophecy and a climax in the fulfillment.

The Bible is a wonderful book considered from the standpoint of figures of speech. Food therein for the most cultured of men. It is worth the reading for this alone, and yet in the reading we must not overlook the culminating purpose of it all as recorded in the closing words of John: "But these are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name."

J. A. Alford.

Helena, Mont.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

IS THERE A DEARTH OF ELOQUENCE?

One of our ablest magazines had a striking editorial, entitled "The Dearth of Eloquence," called out by the study of Washington's Birthday oratory. Speaking on the addresses delivered on that occasion, the writer says:

> Not a few of them spoke well. Two or three said something worth cutting out of the paper. But if there was in any one of the speeches delivered that day a single paragraph of the sort that stirs the blood and thrills the nerves as only true oratory can—if there was a single paragraph distinctly and nobly eloquent—we have missed it, and are sorry. For we should decidedly like that sensation. It is a long time since we felt it. Diligent reading of pretty nearly every line of the debates during the special session last spring and summer failed to yield it.

Further, speaking of the men who have ability and facility in our public life, whose work, while the writer does not depreciate it, he regards as inferior to that of men of the past, he says:

> But that brings us near the end of the list of names that can even be considered in this connection; and if one turns from the best speech ever made by any one of these we have mentioned to a page or two of Webster's Bunker Hill Oration, or the Reply to Hayne, or to what we have of Patrick Henry, or to Fisher Ames on the Jay Treaty, or even to Clay, who does not read well—to any one, in fact, of the time-tested orators—the men of to-day simply cannot stand the comparison. They may satisfy the intelligence and not offend good taste, but they do not powerfully arouse the emotions, they rarely appeal at all to the esthetic sense—to the sense of oratory as a great and noble art, perhaps the greatest of all arts. Macaulay, reviewing Mitford's Greece, and coming to Demosthenes, admits his faults, but is lost in admiration of "that irresistible eloquence which at the distance of more than two thousand years stirs our blood and brings tears into our eyes." Is there an American now living whose oratory is likely to stir anybody's blood or to bring tears into anybody's eyes two hundred years hence, or a hundred years hence, or twenty years hence? Is there an Englishman, either, for that matter? Extraordinary and exciting as was the recent campaign on that side, it brought out not a single echo of the "long roll" of Gladstone, nothing even that suggested the deep feeling and the noble simplicity of Bright. There are in England, as with us, questions at issue which are surely great enough to provoke great oratory, but the great orators do not appear. Explanations in plenty suggest themselves; but explanations do not compensate; they do not even always explain.

This is worthy of consideration on the part of thoughtful people who are interested in the advancement of the race. From the beginning of history orators have been appreciated and they have always exerted a great influence on national life. It is considered a rich asset of a party

when it has found a real orator, one who in substance and form can hold and influence the public mind.

The article, however, suggests the question whether the same is not true with regard to preaching. It is felt by many that pulpit power has greatly waned during the last quarter of a century. It is not claimed that there are no great speakers, no cultivated men occupying our pulpits; it is not claimed that there are no forceful speakers; but it is no mere pessimistic view when one says that the preachers of the present generation have not the power over their audiences of those of the past generations. We are aware that it is argued that the intelligence of the people has greatly advanced, there is more equality between speaker and people, and, therefore, the impressions of public address are less effective than they would be in times when intelligence was not so widely diffused. We do not think, however, that this solves the problem.

Let us take as a test thirty years ago. We are in England; one is proposing on Sabbath morning to select some great preacher whom he would hear for the day. What a host of names would rise up before him of commanding power and yet of different forms of oratory! He would inquire about going to Saint Paul's to hear Canon Liddon, or to Westminster Abbey to hear Dean Stanley, or to Spurgeon's Tabernacle to hear the celebrated evangelistic preacher, or to hear Stopford Brooke, or Canon Farrar at Saint Margaret's; and so we might go on with the names of those who would excite extraordinary interest and whom to hear would be regarded as a great privilege. One goes to London to-day; there are great preachers, we could name them, and perhaps there are many whom the writer of this does not know, but it seems to him that he would hardly feel that he had the range of selection with regard to eminent preachers that he had at the time indicated above.

It may be said that the speakers of the past are magnified and that these of the present day will have as much luster in succeeding generations as those have now. We may not say what will be, but at present we join with the writer of the editorial mentioned above with regard to secular eloquence, that to our view, while there are many great pulpit orators, proportionately to numbers, they are not as many as there were at the period mentioned. If we assume this to be true the question arises, What is the cause? And one of the great causes, in the mind of the writer, is the lack of a great grip on fundamental truths; the lack of a positive message. This is an age of intellectual confusion in theological lines; of individualism in which each man is asserting the peculiarities that grow out of his own attitude toward truth. He is not the possessor, as a rule, of the mighty convictions which made the mighty men and must always make them. The great orator and the great man cannot be made from negations; he must have a message which he feels in the very core of his being; such a message as Savonarola, as Augustine, as Wesley felt; a message which is all-absorbing, and which he realizes that the world must hear if it would be saved.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE ODES OF SOLOMON

Dr. J. Rendel Harris has once more, by a second, enlarged edition of the Odes of Solomon, recently discovered by him, rendered valuable service to the students of archæology and early church history. These Odes were found not in the original, but in a Syriac translation. The manuscript is supposed to be from the region of the Tigris, and is probably between 300 and 400 years old. Though the first and last leaves are missing, the manuscript is otherwise in a splendid state of preservation. It contains not only the Odes, but also the Psalms of Solomon. Owing to the missing first leaf, the first and second Odes, as well as the initial words of the third, are wanting. Fortunately, however, the first Ode is reproduced from the Pistis Sophia, an old apocalyptic Gnostic book in the Coptic (Thebaic) language, written in the third century of our era.

The Odes of Solomon, referred to in more than one list of sacred books in the early centuries, and quoted at some length in Pistis Sophia, where we have, in more or less complete form, Odes 1, 5, 6, 22, and 25, had been classed for a long time as one of the lost books. The Odes are referred to by Lactantius, a Latin writer of the fourth century, and are mentioned in the *Synopsis Sanctæ Scripturæ* by Anthanasius. Nicephorus, Patriarch of Constantinople, about the beginning of the ninth century, placed the Psalms and Odes of Solomon in his Stichometry, between the apocryphal books, Ecclesiasticus and Esther, where they are said to contain 2,100 verses.

The Psalms of Solomon have been known to Bible students for a long time. Ryle and James have published an excellent edition of them under the title: Psalms of the Pharisees, Commonly Called the Psalms of Solomon. (Cambridge University Press, 1891.)

Now, these Psalms, eighteen in number, are preserved to us in a Greek copy; without doubt from an original Hebrew or Aramaic. As already said, the last leaf of our Syriac manuscript is wanting; thus the end of the seventeenth and the entire eighteenth Psalm are lost. This is of no capital loss, as we have them preserved in the Greek version. It is very generally supposed (the argument being based on internal evidence) that the Psalms of Solomon must have been written about the time when Pompey invaded Syria and captured Jerusalem, circa B. C. 63. This is not the place to discuss these Psalms, so we shall, with the simple statement that seventeen of them are found in the Syriac manuscript, pass on to the discussion of the Odes.

As stated above, the first Ode is not found in the Syriac collection, but restored in translation from the Pistis Sophia, where it is designated as the nineteenth Ode. This is explained by Harris on the supposition that in the collection of Solomonic Psalms known to the author of the Pistis Sophia the eighteen Psalms of Solomon stood first, and not, as in the

Syriac collection, in the last place. The original collection must have contained forty-two Odes and eighteen Psalms. Of these we have all but two in our Syriac manuscript.

Dr. Harris has published both Odes and Psalms in a scholarly volume, with text and translation into English, with copious notes and commentary and a brilliant introduction. The entire work is done in so lucid a style that laymen may read it with profit and pleasure.

It is natural that so important a find should be of international interest. Germany, as could be expected, has produced more than one translation and has discussed the manuscript in many of its learned publications. Professors Ungnad and Staerk have given us an excellent translation with many notes, etc., with some corrections by Dr. Harris. This little brochure, owing to its scholarly nature and low price (less than twenty-five cents), will prove a benediction to students and others, who cannot afford to invest $5 in Dr. Harris's great edition.

There is another translation into German by Johannes Fleming. This is edited by Professor Harnack, and published in Gebhardt and Harnack's *Texte und untersuchungen*, Leipzig, 1910.

It is a pleasure to say that these three translations, though independent of each other, and though differing in some minor points, are in the main quite similar. Thus there can be no doubt that we have in these translations a very faithful and accurate reproduction of the original. No doubt, however, but that further study of the Odes—and there is a great deal of it at present—will throw some new light upon them.

The origin and date of the Odes are mooted questions, for upon these points Harris and Harnack disagree. Charles, Spitta, Staerk, and others follow Harnack, while Gunkel, Wellhausen, and others less known agree with Harris, who regards them as the product of some Jewish Christian sect, written in the last quarter of the first century, and thus coetaneous with several of the canonical books of the New Testament. They are, for the most part, from one hand, probably a man of Gentile birth, but well indoctrinated in Jewish thought. Speaking of the unity of the collection, Dr. Harris says: "The very elevation of the thoughts of the Odes is an index of a single personality. Even if we cannot identify him, we are sure that the writer was a rare spirit, and rare spirits do not agree with multiplied authorship. When our odist is at his best, he is certainly one, and not many. A good way to test for unity of authorship is to group together those Odes which have the same ideas similarly expressed." Take again the following: "The language suits the first century better than the second, and the Church in Palestine better than that in Asia Minor, Greece, or Egypt."

Harnack, true to his German instinct and training, maintains that the Odes are of composite origin, the principal part (*die Grundschrift*) being the work of some Jew living between B. C. 50 and A. D. 67, with many and lengthy interpolations by some Christian editor, about A. D. 100.

Professor Cheyne, not to be outdone by the Berlin professor, suggests another redistribution, thus: 1. The original Jewish Odes; 2. The Christian Interpolations; 3. Christian Odes and Fragments of Odes.

Whether Harris and his followers, or Harnack and his disciples, have the more correct view is a matter that will become clearer with closer study. But, whichever opinion will prevail, one thing is certain: The study of these Odes will throw much additional light upon the evolution of the Christian faith and doctrines, and will show, in a new light, the very intimate relation between the best type of Jewish mystics and the leaders of some of the Judæo-Christian sects in apostolic times. The reader of these will find remarkable correspondence between, not only the thoughts and sentiments, but also with the very words and terms found in the writings of John, such as the total surrender to the will of God, so as to secure peace and harmony to the soul of man. Now this is important, for it has been argued, with some show of learning, that John could not have written the fourth Gospel, because the ideas therein expressed must have belonged to a later age than the first century of the Christian era. These Odes, written as early as the days of Saint John, silence very effectually such criticism; for many of the ideas objected to were current in Jewish circles even before the time of the beloved disciple. He gave expression to them because he had been saturated with such teachings all his lifetime. John, having become a disciple of Jesus, simply clothed his doctrines in language familiar to the school of thought in which he had grown up.

Though there are but very few direct quotations, either from the Old Testament or from the New Testament, or yet from the Jewish apocryphal writings, there is a community of ideas and expressions. "We have clear statements that Christ is the Word; that he is before the foundation of the world; that he bestows living water abundantly; and that he is the door to everything; that he stands to his people in the relation of Lover and Beloved." Then again the familiar New Testament words—hope, love, joy, grace, faith, life, light, and immortality—are found in many Odes.

Then there are abundant and unmistakable references to Jesus Christ. We read that the Son of the Most High appeared in the perfection of his Father; . . . the Messiah is truly one, and he was known before the foundation of the world (41. 14ff.). He destroyed perdition from before him (4). He that is joined to him that is immortal, will also himself become immortal; and he who has pleasure in the living One will become living (3. 10f.).

"In regard to the points of early Christian belief which occur in the Odes, it is clear that the crucifixion is definitely alluded to, less clearly the resurrection; but what surprises is the extraordinary emphasis upon the virgin birth and the descent into Hades. The former of these is in a state of evolution beyond the Canonical Gospels; the birth is explained as painless." We can do no better than reproduce the nineteenth Ode, which, owing to its grotesqueness of thought and language, is acknowledged on all hands to be a later addition:

"1. A cup of milk was offered to me: and I drank it in the sweetness of the delight of the Lord. 2. The Son is the cup, and he who was milked is the Father. 3. And the Holy Spirit milked him: because his breasts

were full, and it was necessary for him that his milk should be sufficiently released. 4. And the Holy Spirit opened his bosom and mingled the milk from the two breasts of the Father; and gave the mixture to the world without their knowing. 5. And they who receive in its fullness are the ones on the right hand. 6. [The Spirit] opened the womb of the Virgin, and she received conception and brought forth; and the Virgin became a mother with many mercies. 7. And she travailed and brought forth a Son, without incurring pain. 8. And because she was not sufficiently prepared, and she had not sought a midwife (for he brought her to bear), she brought forth as if she were a man of her own will. 9. And she brought him forth openly, and acquired him with great dignity. 10. And loved him in his swaddling clothes, and guarded him kindly, and showed him in majesty. Hallelujah."

This strange piece of poetry stands by itself, and when compared with the rest of the Odes it becomes very evident that we have here the musings of a later age. It is impossible to believe that it can be from the pen of him who wrote the other Odes. Indeed, as in all devotional books, it is difficult to classify or group all these Odes, as, for instance, 22, 23, 38, and 39. In these the thought is disconnected and the language highly apocryphal or apolyptical, without a single thread to connect them with any period of history. To some degree, this is true of almost all the other Odes, with the exception of Odes four and six; for in these we seem to have a definite allusion to the temple at Jerusalem. Almost the entire collection is a beautiful manual of devotion, worthy of a place beside the choicest hymnology of any period. "There is not a sad note, and there is hardly a vindictive note in the whole collection. And on the theological side the leading characteristic is experience and not dogma; and experience is much harder to date than dogma and shows fewer of the weather marks of evolution." The author, whoever he may have been, was a genuine child of God, and lived in intimate communion with heaven. He has but little to say of Jewish rites and ceremonies of the Sabbath, festivals, or circumcision. He is equally silent regarding the Christian sacraments and practices.

If the work is mainly of Jewish origin, as Harnack maintains, it shows very clearly the depth of religious feeling in the century before the appearance of our Saviour. But whether the Odes are in the main Jewish or Christian, they are profoundly religious, devout enough to be the product of the first century of our era.

The first Ode, as reproduced from the Pistis Sophia, reads as follows:

"1. The Lord is on my head like a crown, and I shall not be without him. 2. They wove for me a crown of truth, and it caused the branches to bud in me. 3. For it is not like a withered crown which buddeth not: but thou livest upon my head, and thou hast blossomed upon my head. 4. Thy fruits are full-grown and perfect, they are full of thy salvation."

Several of the Odes remind us, at least in style and structure, of the Pilgrim Psalms or Songs of Degrees (120ff.):

"As the hands move over the harp, and the strings speak, so speaks in my members the Spirit of the Lord" (6).

"As the eyes of a son to his father, so are my eyes, O Lord, at all times toward Thee" (14).

"As the sun is a joy to them that seek for its daybreak, so is my joy the Lord, because he is my Sun, and his rays have lifted me up" (151).

In conclusion, we may call attention to Professor Menzies's theory. He explains the apparently Christian allusions from the standpoint of Judaism. He makes the "son" of the Odes as "the ideal Israel, in harmony with the doctrine of the Old Testament that Israel is God's first-born Son," and the language that of a Jewish proselyte, and would call the collection The Psalms of the Proselytes.

Dean Bernard, on the other hand, regards the Odes as purely Christian, the songs of newly baptized persons, written about A. D. 150, or a little later. It is needless to say that Dr. Harris adheres to his original view, and thinks that Harnack, Menzies, and Bernard are wrong.

In all criticism of the Odes it seems that there is a general consensus of opinion: The Odes are beautiful in language and profoundly spiritual. No one can appreciate the beauty of style, simplicity of language, and the depth of religious fervor and sentiment, without reading the entire collection. For that reason it is gratifying to know that Dr. Harris has published an English translation containing most of these Odes. (Nisbet & Co., London.)

A NEW STATUE OF AUGUSTUS

THE soil of Rome and the surrounding region is a veritable storehouse of ancient art and historical treasures. It is easy to see how long new discoveries may continue to be made when one remembers that the level of the ancient city is now buried beneath an accumulation of the centuries which amounts to no less than twenty-five feet in the Forum, thirteen feet on the Corso, and three feet even so far out as the site of the Methodist Building on the Semita Alta, now the Via Venti Settembre, on the Quirinal Hill. Until all the vast area and depth shall have been dug up and removed new discoveries may be made at any time.

Only about two years ago the primitive walls of the city of the Palatine were laid bare. Now the most recent important discovery is a remarkable statue of Augustus, unearthed in excavating for the foundations of a new building. Large though this work is, it is one of the best preserved of all coming down to us from antiquity. In completeness it almost rivals the wonderful Sophocles. In this new statue the right forearm is lost, but the head and face are nearly perfect, giving us our best preserved portrait of the emperor.

It represents a man of the most aristocratic and noble type at the age of about forty years. The firm poise of the head, the seriousness of the eyes and mouth, and the general expression of suffering shown in the whole face are such as to arouse in one so keen a feeling of interest and sympathy as to cause him completely to forget that he is gazing only at the image of one dead for centuries.

It is recalled that in the year B. C. 23, the Senate granted the physician Antonio Musa the honor of a statue and the right to wear a gold ring in recognition of his services in curing Augustus of a serious sickness. At that time the emperor was forty years old, about the age represented by this statue, and it has been thought that this work may have been executed while he still bore in his face the traces of his suffering.

His toga is raised over his head, as it would have been in performing some sacred or civil rite, and the position of the right arm also suggests a sacrifice.

It should not cause surprise if mature criticism should rank this as one of the truly great finds of modern times. At present it is stored in the building of the National Museum awaiting slight restorations and the settlement of a legal contest before it can be made accessible to the public.

RECENT EXCAVATION AT JERICHO

THE last issue of the *Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft* contains the final report of the work done under the supervision of Professors Sellin and Watzinger near and on the site of ancient Jericho. These archæologists were assisted in their work by Drs. Langenegger, Noeldeke, and Schultze with a force of from two hundred to two hundred and forty native workmen. The excavations were commenced in April, 1907, and continued through three successive seasons, ending with April 2, 1909. No less than $6,000 was spent during the last season. It is evident from the report, though some very valuable information was gained, that the veteran explorers turn away with the feeling of disappointment; for, apart from the fact that the foundations of the ancient walls—one inner and one outer—were traced at great length, thus enabling the exact location of the old stronghold destroyed by Joshua and his hosts, there were but few objects of special interest brought to light—no scarabs, no clay tablets or cylinders, nor—excepting thirteen jar handles—inscriptions of any kind. Ten jar handles were marked Jah and three, Jahu. The walls, however, showed remarkable workmanship and no little engineering skill "which a modern builder, in the same condition, could scarcely excel." Especially strong and well built were some towers and what were probably the walls of the citadel. It is also quite remarkable that little or nothing was unearthed which could in any way throw light upon the religion of the inhabitants of Jericho at any period of its history. In this regard it differs essentially from other Palestinian sites which have been examined. The area of the town was about twelve acres. It was egg-shaped, about eleven hundred feet long by from three hundred to five hundred feet wide.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

[Instead of the usual contents of this department, we substitute a discourse by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst on "Faith," from John 20. 29.]

Thomas represents a special type, not so much a type of mind as a type of character—a distinction important to be observed, as we shall notice further on. Irresolution was his distinctive feature—irresolution of disposition rather than of intellect.

Wherever we encounter him in the Scripture narrative, he presents himself to us in the same aspect as in this incident of our chapter. He is always like himself. In this scene, where we meet him just after the Lord's resurrection, he is not ready to believe in the actuality of that resurrection. He has not a conception of things large enough to take in so momentous an event. He reluctates against whatsoever he has not been accustomed to.

Still earlier, when Jesus had been talking to his disciples about what was to befall him, and told them that he was soon to go away, but that they knew whither he was going and the way he was going, it was Thomas, of course, who replied: "Lord, we do not know whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" in which he exhibits that certain frostiness of temperament which prevents anything like a limpid flow of pleasant and confident anticipation.

Once more he shows himself true to himself and to his type on the occasion of the death and resurrection of Lazarus. Jesus had just said to his disciples plainly: "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless, let us go unto him. Then said Thomas, Let us also go that we may die with him." In the words which Jesus had just spoken, "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe," there was a hidden, a softly sounded note of encouragement, as though to intimate that something great was presently to occur. But Thomas's ear, Thomas's temperament, was not in attune with notes so softly sounded, was not pleasantly sensitive to intimations so delicately suggestive. His nature was too confined to take in more than what was definitely attested fact, and so overclouded as to find especially congenial only the shadowed side of such fact. He understood so much as this, that Lazarus was dead, with all of dread import that that word death could possibly be interpreted to mean; and that understanding induced in him no larger, richer sentiment than that the best that could befall the rest of them was to go and be sharers with Lazarus in his hopeless mortality.

We have not to infer from his appearance, nor from what he is reported to have said, that he would not believe unless he had the opportunity to identify his Lord by thrusting his finger into the print of the

nails—we have not to infer from that that he was unwilling to be convinced.

It is quite possible that the very loyalty he had cherished toward his Master prior to his crucifixion, and the grief he had experienced at his death, while making him more willing to recognize him, made it more difficult for him to be certain of his identity, something as Mary's mourning for her lost Master hindered her discovering him in her recovered Master.

If a friend whom we had fondly loved were to reappear to us after death, the very fondness of our heart would be likely to hinder our believing that it could possibly be he. Things of which we say that they are too good to be true, it is less easy for us to believe to be true. We may then safely acquit Thomas of any charge of being obstinately opposed to recognizing and acknowledging Jesus.

Yet even so it is evident, from the way in which Jesus addressed him, that there was some quality of character which he very regrettably lacked, and whose absence was a serious embarrassment to the attainment of such knowledge as he most needed to acquire; and that, although he was presently able to say, as result perhaps of ocular demonstration, "My Lord and my God," there was a deeper and a richer method of arriving at his conviction than the one which he had pursued. "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Thomas was certainly reasonable, by which is to be understood that he was willing to accept results when they had been demonstrated. The print of the nails, taken in connection with other evidences of identity, made a good case, as Thomas or any other equally rational being would have been prepared to concede.

That mode of becoming convinced satisfied him, but did not satisfy his Master. "Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed"; which is the Lord's criticism upon demonstration considered as means of conviction, at least so far as relates to certain matters—the matter that was then in hand, for example. He says to Thomas, "You ought to have been prepared to recognize me without having been able logically to prove that it is I." This is to set the faculty of faith over against the faculty of sight, and to accord to the former the larger value.

It is with deliberation that we have just called faith a faculty—called it, that is, one of the soul's powers. That power Thomas had failed to cultivate, hence our Lord's censure of him. Thomas was like a bird that had always walked and never found its wings. The ordinary creature, that had legs only, would commend that mode of locomotion, and consider it the only legitimate one, but not so the eagles, bluebirds, and sparrows.

To call faith a power, one of the soul's energies, is to reject all such notion as that faith is only another and pleasanter name for a man's listless disposition to take things for granted. Such notion is refuted by the fact that the world's greatest workers have been men of faith, and great working never comes from a listless disposition to take things for granted.

Big buildings have to have a great deal to support themselves upon. Castles in the air are the architecture of dreamland, and unrecognized in the world's waking hours. When you look at a builded structure you reason from the amount of it that is in sight to the amount that is out of sight. And you are sure also that what is out of sight is certainly as real and solid as what is above ground.

That is a matter for one industriously to think upon when reading that faith-chapter in the Epistle to the Hebrews, which furnishes the catalogue of the men that did the great things of Hebrew history, such as Samuel and the prophets David, Moses, and back to Abraham, the most giant achiever of them all, and who interestingly enough is known as, par excellence, the man of faith. All of which, to a man who feels things, and appreciates them, is an eloquent reminder that deep faith and large achievement are a kind of Siamese pair, each guaranteeing the other, and that a listless disposition to take things for granted is too airy an unreality to guarantee anything.

The best part of every man's life consists in an experience of things which cannot be proved. It is true what Scripture says that "we walk by faith." But that does not mean that we walk by guesswork. The things that are unseen, and that lie against our souls, present to our souls, but of which all that we can say is that they are there, are really what count most in life, are most determinative of life. Faith is a form of knowledge, but a knowledge of things lying outside the range of ordinary demonstration.

An example of that is afforded in that passage of this eleventh of Hebrews, where it is stated that Moses endured as seeing him who is invisible. His experience reached beyond the region where objects can be sharply lined and dealt with logically. God was a reality to him, but the conviction of that reality was not constructed by any use of major and minor premise. There are, of course, no premises large enough to yield God as the third term of a syllogism. God is unprovable either to our own soul or to any one's else soul. But that does not stand in the way of his reality or of our consciousness of his reality.

And it is said of Moses in the verse just quoted that, although God is invisible, he was as real to him as though he had seen him, so substantial in the support he rendered him that Moses could feel himself held up by it. It was knowledge, and yet, because it was knowledge of something which did not lie within the sphere of logical or sensuous exhibit, we call it faith.

Faith, in the sense in which Scripture uses the term, is not surmise, is not conjecture, is not imagination; it is personal apprehension of the unprovable. It is vastly finer and infinitely longer in its reach than any faculty that we have by which we climb to a conviction along the steps of a logical stairway. It is something like the difference between walking and flying, both of which yield positive results, but one is terrestrial and the other aerial. When Saint Paul in one instance says, "The life that I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God," it is not intended by him to be understood that he does not know in whom he is living, that he is

living by guess, that he is nursing his soul on an hypothesis. "Faith," on Paul's lips and in Paul's experience, is insight; but insight into a region where the senses do not count and where logic is inoperative as means of discovery.

In all our building operations and in all our means of travel and of transportation the world, up to a very recent date, has been accustomed to hug the ground very closely. The progress of civilization is much of it associated with a gradual drawing away from confined points to which at one time men felt it necessary to limit themselves. That little stretch of water we call the Mediterranean was once as large an area as naval enterprise presumed to adventure upon, and only in centuries not long past did the chivalry of the mariner dare to creep out through the Pillars of Hercules and so upon and across the Atlantic main.

Likewise, as just remarked, until very recently, in all our enterprises of transportation and travel, we have kept close to the earth. Twenty-five years ago, and even within a shorter time than that, the possibility of sailing away through the air, as is now being done every day, either here or in Europe, would have been deemed as foolhardy and presumptuous as once it would have seemed to the timid boatmen, along the margin of the Mediterranean, to presume upon the perilous and unvoyaged vastness of the Atlantic. Civilization, in one of its aspects, is a process of getting away from confinement, looking through newly discovered windows, traveling roads that had been untraversed and not laid down in the maps.

Faith understood in the sense of the Scriptures is very much of that order, only relative to facts, principles, and events in the spiritual world. It is, in the phraseology of the Bible, a power of discernment; it is a form of seeing, it is a special style of knowing, and an exceedingly intense style. There is nothing languid about it. Faith is a word that needs to be redeemed from the vague and irresolute uses to which men and women who are strangers to it have condemned it.

A considerable element of the Christian world is where Thomas was. He wanted to apply to the question immediately confronting him the same type of solution that he would have availed of in demonstrating a proposition in geometry. He was not prepared to recognize Jesus as Jesus unless he could work out that result by the steps of an orderly calculation. Whether he actually proceeded in that way, and did put his finger in the print of the nails, we do not know, but that was what he proposed to do, and it was because he was content to reach spiritual conclusions by everyday methods, even after having walked with Jesus for three years, that Jesus rebuked him. It was as when a mother should rebuke a six-year-old child for letting his eyes be closed and then trying to find the moon with his fingers.

I know the case of a man born blind, who, after his eyes had been opened, did exactly that thing. He had not really discovered his eyes even after the oculist had unsealed them, and would, for a considerable time after the operation, insist on closing them when he wanted to acquaint himself with an object and reach out his hands to feel of it and

compute it with his fingers—a case very much like that of Thomas, only on physical instead of on moral ground.

Men engaged in strictly scientific pursuits are often handicapped by their profession. They are so under the dominance of the scientific method that they carry it over with them, or try to carry it over with them, into spiritual territory and search for God in much the same way that they would search for a suspected planet, and then, because their method yields no results, discontinue their search, substitute no other in its stead and turn agnostic or atheist. Even Job said that "no man by searching can find out God"—which, translated into the terms of scholastic parlance, means that scientific apparatus is inapplicable to spiritual discovery. There is involved something the same incongruity that there would be in estimating the value of a picture by an inch-rule instead of by a cultivated artistic sense, or in trying to determine the Christian warmth of a person's heart by the use of a thermometer instead of by the exercise of a delicately refined conscience.

We are accustomed to designate Saint Paul as the apostle of faith, and yet he is constantly saying "I know"; "I know whom I have believed," and the like, a fact which indicates that to his mind and in his experience, knowledge and faith, so far from being in contrast with each other, were both of them powers of direct discernment, only that by faith he understood a discernment which he specially designates as a spiritual one—a glance into realities which do not become discoverable by any process of reasoning or of argumentation.

The particular function that it devolves upon the faith-faculty to exercise he stated in his oft-quoted words in the first letter to the Corinthians, where he says: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can the natural man know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

And faith, as Scripture uses the term, is that faculty of spiritual discernment. It is a mode of vision, but a vision that glimpses realities that no process of argumentation is competent to lead us up to. The builders of the Tower of Babel tried to reach heaven by putting one story on the top of another. Heaven can be reached but cannot be overtaken architecturally. We are like the Babel-builders, when, in our attempt to climb toward what can be only spiritually discerned, we go about to pile up proofs and inferences. In such matters mere intellectual architecture is as futile for intended results as the constructive work done in the Plain of Shinar.

The essential differences between science and philosophy on the one side, and religion on the other, therefore renders unproductive any attempt to argue an unbeliever into a knowledge of God and a discovery and appreciation of the realities of the divine world. We may take care that our ladder is well planted, and we may make it very long, but it will not be long enough to reach the point where one can confidently step off. It is in this matter that the intellect as ordinarily exercised will not serve us. In this is involved nothing contradictory to intellect or reason. We do not antagonize the steamship by the construction and manipulation of the aeroplane. The two are built and adapted for different elements.

We do not discredit intelligence, nor impute to it any infirmity, by insisting that it is rather by a delicate artistic sense that we detect and fathom the charms that disclose themselves to us in the works of nature and of painting, music, and poetry.

The sum of all which is that faith is the eye through which the soul looks in its search for, and discovery of, the things which the natural eye hath not seen, nor the natural ear heard; that it is not a condition of suspense, dominated by elements of uncertainty and misgivings, guess work applied to the realities of life, God and the soul; that it is the sky-light through which the things which are above gain admittance into the intimacies of life, while the lower means of ingress are giving entrance to whatever there is around us that is relevant to life's more commonplace experiences; and finally that it is that organ of the human spirit through which is wrought that quiet strength of assurance which imparts to life all of its choicest value, and which, as in the instances of Abraham, Elijah, Christ, and his later prophets, furnishes the sure foundation upon which to found our largest hopes, and by which to guarantee the durable value of our best services and achievements.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D. Complete in 12 volumes. Volume IX. Petri—Reuchlin. $5 per volume; $40 for advance subscriptions. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1911.

THERE is some fine work in this volume, such as the admirable article on "Ecclesiastical Polity," by our own Sheldon, an anonymous article on "Platonism and Christianity," Thwing on "Religion and Literature," Heinze on "Philosophy of Religion," Herrmann and Beckwith on "Religion," Schian and Dargan on "The History of Preaching," Kattenbusch on "Protestantism," a supplementary statement by the very high Bishop Hall, of Vermont, showing that the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church are Catholic, the former church "having never accepted the title Protestant," the five articles by the Schaffs, father and son, on the "Reformation," the comprehensive series of articles on the various Presbyterian churches, and much other rich and valuable material, some of it new, some translated from the mother German work. We noted parts of an article unskillfully done, that on "Predestination," in which certain sentences can hardly be understood. We can tell only from later mention whether a long exposition on p. 196, col. 2, belongs to Luther or Zwingli. The abridgment and translation of the second part of this article is clumsy, and the result lacks lucidity and therefore interest. Who would have guessed the large sociological work carried on by the Church of Scotland? In several cities there are labor homes in which men are received who have fallen upon evil days and are anxious to retrieve themselves, and suitable ex-prisoners are also received. There are homes for boys in Glasgow and Aberdeen, where employment is found for them in various trades, and another at Humbie, where they are prepared for farm work or for emigration. There is a market garden near Stirling at which men are employed in garden work and trained for country life at home or in the colonies. There are homes for the reclamation of women in town and country. Help is also sent to new settlements in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, and services are maintained (independent of foreign mission work) in various stations in India, Ceylon, Egypt, West Indies, and East Africa, besides chaplaincies in Paris, Dresden, Venice, and Brussels (God knows they are needed), and in the summer in Geneva and Homburg. The present reviewer has preached in the Scotch church in Dresden, where the court dentist, the accomplished and noble-minded Christian gentleman, Dr. Jenkins—an American—is a leading elder. It is hardly a fair statement by Hall that the "Reformers in Europe separated from the several national churches." That does not at all express the historical situation. The town councils, magistrates, princes, pastors, etc., simply went on with the church buildings, church services, etc., as before, reorganizing

them on a more or less Christian basis—very much more, compared with the former basis. There was no "separation." The bishops generally stayed by the rich stuff of the old church, so that the Protestant churches lost what Hall calls the "apostolic succession"; but as they gained much more nearly than before the apostolic ministry, they had some compensation for the loss of the "succession." In the additions by Nash to the article on "Prayer," while he acknowledges that the "person of Christ is inseparable from the idea of God," that consequently prayer is necessarily related to him, and that without detriment to monotheism prayer may "pass through the mind and person of Christ," yet he does not emphasize as he should the fact that the early Christians prayed to Christ outright without the slightest hesitation. According to Christianity, it is altogether indifferent whether we pray to the Father, to Christ, or to the Holy Spirit. Even praying to the Father in the name of Christ would be blasphemy, if Christ were not absolutely divine. All that is excluded in the heathen cult of prayer to Mary and the saints. There is a clear but too short article on "Pragmatism." See also Zöckler's article on "Positivism." Speaking of "Positivism," how many men living know that it was this REVIEW which first introduced to American readers a full and authoritative exposition of Comte's system, in the great series of articles published by Dr. McClintock, the then editor, in The Methodist Quarterly Review, January and April, 1852, July and October, 1853, and July, 1854? The author worked from the French, and gave an able and even brilliant statement. Our learned friend, Professor Newman, is not happy in saying that Wesley's anti-Augustinianism was the "Semipelagianism of the Roman Catholic type blended with" the anti-Augustinianism of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren (p. 422, col. 1). For, first, Wesley's "Semipelagianism" was of that good orthodox variety which he sent over to America in his first service-book, which held that the "condition of man after the fall of Adam is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and works to faith and calling upon God; wherefore we have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that will." Second, Wesley did not get his anti-Augustinianism from the Moravian Brethren (though he got largely his religious experience from them), but from the Scriptures and from his Anglican father and mother.

The Contagion of Character. By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS. 12mo, pp. 332. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, gilt top, $1.20, net.

FIFTY-TWO studies grouped under two heads—Character and Culture, Character and Success. The author's modest estimate of them is that they are "only leaves falling from the boughs of thought, to be blown down the aisles of time into forgetfulness and oblivion, and not the Apples of Hesperides that Ceres rolled along the ivory floor in the palace of Homer." He counts them but "sparks struck out on the anvil of events"; and they are, in fact, not of the author's most serious,

weighty, and abiding work. Nevertheless the author's personal quality is in them, with all his lush, affluent, lavish outpour of thought, metaphor, allusion, inexhaustible illustration, rich as the flush of June over the face of the earth. The large congregations that listen in these years in Henry Ward Beecher's Plymouth Church know that eloquence is not dead so long as Dr. Hillis is alive and speaking. Just as we finished writing that sentence our eye lit on this in the book before us: "Milton was a poet, listening to the sevenfold hallelujah chorus of Almighty God. He was an author, whose sentences were flights of golden arrows." That is something like what now goes on in Beecher's pulpit—a rapt and stimulating eloquence, full of high music, sacred choruses, with sentences like flights of shining arrows, or like showers of meteors falling from the sky—an eloquence often quite disabling to the critical faculties. The opening chapter of this book is on "The Contagion of Character," and gives title to a volume made up of talks on a great variety of subjects. The first chapter runs thus: "It was a favorite saying of one of the brilliant orators of the last generation that he could have built a better world than this one by simply making good health catching rather than disease. With all the force of his unrivaled eloquence the orator indicted nature and God because the thistle spreads faster than roses, the plague outruns all the cures of doctors; while slavery, that landed at Jamestown the same year that liberty landed at Plymouth, so far outgrew freedom that at length the demon threatened to choke to death the most beautiful spirit that ever blessed our earth. And yet, all the time that audience was vociferously applauding the orator's sentiment, they were surrounded by a thousand proofs that the world had already been made by God so that good health is catching rather than disease, while truth, liberty, and love are a contagion that spread from soul to soul, and city to city, and state to state. Ours is a world where disease, ugliness, and slavery must needs perish out of society, because they are not catching; while health, beauty, and goodness spread like a beautiful civilization, being contagious for all the earth. Goodness is contagious. Once Wilberforce opposed slavery in the sugar plantations of the West Indies, and that night Wilberforce went out from the House of Commons an outcast and a social pariah, and found the doors of all the great country houses closed before his face. But the love of the poor and weak is a spirit that is catching, and one day Zachariah Macaulay took it from Wilberforce, and spreading, it became contagious among the abolitionists of New England and New York. Just so the idea of a new and free Italy started from Mazzini and Cavour and Garibaldi, and spread until all of the peasants and farmers of Italy were innoculated with the new spirit of health and personal freedom. The time was when there was only one man of light and leading in the Dark Continent—a missionary hero, David Livingstone; but Livingstone's spirit became contagious, and his black servant, Susa, caught the spirit of heroism, and then it spread to Stanley and Baker, until the whole Dark Continent is becoming aflame with light. Here also is Japan, with once only Commodore Perry and a handful of teachers, and China, with

once only Morrison and a book; and Burmah, with once only Judson and a new ideal of religion; and India, with once only William Carey, and now millions of children and youth in the schools of that tropic land. Only time is needed for Livingstone to repeat himself in every man in Africa, because goodness is a contagion. At last, far off—at last—every individual on this planet will stand forth of health, happiness, and wisdom, righteousness and love all compact, and the world will be struck through and through with ripeness. For goodness, like a beautiful civilization, is a contagion that is sweeping over all the earth. The explanation of the contagious power of goodness arises from the fact that each individual carries with him a physical, mental, and moral presence that is equivalent to a magnetic circle. The powerful personality radiates force even as the glowing coals radiate heat. Through his superior nature Orpheus was said to have charmed the lower animals into subjection; but earth's heroes and leaders literally fulfill this tale of magic, mastering our reason and subduing our will. Froude exhibits Julius Cæsar, drawing men unto him, as a magnet draws particles of iron and steel. The rude Roman soldiers could no more escape the magnetic presence of their general than they could dodge the gravity of the earth. That most interesting writer, Hamerton, was deeply impressed by the statement that Napoleon's hand-grip was like a powerful electric shock. Endeavoring to explain the Little Corporal's mastery over men, the author reflects that one touch of the lion's paw magnetized Dr. Livingstone and made him indifferent to its bite. Thus, argued Hamerton, great men carry some mysterious power by which they fascinate the reason and master the will. Just as the sun pervades all space with its light and heat, so man, small, indeed, of physical stature, carries a diffusive and pervasive presence that fills the home and street with an atmosphere that withers, or outpouring influences that bless. Notable as has been the atmosphere of power in which the sons of greatness have walked, for majesty and beauty there is nothing in history comparable to the invisible, indescribable effluence that exhaled from Christ, and was the secret of his personal influence. In what a blaze of light he lived! What sweet allurement had he for the common people! With what wonder of enthusiasm did the multitude crowd and press upon him! The speech of this youth of three-and-thirty effulged with sayings that the ripest scholars of centuries have never been able to fathom. What an atmosphere of hope did he diffuse, in that wrecked and ruined publicans and sinners should feel dead and dormant powers stirring and coming forth to life before his sacred look. Righteousness in others is white as a snowflake, but often also as cold. His spotless heart was stained through and through with sympathy for human sin and suffering, even as the rose is stained red with rich colors. Solitary by the greatness of his life and the power of his love, in what an atmosphere of influence did he walk! If the centurion, the ruler, and the priest approached him with mingled awe and hesitancy, if the captain and his soldiers quaked in his presence and fell to the ground before his all-piercing look, little children found in him an instant and familiar friend, and, climbing

upon his knees, heard comforting words and knew the love influence. The children of prosperity, with their unhappiness, the children of weakness and want, men high and low, men bond and free, with all their hopes and dreams and prayers and penitence, pressed unto Christ and poured forth all their treasure before this divine friend. It was as if the summer had assembled all its blooms and blossoms and shed all this treasure down before Christ's feet. Great was the charm such a political savior as Garibaldi exerted upon followers who for him were willing martyrs. Great, too, the enthusiasm that clansmen of Scotland felt for such a hero as Robert Bruce, for whom men gladly died if only the beloved chieftain might combat and conquer. In 1851, when the Hungarian hero, Kossuth, visited New York, the patriot stood forth clothed with such weight and majesty of character that on the day of his reception people on either side of Broadway dropped their tools, closed their stores, forsook their tasks, and, massing in and about the central street, the tides of enthusiasm rose in the multitude like the tides of an advancing river. We are also told that when Robert Burns made his tour through Scotland, the mere announcement that the poet had arrived at some inn, perchance at the midnight hour, was sufficient to call from their slumbers all the people within a radius of miles, assembling to hear and see the poet, whose presence filled men with transports of delight. Yet, when the influence of leader or orator, of statesman and artist, and poltical savior, are united and melted into one new and glowing conception of heroism, yea, and multiplied a thousand times, they seem entirely inadequate to account for the spell and the charm that Jesus Christ cast upon the people, from whom he could not be hid. The atmosphere of influence that was large and divine in Christ exists in lesser degree in all God's children. None are so little or so low that character can be hid, or the soul's light be concealed. Character is self-revealing. Goodness shines in the face, love leaps in the eyes, sympathy thrills in the voice, while kindness of heart shows itself like sweet ointment upon the hand. Never was opposition so intense and never hatred so bitter and cruel as for him. Piteous the tragedy of his execution, but dying, his love overflowed upon his lips in the prayer, 'Father, forgive them—they know not what they do.' And that goodness, pity, and love spread from Jesus to the twelve disciples. One day Peter stood up, and met hate with love, blows with forgiveness, and that beautiful spirit spread to the three thousand hearers. Then the contagion began to move rapidly; the three thousand became seven thousand; seven thousand in a century became a million. From the cross on Calvary the Nazarene stepped to the throne on the Tiber. The concentric circle widened from Jerusalem until the rim touched Damascus and Athens to the north, Rome and Spain on the west, and still the contagion of Christ's character, his spirit of pity, good will and love, spreads in ever-widening circles of blessing, like a widening and enriching summer. To-day the very statesmen are working upon no other problem than this—how to translate the spirit and teachings of Christ into the laws of the republic's life. And when the contagion of his goodness hath completed its transforming and en-

riching work, all codes will be just, all institutions ethical, all governments humane. And the property, office, and political privilege, so long concentrated in the hands of an elect few, will be diffused as means of good fortune among all the millions of the earth." Dr. Hillis's talk, "After Vacation," runs thus: "Now comes the autumn, with its cool twilights, its clear, crisp mornings, its tonic air. Gone the sultry August days, with their lassitude! Gone the sweltering nights! Gone, too, the desire to drift and dream and float with the stream—to 'loaf and refresh one's soul.' A new spirit is in the very air. In August nature rests her fruits that she may ripen them. Summer perfects, autumn harvests. The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness is fully here. Once more Ceres, goddess of harvests, is abroad in the land. Slowly she walks through the fields. Entering the orchard, she fills the apples and pears with ripeness to the core. Staying in the vineyard, she lends a purple flush to the grape's rich cluster. Now she gives a golden luster to the shock and drops the robe of beauty over oak and hickory, over elm and maple. Autumn is a wonder-worker. Catching her spirit, the whole land has wakened to unwonted industry. At daylight to-morrow morning thousands of women and men will be in the vineyards of western New York and Ohio gathering grapes. Already in Minnesota the hum of the thresher is heard in the land. Soon the huskers will be in the fields, because the corn is fully ripe. To-morrow granary and storehouse and barn will be filled to overflowing. The task of gathering the richest harvest this country has ever known is already under way. The lesson of the hour is work, ambition, planning—in short, how to harvest the treasures of the summer. For weeks men have been lingering beside the seashore or dwelling in forest, near river or mountain. With browned faces, clear eyes, and happy hearts they have now returned to the crowded city. To-morrow morning they will be at work. The very atmosphere of the city will change. Business will take on a new energy. What an appetite men have for work! In July the task was irksome. Now, rested, the worker finds that every duty brings delight. The body and mind are full of accumulated strength. This new energy also is priceless. It must be saved, not wasted—converted into new ambitions and better plans. In the wheatfields, after the reaper has gone by, the gleaner comes, carefully picking up every golden straw. Later the herds are turned in that they may find the mouthful of grain that the gleaners missed, and thus nothing is lost. Not otherwise is it to be with the new life. For young and old alike, therefore, these days are days for planning. The youth must convert his new energy into a new tool or a new garment or a new book. The new strength is a challenge to better work. By planning the boy can double the wisdom accumulated in a single evening. By planning the merchant can double the output of his office. By planning the house-wife can double the task and save her strength. Our inventors are giving us better tools. Gone the old medicines. Gone the old wagons and cars. Let the old, listless, unorganized, drifting life go with them. Success means planning. At the very beginning of the new season, therefore, lay out your work. There is a tonic in these cool, crisp, stimu-

lating mornings. Let there be a new spirit in the life within that answers to the rich autumn world without. Even for the farmer autumn is the time for sowing just as truly as spring. In September the farmer sows the fall wheat. He knows that when the young wheat is well started nature will send a snow blanket to keep the young plants warm and safe through the winter. Then, next June, he will harvest his autumn wheat just as next autumn he will harvest the spring wheat. For the farmer all the days are linked together. All months for him are months of sowing. Life also must be full of new beginnings. In these September days every man ought to open at least one new furrow, start one new plan, begin one new friendship, open up one new line of reading or research, develop an interest in one new philanthropy or reform or department of church work. No man has ever done enough. The best is always before us. No matter what success you had yesterday, there is a richer achievement to be gained to-morrow. God always keeps the best of the wine to the last of the feast. Life is not behind you; success is before you. Yesterday is a granary that holds seed for to-day's sowing. Great is the harvest to-morrow. It is this spirit of hope, work, varied interests, and incessant activity that lends happiness to life, and it is happiness that makes work successful. Not less important is it to carry the vacation spirit straight through the year. Now that we have gotten the fever and the hurry out of the blood, have recovered self-control, let us try to keep both. The city life is the best life in the world, providing the worker can keep the poise and equanimity of the country. Every day man must fight against the spirit of too great rushing and pushing. It is perfectly practicable to carry the vacation spirit with one throughout the year. 'How can I run my brain at high-pressure action without injury to myself?' I am asked. Only by having a few minutes' vacation each day, a little vacation each week, and a little vacation spirit throughout all the year. It was this thought that was in the mind of John Richard Green. The great scholar reaped many honors, but at the close of his life he said one day that he had learned that it was not genius, a great drama, a great picture, a palace, an exalted throne, that brought happiness, but rather it was the half hour in the open air in the morning, successful work for eight hours during the day, a half hour's chat with a friend, a little gentle music, a fire, an easy chair, and a quiet hour over a good book when the day's work was done, that made life worth living. These secrets of happiness are the methods that we have been pursuing during the vacation time. Now that the summer is over, therefore, let us carry this gracious, genial, and successful vacation spirit into all our work."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Why of the Will. By P. W. Van Peyma, M.D. 12mo, pp. 66. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, cloth, 80 cents, net.

Neat and attractive in appearance this little volume readily invites the attention of the reader. Its title appeals to the inquiring and thoughtful mind. And the confidence into which the author takes his reader in

the semi-autobiographical introduction is engaging. But when this has been said, it is with reluctance that we confess the disappointment which soon masters the mind in the process of reading. It is nearly forty years ago, the author tells us in his introduction, that "One warm summer day, while resting in serene and meditative ease, thinking thoughts and weaving fancies with the fresh creativeness of youth, suddenly there came the mental picture, the clear and definite conception, of the necessarily determined nature of human thoughts and human actions." But however much the author may assure us that "further thought and some acquaintance with the literature of the subject have confirmed as well as elaborated the original conception," one can scarcely get away, while reading the book, from the suggested atmosphere of the "warm summer day's serene and meditative ease" amid which the author caught the inspiration which has resulted in this book. Great thoughts that have stirred the human breast and have carried convictions which have strengthened and emboldened human endeavor have not generally come to men in such moods of "serene and meditative ease" as the author here suggests. And it creates no surprise to be told on page 3 of the introduction that "the terms creator, eternal power, forces of nature, and primal cause are employed practically interchangeably." The acceptance of the personality of God in clear and clean distinction from the "forces of nature" would necessarily introduce the factor of the personality of man; while the intimation of personal responsibility which this factor carries would undo a good deal which the interchangeable use of the terms creator, eternal power, forces of nature, and primal cause makes to pass muster in this book. On page 1 he starts out by saying: "Science is based upon the uniformity, the invariability, of the processes, the manifestations of nature." And he sets himself the task of disproving the well-nigh universal opinion "that in the operations of the human mind, including the will, this otherwise universal law finds an exception." And he writes this book "in the belief" (p. 2) that it can be shown that the subject is essentially clear, and that the trouble in understanding arises from preconception and prejudice, from apprehension of supposed moral and religious consequences, and from a superficial, non-critical, and imperfect conception of consciousness." He devotes several pages to tracing the "uniformity of the processes of nature," both in the inorganic and organic worlds, and finds the results in every case "definite and positive. And with the conditions given this could not be otherwise." "The environment and the substance remaining constant (p. 13), the changes or activities are necessarily constant. Similar substances, in the same or similar conditions, must act alike. The substance has no choice or option. Its action or behavior is determined by the reaction between its inherent properties and the impulses it receives from its environment." From this constancy in the processes of nature he infers the like constancy in the conscious, intelligent, volitional acts of man. He traces (p. 15) what actually takes place in an act involving consciousness, deliberation, and volition, and finds "that every impulse received by a living being excites a form of consciousness." Impressions

received by the brain excite certain activities. "A train of thought is started. The subject matter is considered. After due deliberation a decision is arrived at. A definite action is taken. But to determine, amid mutually reinforcing and mutually opposing influences and arguments, the final balance or preponderance, involves a process similar to that employed in the simplification of an algebraic equation, with the resulting determination of the value of X (p. 17). Of course all arguments or influences are not of equal importance or weight. We are not constituted like the legendary ass, which being of absolutely symmetrical construction, and placed between two equidistant and exactly similar bales of hay, starved to death because it could not decide from which bale to bite." The preponderant argument or influence determines our decision and action. Another essential fact he observes is "that all the factors of the problem owe their particular existence at any given moment, simply and wholly to the natural course or sequence of events. Their existence and their particular nature at any given time are in no sense accidental or fortuitous, but are in reality simply the expressions or results of a natural series of antecedent and consequent, of cause and effect" (p. 19). "The influences which affect and control us are based upon, and owe their existence to, the two facts of individuality and environment. The two essential points in the proposition of determinism are: first, that our thoughts and actions are determined by the circumstances of the moment, individual and environing; and, secondly, that these circumstances or conditions are but phenomena expressing the natural course of events, are but links in the endless chain of antecedent and consequent." "With a free act of the will there would be an act unrelated as to antecedent." Hence the appeal to consciousness is set aside. We are conscious of the period of indecision, and it would seem that this evanescent first stage is taken by many as the complete mental process. But up to this point there has been no decision, no exercise of the will. And instead of dropping out at the first step, self-consciousness rounds out and completes the process. When the preponderance is recognized we know our decision. The will is simply this consciousness, this recognition of preponderance, this conscious decision. Hence "the will is no entity. It is simply a mental state in which we recognize a decision" (p. 22). It is interesting reading, as on page 23, where the author states that on careful examination we find that our willing is not alone always in accord with the facts of our individuality and environment, but that it is naturally and necessarily so, and is in reality only a conscious expression of these facts. This, then, is the author's argument, that as we may say of a physical scale or balance that it wills to turn toward the side holding five pounds as against the side which holds only four, so a volition determined by influences or bound by reason, appetite or other circumstances is dependent, is not free (p. 25). In so far as any serious effort to solve a problem of life is always interesting to thoughtful minds, this is an interesting book. One's attention is certainly aroused by the reading (on p. 41) that belief in a so-called "freedom of the will" is a relic and an inheritance of an unscientific past; an age of

belief in devils and witches, in magic and miracles, in divine interpositions and special providences; that penalty is inherent in the transgression (p. 50), that, according to the doctrine of determinism, we act as we do because we and our environment are what they are. And if the Creator created both, it is his work and the result is his. We are but agents in his hands. Assuming a purpose in the universe, we serve as instruments toward the accomplishment of that purpose. And one admires the cleverness with which the author assures his readers that from this viewpoint there is no difficulty in showing (p. 52) that "the conceptions involved in such words as effort, endeavor, voluntary and involuntary, incentive, good and bad, morality and immorality continue to have real and definite meanings. For whether our activities are foreordained or not makes no difference as to their efficiency or positive nature. No matter how the state of mind which results in works comes about, the work will have its legitimate effect. Effort and endeavor will always obtain their natural and legitimate reward. And so far from removing incentive, determinism permits the recognition of ability and of value which results in work." "Determinism also admits of regret for past occurrences and acts. The fact that an act . . . is determined does not alter its quality. . . . One may therefore deeply regret a certain act while still recognizing that it was a necessary resultant of the actual factors; the state of the individual and the nature of the circumstances" (p. 56). "Remorse, however, in the sense of implying a guilt that was willful . . . is not consistent with the conviction or conception of determinism." This quite prepares us for the closing statements that "determinism is based on no fixed and antiquated creed" (p. 62); that it "places morality on the sound basis of reason and intelligence" (p. 63); and that "as knowledge and wisdom increase, . . . we may finally come to recognize that our consciousness of God is only part of God's consciousness of himself, all bodies, modes of infinite extension, all souls, modes of infinite thought" (p. 65). Enough has been quoted to show the author's mind. There is much good in the little volume. Much valuable material is ably handled. But the feeling of disappointment which took hold of the mind almost from the beginning has not abated as the end is reached. The factor of personal responsibility is weakened. It is weakened to a degree which threatens its extinction. In the interest of common justice, let alone that of the largest good, what noble souls have felt and finest minds have expressed in inimitable ways regarding it can neither be ignored nor set aside by a stroke of the pen. Already Shakespeare says: "We that have good wits have much to answer for." And to say that we act as we do because we and our environment are what they are, tends to give but a wider currency to Professor Tyndall's words to the offender of law: "You offend because you cannot help offending"; and but supports the position of Haeckel, who was the master of both Tyndall and Huxley, outlined in his assertion that "the will is never free." The truer and more inspiring keynote is struck by Bishop Brent, who, in an address delivered at the recent Edinburgh Conference, declared that "no one can deny, no one would care to deny, that God has given man prodigious tasks, and

in so doing he has dignified and honored his creature. We are so constituted that we need the challenge, and the constant challenge, of difficulty. No young life can grow unless it has before it a hard task, not daunting it, but luring it on. We are sons of God, and being sons of God it is not fitting that we should have anything less than a task that will bring out all the capacity of God's children." What Bishop Brent here says in view of the prodigious task of Christianizing the world applies to the equally prodigious task placed before us by the sense of our personal responsibility to a personal God, namely, of bringing out from ourselves and of putting into active play all the capacities and powers which are ours by virtue of our divine descent. And with which task, prodigious as it is, we should not find fault. But rather, in the words of Dr. Seiss (Lectures on the Apocalypse, Vol. II, p. 297), we should be "praising and blessing Him (God) for those sublimities of moral being, to the existence of which the possibility of evil is necessarily incident." When the author says, "We are but agents in God's hands," he is quite right. Only *he does not state it all.* We are equally colaborers with him. And the sense of personal responsibility to a personal God, which Daniel Webster said was the greatest thought that ever entered his mind, will not suffer extinction in the human breast. Said Burke in his Reflections on the Revolution in France: "All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society." Along this line Webster continues: "There is no evil that we cannot either face or flee from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. Our obligations are with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that sense of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us wherever it has been violated, or to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it. This makes no point of what we are ourselves or what our circumstances make us." A stirring illustration of the point in hand comes to us in the awful experience of Dreyfus, the French army officer who was falsely accused of a great wrong and was exiled to Devil's Island in April, 1895. The sufferings he underwent are reflected in the desultory sentences from his diary. His food was of the meanest kind. Idleness was enforced. "I am followed everywhere," he writes. "All I do is a matter of suspicion and rebuke." Some nine months later he writes: "My reason must end by sinking under the stream of this inconceivable treatment." At the close of that year he writes: "My nerves trouble me so that I am afraid to lie down. This silence of the tomb, with no news from my dear ones for three months, with nothing to read, crushes and overwhelms me. The guards are forbidden to answer what questions I ask." Again: "I asked long ago for some manual labor, no matter of what kind, to occupy myself a little, but they have not even answered me." In September of 1896 he was put in irons as a measure of precaution. Even when in bed his feet were fastened

in iron rings. And from these agonies, which he suffered for almost five years, Dreyfus evolved what may stand among the noblest protests against suicide, a passage wherein Cleanthus and Epictetus might recognize their own spirit at its height with an advance on their doctrine of the open door. These are his words: "On one of these long nights of torture, when riveted to my bed, with sleep far from my eyes, I sought my guiding star, my guide in moments of supreme resolve. And all at once I saw the light before me illuminating for me my duty. To-day less than ever have you the right to desert your post. Less than ever have you the right to shorten even by a single hour your wretched life. Whatever the torments they inflict upon you, you must march forward until they throw you into the grave. You must stand before your executioners so long as you have a shadow of strength, a living wreck, to be kept before their eyes by the unassailable sovereignty of the soul which they cannot reach." There is an unassailable Sovereignty above us which puts us on the stage of this world's life, and appoints us the scope of our powers and activities. The author is right: "We are but agents in His hands." The other phase of the matter, however, is equally true. There is a corresponding, unassailable sovereignty within us which no evil, however subtle, can reach without our consent. "With an almost superhuman conception of the divine plan in creating man" John Milton puts these words in the lips of God:

I made him just and upright, sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell—
Such I created all the ethereal powers and spirits,
Both them who stood and them who failed,
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere of true allegiance, constant faith or love?
Where only what they needs must do appears, not what they could.
What praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid?

"This passage clearly shows that without free agency there can be no morality and without temptation no virtue." The realization of this must awe us with self-reverence if we shall ever hope to reverence God as we ought. Surely it might well seem that personal responsibility is a gift which only a personal God could bestow upon the creatures of his hands.

The Lady of the Decoration. By FRANCES LITTLE. 16mo, pp. 236. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, $1.

THIS little book is different. That is one reason why we notice it. Printed first in 1906, it has been reprinted twenty-seven times. In its way it is a missionary document, though not such as missionary societies use, and not like any you ever read. It is as breezy as a verse from Charlotte Wilson's "The Wind of God":

The wind is blowing across the world, it is lifting my brother's hair
Lightly from off his forehead, and bringing the light to his eyes.
Listen, and you may hear it come, stirring the empty air;
O, lift your faces, folk of the world, and feel the wind arise.

Like A Blue Stocking in India, noticed in our March number, this book takes the form of letters from China to a beloved cousin at home, with the utter frankness of confidential outpourings. It is dedicated "to all good sisters, and to mine in particular." A young woman whose life-plan had been wrecked, took a kindergarten course to keep herself from brooding and to fit herself for action. She had no thought of being a missionary, but, just when she was ready, a sudden offer came to go to Japan to teach in a mission school. To the cousin who vouched for her, she said: "Don't you shudder at the risk you are taking? Think of the responsibility of standing for *me* in a Board of Missions! I'll stay bottled up as tight as I know how, but suppose the cork *should* fly?" One of her early letters from Japan begins thus: "At last, dear Mate, I am started at my own work with the babies, and there aren't any words to tell you how cunning they are. There are eighty-five high class children in the pay kindergarten, and forty in the free. The latter are mostly of the very poor families, most of the mothers working in the fields or on the railroads. There are so many pitiful cases that one longs for a mint of money and a dozen hands to relieve them. One little girl of six comes every day with her blind baby brother strapped on her back. She is a tiny thing herself and yet that baby is never unstrapped from her back until night comes. When I first saw her old weazened face and her eagerness to join in the kindergarten play, I just took them both in my lap and cried." This teacher wore a little enameled watch, a gift on her sixteenth birthday. Her Japanese scholars thought it must be a decoration from the emperor, and named her "The Lady of the Decoration." So she wrote home: "Think of it, I have a title, and am actually looked up to by these funny yellow babies as a superior being. They forget it sometimes, though, when we all get to playing together in the yard. We can't talk to each other, but we can laugh and romp together, and sometimes the fun runs high. . . . The language is something awful. I get my tongue in such knots that I have to use a corkscrew to pull it straight again." One letter says: "This morning I had to teach Sunday school. I'll be praying in public next. I see it coming." Three days later: "I told you it would come! My prophetic soul foresaw it. I had to lead prayers in chapel this morning. And I play the organ in Sunday school and listen to two Japanese sermons on Sunday. . . . I can't begin to tell you of the hopelessness of some of the lives out here. Just think of it! Women working in the stone quarries and sand pits and on the railroads, and always with babies tied on their backs, and the poor little tots crippled and deformed from the cramped position and often blind for life from the glare of the sun. What I am crazy to do now is to open another free kindergarten in one of the poorest parts of the city. It would only cost fifty dollars to run it a whole year, and I mean to do it if I have to sell my rings. It is just glorious to feel that you are actually helping somebody, even if that somebody is a small and dirty lot of Japanese children. I get discouraged and blue sometimes, but when a little tot comes up and slips a very soiled hand into mine and pats it and lays it against his cheek and hugs it to his breast, I just long to take the whole lot of them

to my heart and love them into an education. If I happen to stop to pat one little head, a dozen arms are around me in a minute, and I am almost suffocated with affection. One little fellow always calls me 'Nice Boy,' because that is what I called him." On Christmas she wrote home: "Had somebody told you last Christmas that this Christmas would find me in a foreign country teaching a band of little heathens, wouldn't you have thought somebody had wheels in his head." It was something to her when she heard the Japanese in a big praise service, when giving thanks for all the great blessings of the past year, name the new kindergarten teacher first. After a while she calls herself "a sort of missionary-in-law." In one letter she says: "It's worth everything to be loved as you all love me, and I'm willing to go through anything to be worthy of it. I have had more than my share of hard bumps in life, but, thank heaven, there was always somebody waiting to kiss the place to make it well. . . . I am absolutely walking on air to-day. Just when I thought my cherished dream of a free kindergarten would have to be given up, the checks from home came. You were a trump to get them all interested, and it was beautiful the way they responded. My head is simply spinning with plans! We are going to open the school right away, and there are hundreds of things to be done. I wouldn't come home now if I could. The feeling that I am needed here simply puts my little personal desires right out of the question." Once when our missionary-in-law was sick, a little girl folded her hands and offered this prayer: "O, Lord, please make the Skipping Teacher well, and help me to keep my mouth shut so it will be quiet, for she has been good to us and we all do love her much." One night this kindergartner gave a magic-lantern show for the mothers of the free kindergarten children, and she writes: "The poor ignorant women sat there bewildered. I showed them about a hundred slides, and explained through an interpreter until I was hoarse, all to no effect. They remained stolid and silent. By and by there was a stir, heads were raised, and necks craned. A sudden interest swept over the room. The picture on the sheet was of Christ toiling up Calvary under the burden of the cross. The story was new and strange to them, but it touched their hearts and brought quick tears to their eyes. I am going to have a meeting every month for them, no matter what else has to go undone." This is how she feels when she has opened her third free kindergarten with money sent from home: "You ought to see the mothers crowding around, begging and pleading for their children to be taken in; and the poor little tots weep and wail when they have to go home. I feel to-day as if I would almost resort to highway robbery to get money enough to carry on this work." And she cries out: "I wish I was a doctor and a trained nurse and a scholar and a magician and a philosopher and a saint all combined. I need them all in my business." Once she writes: "I am just tired enough to-night to fold my hands and turn up my toes and say 'Enough.' If overcoming difficulties makes character, then I will have as many characters as the Chinese alphabet by the time I get through." When something she saw made her feel the brutal cruelty of heathenism she wrote: "No punishment in the next world can equal

the loss of the things these poor people miss in this life by a lack of belief in a personal God." When the hot season is on, this lively missionary-in-law, who was called when a child "a blue-eyed bunch of mischief," writes to her cousin: "Summer vacation will soon be here, and I am planning a wild career of self-indulgence. I am going to Karuizawa, where I can get cooled off and rested. It has been nearly a year since I was out of this place, a year of such ups and downs that I feel as if I had been digging out my salvation with a pick-ax. Not that I do not enjoy the struggle; real life with all its knocks and bumps, its joys and sorrows, is vastly preferable to a passive existence of indolence. Only occasionally I look forward to the time when I shall be an angel frivoling in the eternal blue. If I ever do get to heaven, it will be on your ladder, Mate. You have coaxed me up with confidence and praise, you have steadied me, you have gotten me up so far (for me) that I am afraid to look down. I shrink with a mighty shrivel when I think of disappointing you in any way, and I expand almost to bursting when I think of justifying your belief in me." In the summer-vacation place she went to church and heard her first English sermon in two years: "A young English clergyman read the service, and afterward said a few words about sacrifice. He was simple and sincere, and his deep voice trembled with earnestness as he declared that sacrifice is the only true road to happiness, sacrifice of ourselves, our wishes, and desires for the good of others. And suddenly all the feeling in me got on a rampage and I wanted to get up and say that it was true, that I *knew* it was true, and that the most miserable, pitiful, smashed-up life could blossom again if it would only blossom for others." (It was her own "smashed-up life" she meant.) When she had been at work in the mission about four years she wrote to her "Mate": "The school of life is a difficult one at best, but when a weak sister like myself is put about three grades higher than she belongs, it is more than hard. I don't care a rap for the struggle and the heart-aches, if I have only made good. When I came out there were two kindergartens; now there are nine besides a big training-class. Anybody else could have done as much for the work, but one thing is certain, the work couldn't have done for anyone else what it has done for me. There's a big change inside, Mate; you'll have to take my word for it." Sometimes her courage, as she says, "got fuddled and took the wrong road." One afternoon she went out in a fearful storm to mail a letter which must go, feeling so desperate that she didn't care for storm or anything else: "I went on and on till I came to the sea-wall. There I climbed up on an old stone lantern, and let the spray and the rain beat on my face. The waves were in a fury, pounding against the wall at my feet. It was the most terrifically glorious sight I ever saw. Somehow I felt that the wind, the waves, and the storm were all my friends and that they were doing all my beating and screaming for me. I clung to the lantern with my clothes dripping and my hair streaming about my face until the storm was over. And I don't think I was ever so near to God in my life as when the sun came out suddenly and lit up that tempest-tossed sea into a perfect splendor of light and color. And the peace had

come into my heart, Mate, and I knew that I was going to take up my task again and bear it bravely. I was so glad, so thankful that I could scarcely keep my feet on the ground. I struck out at full speed along the sea-wall and ran every step of the way home."

At the Sign of the Hobby-Horse. By Elizabeth Bisland. Crown 8vo, pp. 253. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

A NOTICE of such a book as this may serve to lighten pages otherwise grave, weighty, and solemn with encyclopedias and theology. A sprightly, undomesticated, roving literary woman may be capable of lending spice and sparkle to whatever she writes. "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" is this author's most important and best-known work. She begins by saying: "From earliest childhood my favorite exercise has been what might properly be called ligno-equestrianism. As soon as articulate speech was at my command, it was my practice to catch and mount, bare-backed, any small wild hobby which might happen to graze in the vicinity, and, with beating heart and flying hair, to ride it round and round the narrow inclosure of my immature ideas. Though frequently run away with, and often thrown or kicked by vicious little beasts, my passion for this diversion suffered no diminution. Grown to maturity, my most serious efforts have been devoted to the collection and propagation of a stud of these interesting animals." And then in thirteen essays she trots out some of her hobbies and rides them round the ring or down the road or across country. She is not drudging at set tasks, but exploring gayly the pleasant country-side, exulting in her freedom and looking compassionately on those toilsome persons whom she sees laboriously clearing new lands of science or carefully tilling old fields of thought. Sometimes she mounts a hobby to tilt against some conventional windmill, which whirls her heels over head. In general she rides her hobbies hard until, most likely, she arrives, breathless and triumphant, at Nowhere-in-Particular. So she says in her gay, bantering fashion; but in truth her essays are more serious than she pretends, yet she is a free-lance and rides wild sometimes, arriving, in fact, at Nowhere. Her essay on Contemporary Poets closes thus: "The old shibboleths and symbols have become half-meaningless. Our contemporary poets hark back to matters outworn and forgotten. We—with the exception of the scholarly few—are no longer interested in Greek thoughts and images, because we no longer have minds permeated with study of their literatures, as the new generations no longer have their minds permeated with the knowledge of the Bible. Of old, every educated man was familiar with Hephæstus or Demeter, as he was familiar with Jeroboam or Tiglath-Pileser. Now, men of the most careful mental training would cheerfully admit that they had never heard of any of the four. To the contemporary readers of Theocritus or of Virgil, the pastoral and Olympic atmosphere was the background of their daily life, and was as vivid and vital to them as the steam-plow and the reaper and binder are to the agriculturalist of to-day; but when our modern poets employ the vocabulary of Arcady, they are touching an unstrung lute that gives back no response to their

dull fingers. The outlook of the human mind in the last fifty years has been turned at right angles to its entire previous conscious aspect. In place of exclusive concern with human affairs, of the purely objective attitude toward all the rest of nature, man has, in the shifting of the mental kaleidoscope, been shaken into wholly new and subordinate relations with his surroundings. It is in this new, this subjective relation with the forces he has unchained, and as yet but partially mastered, that the world waits for the expression of its new emotions. 'I sent my soul into the Invisible'—and the soul's prodigious adventures there yet wait for adequate words. We stand like Balboa, 'in a wild surmise,' gazing upon the vast new ocean of being, and like him we are silent upon our peaks of Darien. No one has yet risen up from among the little magazine-shepherds 'piping ditties of no tone,' to sing the tremendous epic of Science. Only Richard Wagner has tried to find some expression for the moods of our sublime new goddess, Nature; has attempted wordlessly to formulate for us her thundering seas, her quivering Polar lights, her winds and storms, her gigantic secrets and forces, and the battles of her human offspring with his mighty mother and maker, who stands ever ready to devour her own child, but who has Nibelung hoards for him who will capture and bind her. Stevenson and Kipling are the only two of our contemporaries in whose verse the coming generations will find recorded anything of our actual attitude toward ourselves and our environment; and neither of the two is primarily a bard, verse being with both, unfortunately, but an occasional indulgence, in relaxation from prose, though both are more likely to live by reason of their poems than of their prose, already drifting into the *démodé*. Stevenson adumbrates a little of our mingled courage and humility in such songs as 'A Portrait,' 'The Open Road,' 'Not Yet My Soul,' and Kipling in 'Our Lady of the Snows.' From 'McAndrew's Hymn' our successors may guess how we felt to our new slave, steam. Kipling writes of machinery and of electricity with the same fresh and passionate relish with which Virgil wrote of bees or kine; and the busy world of to-day pauses in its affairs to listen to the poetry of these things, though it lends but a languid ear to rhymes of faun and dryad, of saint or saviour Dumbly it feels the beauty and poignancy of its own great endeavors and discoveries, but for a male-voiced and competent singer of them it waits, as yet, in vain." In the essay on the power of that little member, the tongue, the author, quoting as a sort of text, "In the beginning was the Word . . . and without it was not anything made that was made," discusses and illustrates the hypnotic and perpetuating power of words: "Every politician learns early in his career the hypnotic value of the word. Let his mouth be sufficiently full of fine phrases, and his writings breathe noble sentiments, and he may follow his own interests without fear. He knows that to the man in the street words are concrete things, not mere symbols that may or may not represent substance. Gladstone astutely grasped this tendency of the crowd, and for half a century dominated the majority of his countrymen. Swayed by the wizardry of his tongue, they saw the shield as either silver or gold as he directed. When

that magic member was stilled, his followers glared about them in a wild surmise, slowly realizing that the great figure which had loomed so large and beneficent to their mesmerized senses had shrunk to the stature of a selfish opportunist. American political life could show similar examples of the wielder of the hypnotic word persuading the mob to believe him good and great because he himself assures them of the fact. It is, by the way, a pleasing proof that the worst of us love and labor after virtue, when one notes that no man could carry the crowd with him who did not lift a flag of lofty moral sentiment. One might almost say of solemn moral sentiment, since the masses always prefer their verbal virtue of a good solid doughy consistency—the unleavened bread of edification, not frivolized by the yeast of humor. The glancing gaiety of wit disturbs their pious confidence. They do not feel that they can safely trust their destinies to one who is restive under platitudes. No humorous statesman has ever been the idol of the people. Perhaps he has too vivid a sense of proportion to be vain; too keen a sense of realities to take himself with the ponderous seriousness proper to a popular idol. What a petty creature Cato appears in the intimate letters of his contemporaries. yet his self-righteous attitudinizing still dominates the imagination of posterity through the spell of fine phrases. Brutus, for two thousand years, made assassination a virtue by the simple device of calling it tyrannicide, and of making an eminently quotable speech about despots as he stabbed his kindest friend in a fury of ignoble jealousy. *Sic semper tyrannis* nerved the hand of Wilkes Booth, and hundreds of equally unhappy but well-meaning creatures before him and since. Poor wretches, who without that high-sounding sentence to inspire them would doubtless have shrunk from the extreme of murder! 'Words, words, words!' cries Hamlet, despairingly. 'Winged words,' the poet calls them, that fly like thistledown, each silver web of pinions carrying a seed of thought in the center of its fairy feathers, to be sown as chance and the wind wills, and to spring up again in rank and bristling growths. Jean Jacques Rousseau—a vulgar, selfish sentimentalist, who lived upon the purse of silly women, abandoned the helpless fruits of his passing amours to public charity, and gravely chronicled his petty egregiousness for posterity—blew this seeded thistledown through Europe, and with it overthrew laws and thrones. William Jennings Bryan poured forth in a golden voice a majestic borrowed phrase, and millions of his countrymen followed him like sheep for years, though never was one great deed put to his credit. In spite of all which, men of action speak scornfully of 'word-braiders'; think indifferently and contemptuously of literature; yet books outlive rulers and races. Carthage was so great a city that for fifteen hundred years after its fall it was not necessary to quarry stone in Syria. From its ruins a hundred cities have been built, a thousand roads paved. Throughout the Middle Ages, and also prior to them, Carthage was a building quarry for all Islam, and much of Christendom. The Arabian geographer, Edrisi, says that in his time no vessel left Tunis without some marble plunder from Carthage. The whole city of Tunis is built from it, and every town on the African coast of the Mediterranean

has stolen stone from 'Kart-Hadast.' Southern Italy, Sicily, and Corsica looted building-stuff from its site for centuries, and the Cathedral at Pisa was fashioned of material taken from the Punic temples. Even yet the smaller fragments of its masonry form a layer from twelve to fifteen feet deep above the spot once occupied by half a million merchants. Of this enormous civilization only its wide-flung stones remain. Of it we know almost nothing. Its life counts for nothing in our lives, yet the literature of a little semi-nomad Semitic tribe is as living to-day as when it was written. That literature has molded the arts, the polity, the thoughts, the very structure of the brains of all Europe. Half the deeds of the Occident for the last two thousand years have had their germ and impulse from the words of Hebrew word-braiders. Troy town is as the dream of a dream, but Homer's book keeps its folk forever immortal through the sheer potency of words. Whatever is done by man is soon forgotten, if no bard makes a story of it. These obscure, ignored, usually indigent little word-smiths sit in dingy corners hammering out their phrases, while destruction and reconstruction roar about them unheeded. If, however, one stopped to contemplate those unimportant-seeming labors with observant eyes, it would be obvious that they were really engaged in fashioning mankind. It would be seen that out of these small booths had come the impressions and impulses that were pushing and pulling the loud mob making history outside. It would be seen that here were being laid the eggs from which were to be hatched future heroisms and murders, future wars and migrations; that this was the soil in which was germinating the seed of the convictions and aspirations of generations still inconceivably remote in the future. The philosophical student of these shabby artisans would perceive that, though they as often wrote false as true, their pens were indubitably mightier than all the blades ever forged by the armorers of Toledo or Damascus."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Light from the Ancient East. The New Testament illustrated by recently discovered texts of the Graeco-Roman world. By ADOLF DEISSMANN, D.Theol. (Marburg), D.D. (Aberdeen), Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin. Translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan, M.A. With sixty-eight illustrations. Quarto, pp. xl, 514. New York and London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $4 net.

WHEN Pastor Robinson committed the Pilgrim Fathers to God and the Word of his grace, he declared: "I am convinced that the Lord hath yet more light and truth to break forth from his holy Word." Since 1620 these words have been ratified on numerous occasions. A most signal illustration has, however, come before us within recent years from an unexpected quarter. Anatolia is the name used of the Levant; but for purposes of the present study the author of this term has used it so as to include the regions of Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt; in short, all the Eastern Mediterranean lands and islands. What thoughts come before one of religion and romance in connection with these luminous names; but no one ever could have guessed that in these latter

days inspiring information would be brought to the world of Christian scholarship from the substrata of ancient society. The horizon of sacred learning is widening and the bounds of investigation cannot be set. The man to whom we are indebted for opening doors into what promises to become a very fruitful field of research is Professor Adolf Deissmann, now of the University of Berlin, but until 1908 professor of theology in the University of Heidelberg. The results of his investigations have appeared in several magazines and books. Many students know his Bible Studies, the scope of which can be learned from the sub-title: "Contributions chiefly from papyri and inscriptions to the history of the language, the literature and the religion of Hellenistic Judaism and primitive Christianity." It has become indispensable for the accurate study of the New Testament. Two other books of value are New Light on the New Testament, and The Philology of the Greek Bible. His *magnum opus*, however, is the book whose title appears at the head of this notice. Here he brings his studies to a climax; he sets primitive Christianity in such a historical background as to show how this mighty movement of the Spirit originated and developed. His exposition sets aside many traditional presuppositions; but his work is to be welcomed, not on this account, but because it enables us better to judge of the power of the gospel in remaking the world of the first century by bringing to it a spiritual enduement unique in its sufficiency and unifying in its religious results. The work of Dr. Deissmann is marked by a sense of reality and a spirit of enthusiasm; scholarship and piety of an unusual kind are combined in him. The extravagances of a pioneer are not very apparent. He has traveled twice in the East, and in these pages he makes report directly from the scenes of discovery. Some scholars have contended that the Greek of the New Testament is "biblical," a dialect peculiarly its own and largely based on the translation Greek of the Old Testament. Others have declared that the New Testament language is so colored by Hebrew idioms as to make it a sort of Jewish or Judean Greek. Both these positions have been sustained by great names; but the investigations of Deissmann in Germany, Moulton and Milligan in Great Britain, and other scholars elsewhere, have destroyed the arguments in favor of these old positions. It is now shown in a remarkable way that the Greek of the New Testament was none other than the common Greek which was in colloquial use among the peoples of Anatolia. The New Testament is thus a book, not singular and exclusive, but a book "of the people, by the people, for the people." Its high place is not thereby lowered. It offers impressive testimony to the power of the divine Spirit who used men of the common round to make known the riches of grace to the world of the masses, as well as to the elect ones of culture. The three sources from which this larger knowledge has come are papyri, inscriptions, and ostraca. We can see the men of the book in their work-aday garb by the aid of these non-literary sources. We have been accustomed to think of the ancient world in the light of literature, which is always a reflex of upper-class opinions. "Doubt, denial, satiety, frivolity, always proclaim themselves much more loudly in the upper

than in the vigorous and unspoiled lower classes." Justice has never been done this great majority of the human race. We have always taken it for granted that Christianity won some of its notable trophies among the submerged, as it still is doing; but we were not prepared to realize how thorough were the transformations, for the sufficient reason that no data were available. These are now within our reach. The despised class has "risen again from the rubbish heaps of ancient cities, little market towns and villages. They plead so insistently to be heard that there is nothing for it but to yield them calm and dispassionate audience." As we do so, we will learn to correct our one-sided estimates of the ancient world, by supplementing what we have learned from the cultured with these non-literary contributions, which photograph large areas of human life hitherto more or less misunderstood. We now understand better the conditions of a civilization which permitted the destruction of female children in the age when the gracious Friend of children was born. The domestic life of the well-to-do, the standards of social piety, the relations between fathers and sons, and between subordinate and superior in the Roman army, the hopeless outlook in the dismal hour of death, the limited educational advantages of some of the Egyptian Christian deacons—these and many other matters of interest are laid bare in these letters. The first recorded purchase of papyri by European visitors to Egypt was in 1778. On this occasion the peasants set fire to about fifty other rolls, as they had been wont to do, to enjoy the aromatic smoke that was produced. It is clear that they did not appreciate these non-literary documents. Those which have recently been dug up from Egyptian rubbish heaps deal with "leases, bills, and receipts, marriage contracts, bills of divorce, wills, decrees issued by authority, denunciations, suings for the punishment of wrongdoers, minutes of judicial proceedings, tax papers in great numbers. Then there are letters and notes, schoolboys' exercise books, magical texts, horoscopes, diaries." Indeed, they are as varied as life itself; those written in Greek cover a period of a thousand years, the oldest of them going back to the third century B. C. The inscriptions are mostly on stone, but there are many cast and engraved in bronze, or scratched on tablets of lead or gold, a few wax tablets, the scribblings found on walls, and the texts on coins and medals. In some respects the most interesting sources are the ostraca or potsherds. These pieces of broken pottery were the writing materials of the lower classes, and were available to all, gratis, from any rubbish heap. These writings of the proletariat take us right to the heart of the class to which the primitive Christians were most nearly related and in which the new faith struck root in the great world. Biblical quotations on ostraca reveal the fact that the Gospels were in the hands of the common people, the poorer classes, who could not afford the rolls of papyrus, but who used broken potsherds on which to indite the imperishable words of eternal life. Some of the originals are presented in photographic facsimiles, and they enable the reader to judge of the worth of these witnesses to the spread of the gospel in the early Christian centuries. It is with no little animation that one sees the reproduc-

tion of the oldest Greek letter discovered, written on a leaden tablet from the fourth century B. C. Here also is excellently reproduced the oldest known autograph letter by a Christian, written between A. D. 264 and 282; it is now only a tattered strip of papyrus, and yet it impresses one with the continuity of the spiritual life. Indeed, all the reproductions bring us near to the individuality of their several writers in a way that a translation cannot do. It is a fact of large significance that the gospel commenced its mission when the civilization of the world was under one ruler; it is of even larger consequence that at this same period there was one language which was understood throughout the countries which counted for the history of that empire. Words and phrases which at one time were supposed to be exclusively "biblical" are now seen to have belonged to the ordinary vernacular. Even such cult words like *εὐαγγέλιον*, gospel, good tidings; *παρουσία*, advent, coming; *ἐπιψάνεια*, appearing; *σωτήρ*, Saviour; *Θεοῦ υἱός*, Son of God; *θεῖος*, divine; *ἱερὰ γράμματα*, sacred writings, holy Scripture; *ἀπελεύθερος Κυρίου*, freedman of the Lord are found to have been in profane use. What had hitherto been regarded as Semitisms are now found in documents recognized to have come under no sort of Hebraic influences. The Johannine style can no longer be considered Semitic, but rather popular and colloquial, as shown by numerous illustrations in these pages. The spoken language of Palestine was Aramaic, and the message of the evangel was uttered by Jesus in this language. But when Christianity became a world religion, its missionaries adopted the international Greek language. This fact partly explains why the early Aramaic copies of the Gospels were lost, set aside by the mass of Greek manuscripts which got into popular use from the second century onward. Material derived from the language of the surrounding world is found imbedded in our sacred book. Of the nearly five thousand words in the vocabulary of the New Testament, not more than fifty are distinctively biblical or Christian Greek words. This need not occasion misgiving, for, as Dr. Deissmann states: In the religiously creative period which came first of all the power of Christianity to form *new* words was not nearly so large as its effect in *transforming* the meaning of old words. The interest of the first missionary generations was directed not to questions of philosophy and philology, but to the salvation of souls. They did not hesitate to use the material that was available to their hands, in the passionate desire which impelled them to go where they were most needed with the evangel of redemption. It is very true that Christianity did not begin as a literary movement, and that its creative period was non-literary. The New Testament is not a literary monument, in the sense that it was a product of the colorless refinement of an upper class, whose classical period lay, irretrievable, in the past. It is composed of confidential pronouncements: letters written at fever heat by Paul, exhortations indited to bring comfort or to utter warnings; memoirs of the life and teaching of Jesus, compiled for the use of catechumens. And yet these informal writings, in the language of the common people, are living confessions of Christian inwardness. They have survived the centuries because of their in-

trinsic worth. Coming from the non-literary class it has, nevertheless, appealed to all classes, and remains to-day, without a peer, the Book of Humanity. Here are words that deserve quotation: A book from the ancient East, and lit up by the light of the dawn—a book breathing the fragrance of the Galilean spring, and anon swept by the shipwrecking northeast tempest from the Mediterranean—a book of peasants, fishermen, artisans, travelers by land and sea, fighters, and martyrs—a book in cosmopolitan Greek with marks of Semitic origin—a book of the imperial age, written at Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, Rome—a book of pictures, miracles, and visions; book of the village and the town, book of the people and the peoples—the New Testament, if regard be had to the inward side of things, is the great book, chief and singular, of human souls. Because of its psychic depth and breadth this book of the East is a book for both East and West, a book for humanity; a book ancient but eternal. And because of the figure that emerges from the book—the Redeemer accompanied by the multitude of the redeemed, blessing and consoling, exhorting and renewing, revealing himself anew to every generation of the weary and heavy-laden, and growing from century to century more great—the New Testament is the Book of Life. If Christianity did one thing more than another it was to make religion a serious business. Its teaching concerning the one living God, and Jesus Christ his incarnation for the redemption of the race, its moral earnestness and spiritual passion, were among the causes which gave it so large a success. The importance of Paul lay in the fact that he planted the living roots of religion in the spiritually present Person of the living Lord Jesus Christ, so that from his time there is not Christology, but Christolatry, a Christianity of Christ. One hesitates to follow this brilliant and suggestive author where he states that Paul was an "artisan missionary," in the sense that he was without the learning of the schools. He followed the occupation of tent-maker, not as a vocation, but as an avocation, in order that he might be independent of the churches which he founded. He belonged to the higher class, and had a training in scholarship, and enjoyed the honors of Roman citizenship. His cosmopolitan attitude was a proof of his versatile genius, transformed as it had been by the grace of Jesus Christ. But this emphasis is doubtless part of the author's excess of zeal in emphasizing the truth of the profound humaneness of Christianity. The importance of this volume grows on one. The chapter dealing with "Future Work of Research" should invite many eager students to enter this field, which has been so persuasively opened by Dr. Deissmann. The bearing of these discoveries on the study of New Testament Greek, their help to the student of primitive Christianity, their suggestiveness to Christian theology and ethics, cannot be entered into in this notice. The preacher will find in these pages material that will enable him to give such an interpretation to the message of the New Testament, that Christ will be set forth as the bringer of eternal strength to make strong and to make free. The careful work of the translator must not be overlooked. He has furnished elaborate but practical indices, and has had in mind the need of English readers.

He has also been considerate in rendering the Greek literally, in language approximating that of the Authorized and Revised Versions. This enables the average reader, even without a knowledge of Greek, to appreciate the similarities in style between the New Testament and the Greek texts in papyri, inscriptions, and ostraca.

The Life of Robert Browning. By W. Hall Griffin, completed and edited by Henry Christopher Minchin. 8vo, pp. 342. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.50.

This is not a psychological interpretation of the poet and his work. That has been done sufficiently well—at least as well as it is likely to be done in many a day—by that audacious and brilliant intellectual free lance, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. It is not a study of Browning, written by an able man of letters, who is at least as eager to give out his own opinions as to interpret the poet, and so writes a biography expressing a certain temperament and a certain way of looking at things. That has been done by William Sharp. It is not an account written by a friend, with a friend's intimate touches and a friend's prejudiced tendency to limit the poet's range to that which had been revealed in personal intercourse. That has been done by Mrs. Sutherland Orr. It might be thought that there is no place for a new biography of Browning. But the present work makes its own place. As far as full and detailed information goes, as an arsenal of facts about the poet and his work, this will be the definitive biography of Browning. It was planned and more than half of it was written by Professor Hall Griffin. For years the career and writings of Browning had been a "principal subject of his thought and study. He had been at great pains to identify the sites of his early homes in South London: thence he had followed him to Asolo and to Florence, and had gone on pilgrimages to the various cities and regions of Italy which were visited by the poet and his wife during their summer wanderings, or were the scene of their winter sojourns. Nor had he neglected spots which were closely connected with his later years—La Saisiaz, for instance, and, above all, Venice. He had enjoyed the friendship of Browning's son and sister, who gave him ungrudging help—Miss Browning's wonderful memory, in particular, throwing light upon many obscure points in her brother's early history; while he had made, with Mr. Barrett Browning's sanction, an extensive examination of the books in the Palazzo Rezzonico—those 'wisest ancient books' amid which the future poet passed his childhood." Much new material was available, for instance, Alfred Domett's unpublished diary, of which Professor Griffin was practically the discoverer. Upon the death of the man who had planned and partly executed the work, that which was written, and other materials, were put into the hands of Mr. Harry Christopher Minchin, who completed the biography along the lines originally planned. The whole book is written in a graphic and readable way with a touch of dignity which will please the reader to whom a piece of writing is not less attractive because the author is not constantly making verbal gyrations and twisting language into startling epigrams. It is a book which

gives all that painstaking investigation could bring to light about the poet and his work. It is more than the work of a careful chronicler. There is skill and real insight in the work of the authors, and a rich consciousness of the range of the poetic and artistic life through which the poet moved and which in turn influenced him. One of the most valuable things about this book is that you not only see the poet, but you see him in the right background. To whet the reader's appetite, we will quote some characteristic passages: "From the days when as a mere child he stole downstairs from bed to listen to his mother at the piano, and as it ceased, flung himself into her arms, whispering amid sobs, 'Play, play,' until the days when he drew music from the organ at Vallombrosa, or charmed his intimate friends with his improvisations on the piano, or wrote Abt Vogler, Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha, and A Toccata of Galuppi, and became the friend of Joachim and Clara Schumann, Browning remained a music lover." "As an infant he was hushed to sleep by his father to the words of an ode by Anacreon, hummed to the tune of The Cottage in the Wood. In a copy of an early eighteenth century edition of Dryden's translation of the satires of Juvenal, Browning made the following note: 'My father read the whole of the Dedicatory Preface aloud to me as we took a walk together up Nunhead Hill, Surrey, when I was a boy.' Verily the hundred pages of the essay on satire formed substantial reading for a boy during a country walk." Browning's love of animal life was a marked characteristic. "Even in the closing months of his life, his soft low whistle would entice the lizards as they basked by the roadside in the Italian sunshine, and his keen eye could still detect the tiniest inhabitant of the hedges." John Stuart Mill read Pauline four times. On account of the over-crowded condition of the Examiner, his notice of the poem was not published, but words he did write about it have been preserved. Among them are these, "With considerable poetic powers the writer seems to me possessed with a more intense and morbid self-consciousness than I ever knew in any sane human being." The words of Mill, written at the end of his volume of Pauline, came into Browning's hands, and the author of the biography seems to feel that the stern medicine of Mill's sharp speech may have helped Browning to recover from an early state of accentuated self-consciousness. The way in which we are made to feel the larger associations of the places connected with Browning is suggested by the following, "Pisa was distant but a dozen miles by rail—poor decrepit old Pisa! as Francis Power Cobbe termed it, 'the Bath of Italy,' where people talked of their coughs and read newspapers a week old. . . . It was a delight and a wonder to bask in the warm December sunshine, to walk forth and watch the lizards darting to and fro, and see the golden oranges overhang the wall! to think of their friend Horne as they passed the statue of Cosimo de Medici in the little piazza by the Tower of Famine; of Byron as they passed the Lanfranci Palace on the Arno, where he and his motley household had dwelt, and where Leigh Hunt had been a sojourner; or of Shelley and his Epipsychidion, as their gaze fell on the neighboring Convent of Santa Anna, where Emilia Viviani had been 'imprisoned.' It

were a joy to drive across the plain to the Mediterranean; to visit the pine woods where Shelley loved to wander, to look upon the Serchio stream where he sailed in his boat; or to drive to the neighboring range of hills at whose foot the little Baths of San Giuliano nestled, where he heard the news of the death of Keats and wrote the Adonais." An important letter which Browning wrote about his faith is given and some of its words must find a place here: "It is a great thing, the greatest, that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experiences in a witness to the power and love of God. . . . All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; . . . I know I, myself, have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depth, . . . as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's Testament wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago, 'Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another, there where that lady lives of whom my soul was enamored.'" The reader of other volumes of lives of Browning will close this one feeling that he knows more about the poet, the facts of his life, the books he read, the people he met, the atmosphere about his life, and the way in which his works took form than he supposed could be known. There may be a deeper and more profoundly interpretative way to write a biography, but after its type this account of Browning could scarcely be more adequately given.

METHODIST REVIEW

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Art. I.—PREPARATION OF MINISTERS FOR SOCIAL WORK: THE PREPARATION IN LIFE

The entire argument and the conclusion of this topic have been compressed by Dr. Washington Gladden into one pithy phrase. In his lectures on "The Church and Modern Life" he says: "We get our preparation for great work in the work itself."

There is, it is true, the training of the schools—of the university and the theological seminary. The need of it cannot be overstated. Back of the school is the social preparation, undirected in the main by human purpose, in the occupations and environment of the boy life. One of the most scholarly leaders in the social movement, a clergyman, writes: "As a boy I was reared in the home of a wage-earner." The artisan's experience enters largely into the power of one of the most effective mediators of our time between the church and the industrial world. A pastor in a crowded city repeatedly has been a successful arbitrator between employers and employees because in the early years he had known the toil and peril of the mine. Out of a merchant's home, where he learned that honorable losses were less to be feared than doubtful profits, came another whose unconscious training then determines the principles of action now.

The significance of this antecedent training, in home and school and occupation, a training which is shared with all others by those who become ministers, needs a new emphasis. Professor Rauschenbusch says most truly that "the recruits for the ministry come chiefly from the middle class, from the families of farmers, small business men, and the better grade of artisans"; that

"students for the ministry rarely come from the homes of the very rich or the very poor." The social worker, whether minister or not, should be caught young. Let him have, in the period when convictions crystallize and prejudices become fixed, sane ideas of life, some clue to the intricacies of human relationships, a hint, at least, of the nature of those forces of which later he will be either the victim or the director. There should be an unconscious preparation which the stress of the conflicting interests, into the discord of which, as a minister, he is bound to come, should not mar, and which even the academic teaching of the schools should not be able to obscure.

But the training for life's work is in life itself. One learns society not from books but from experience. If in any school the present tendency away from the text books and toward research is preëminently rational, it is in this school of life. Consider, for a moment, the extraordinary facilities for preparation in social work which are at the minister's command. For determining the text of the volume of life what an amazing *apparatus criticus* he has! In its interpretation why should he not be a master?

I have in mind not those chiefly who have become leaders in the large sense—personal factors in great movements by force of conviction, circumstance, or eloquence; but rather those—over one hundred and sixty thousand of them—who in city, town, village, countryside, concentrate their energies upon the nearby task to which they are appointed. To them John Wesley's wide outlooking motto, "The world is my parish," is reversed; they say, "My parish is a world." Social themes become concrete in community events. These men are preoccupied by the practice of good will. They deal not with formulæ, but with facts. It is theirs not to suppose cases, but to look after them. Whether the parish lies in the center of some Babel-tongued city, where only a selection of conditions can ever be fully mastered, or in the sparse settlements of some new or deserted rural section, this man, whom we call the minister, is at the heart of it and can know it with an intimacy possible to no other. Whatever the modern and more scientific contrivances for social service, he is still the most positive personal force for altruism yet devised or discovered. He is

called to kindness. He is a commissioner of peace. To help is as natural for him as to pray. Not only is he drawn to service by the insistent appeal of need, but he is impelled to it by an inner compulsion which he accepts as law—or, better, as a divine command.

By the very conditions of their ministry these men are close to the reality of every social and industrial problem about which the books are written. Often they smile at the surprise of others who are discovering facts which they have for a lifetime known. With delight they read the description of scenery which is as familiar to them as the sunrise. They welcome the scientific analysis of the task which they have accepted for years as they accept their daily bread. Is it child life or labor? Their business is with children. Is it housing, pauperism, wages, hours of labor, commercial honor, education, the lure of vice, the prevention and penalty of crime, class feeling, race prejudice, thrift, administration of charity? Few subjects now discussed by the leaders in social service cannot be illustrated and illumined from the notebooks of these tens of thousands of ministers as from no other vital records in the land.

But while all this may be claimed and conceded, the discussion of the preparation of ministers for social work is most pertinent. In the life itself there are the ample opportunity and equipment for training, but the reduction of ministration to a true science with the heart left hot, or its elevation to an art with the spiritual touch still present, requires a definite schooling. Let us admit that not all ministers are expert in social work.

To what ends, then, should the preparation be directed?

Clearly, first of all, to the definiteness and fullness of ideal.

A minister can never be a mere social opportunist. He is bound to have a theory of life here and hereafter which must determine motive and conduct. By his very commission he is required to look not only upon "the things which are seen, but upon the things which are not seen," to remember ever that "the things which are seen are temporal," "the things which are not seen, eternal." If his ideals narrow him to the devotion of the altar and tell him nothing of apostleship—if they substitute services for service, and leave him imprisoned in the stately architecture which

he has himself planned—if his aims are restricted to the expansion and prestige of the special ecclesia into which he has been "called out," are not vital with the energies of that kingdom of God, that eternal reign of the Almighty Father in this and in other realms toward which the whole world moves—he will fail to interpret the life of which he is a part and its mighty currents will sweep by him unmeasured and unseen.

Some conviction must possess him like that which placed Frederick Denison Maurice in the mighty succession of the prophets. Said he:

> The kingdom of God begins within, but it is to make itself manifest without. It is to penetrate the feelings, habits, thoughts, words, acts of him who is the subject of it. At last it is to penetrate our whole social existence, to mold all things according to its laws. So there will be discovered beneath all the politics of the earth, sustaining the order of each country, upholding the charity of each household, a city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

The ecclesiastical provincial does not belong to this age. His place is in history, with the ascetic and the bigot. Large standing room is not essential for the world-wide outlook. Reading and travel, denied to few intelligent men in our time, level barriers and lift horizons. It requires no technical instruction in sociology and economics to bring into a man's mind the world facts and movements which should afford the material for his thinking. A minister, even if he have no scrip, may travel beyond his community, his land, his denomination, his generation. It will do him no harm if books, humane, scientific, technically non-religious, crowd from his table some of the ephemeral literature of his town or of his sect. Beyond all men it is his right to hold that to him nothing human is alien. The thresholds of his mind should be on the level of the world's great thoroughfares. His doors must be open to the streets as surely as his windows are open to the skies. The traveler worn with the journey, the child eager in his play, the vagrant lost to home and self, the woman haunted by her own moral misery, the millionaire with the full treasury and the unhappy soul, the workman hunting for a job and for his rights—all the restless, the reckless, the discouraged, the morbid, the deprived, the depraved, the children of want, the victims of success, the

human products of what we, with unconscious irony, call civilization, belong to him. He will get his vision and his training from the common contacts of his life. Out from the experiences of some city's street, or some narrow cell, or some remote hillside, with the Spirit of God, the Hebrew prophets ranged the centuries. From the daily contacts of the common life Jesus demonstrated that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand. In the humblest parish wherein a man sees a world and ministers, not to the few or to the selected, but to all, there is the revelation of the kingdom of God, the kingdom that includes all life and transcends all horizons. To the Christian minister this preparation of his ideals is one with being schooled in the mind of his Master, the thinking as his Master thought.

But this preparation has to do with feeling as definitely as with vision. The true heart is as necessary as the right mind. The minister is deemed to be a sympathizer *ex officio*. Misfortune or injustice concerns him and a right attitude toward both is taken for granted. In him, it is assumed, is a fair deposit of Benjamin Kidd's Fund of Altruism, and he is expected to draw his check upon it for a substantial amount at a moment's notice. It is but fair to recognize the tendencies of human nature which even ministers may not wholly escape. The zest of the teacher who is constantly dealing with mental dullness is itself sometimes dulled, the physician becomes so accustomed to the sight of pain that it is not uncommon for him, at times, to need a reminder of its acuteness. There is a peril in helpless emotion. Where service seems futile, the nearest refuge is the expression of feeling in professional terms. From such dreary hypocrisy true men may be usually saved by the deep sense of the spiritual meanings of life and by a fair working theory of the brotherhood of man.

But for the wider social work the emotions must be trained. Sympathy must find its broader basis. In the sense of need must be included not only the epileptic boy, but the urgent father and, perhaps, the heartbroken mother at home. Pity for the child whose only playground is the street or the fire-escape must be taught to embrace the mother in her two-room home, the father in his twelve-hour-a-day toil, the neighbors upon whose narrow

privileges of light and air and privacy even the meager home encroaches. Emotion must be constrained to go beyond the individual and to burn with righteous anger at corporate wrong or to fashion weapons against social injustice. If the pulpit be the minister's throne of power, he must move away from it at times, and, disguised, if need be, as a man, move *incognito* among those to whom he deems it his function to preach. As he comes to know he will learn to feel.

Perhaps there is no greater need than the deepening of the conviction that the emotions—sympathy, indignation, pity—are not class feelings. They are human. It is not only injustice to the members of our own clan that should stir us. Sympathy with the unfortunate of our own cult ought not, and must not, exhaust our heart resources. Many a man fails to fulfill his mission because he accepts a call to be the pastor of a church instead of a commission to be a minister to a community. When this larger conception of his mission dominates him an inevitable tendency toward reality marks his work. He delights to find that his house is "by the side of the road" and he "becomes a friend to man." In official position a certain church claims him, but in fact the community owns him. He discovers a thousand ways, above ground, under ground, through the air, for extending to the people's life, in all its phases, the resources of an ever-broadening heart experience. Here are at once the opportunity and the discipline of the feelings for social work. Here again for the Christian minister is the simple rule of imitation, for when his Master "saw the multitudes" he "was moved with compassion."

Once more, the minister's preparation for social work must include, with his ideals and his feelings, his practice. Usually the minister is not an expert in modern methods of ministry. He has not been scientifically trained. In the main, outside of his own church, he is an individualist. He is his own committee—chairman, secretary, and, much of the time, treasurer, in one. He fails at times in the diagnosis. He is apt to treat symptoms rather than causes. His impulse is to relieve the victim rather than to remove the victimizer. This is not true of some ranges of his ministry. In the temperance reform he is commonly to be

found seeking, with an equal ardor, the recovery of the drunkard and the destruction of the saloon. But in prison reform, the protection of childhood, in the care and cure of the sick, in the abatement of poverty, in the removal of the curse of worklessness, in the administration of charity, in the development of the principles and practice of industrial righteousness, he has not always found the point of contact with other forces which would give to his own energy its greatest efficiency. This may be admitted despite facts which cannot be ignored. Throughout the centuries the world's largest asset of mercy has been the unrecorded social service of the ministry. In the program of the foreign missionary movement, of which, in the main, ministers are the engineers, a movement whose influence on conditions of life, individual and communal, is now gratefully recognized by diplomats and publicists throughout the world, social work has long been an imperative factor. The church in this homeland has much to learn from the social service spirit and methods of its own representatives in the foreign field. But that there is immediate and commanding need of a discipline in social work which will give to the ministry a larger share in the great coöperative movements of philanthropy, reform, and social betterment, has become a fact of consciousness.

It is this that interprets the organizations for social service which, in recent years, have been formed in the leading communions. By this is explained the welcome given to the establishment of the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which is now in a position to act in the name of over thirty denominations and seventeen millions of communicants, and whose program of principles has been accepted throughout the land as a just and comprehensive statement of the church's true attitude toward social and industrial questions. It is this that has created the beginnings of that noble literature which is springing, fresh and strong, out of the heart of the ministry of our time. Lecky says that "any impartial observer would describe the most distinctive virtue referred to in the New Testament as love, charity, or philanthropy," and that "the gospel is a proclamation of the universal brotherhood of man." The virility of the righteousness of the

Hebrew prophets is in the moral purposes of the church to-day. The ministry meets the new conditions of society with open mind and with unshaken courage. Social service is its birthright. It holds to its inheritance and eagerly seeks the best methods for its use. It asserts Benjamin Kidd's striking conclusion: "First—That the process of social development which has been taking place and which is still in progress in our Western civilization is not the product of the intellect, but that the motive force behind it has had its seat and origin in that fund of altruistic feeling with which our civilization has become equipped. Second—That this altruistic development and the deepening and softening of character which have accompanied it are the direct and peculiar product of the religious system on which our civilization is founded." In his social work the Christian minister again finds that he is but following the Master, who "went about doing good."

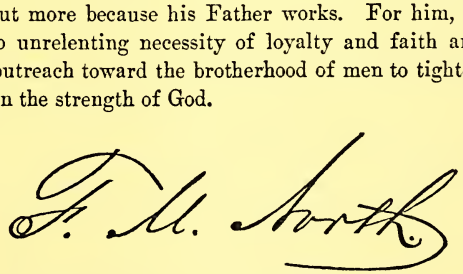
These methods in the local and general field are becoming daily more distinct. They will include the closer association of the ministry with the administration of charity and of the larger organized movements for social welfare. They will give the minister his natural place in the direction of Charity Organization Societies, Civic Federations, Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Child Labor Committees, and the like. He will bring to such organizations the enthusiasm of his own deep purpose and the practical experiences of his own first-hand touch with the people. He will himself learn the motive and measures of those who, through agencies but informally related to the church, are also seeking the "kingdom of God and his righteousness." Such intimate contacts with organized social work will make for breadth and efficiency and will tend to concentration against the entrenched evils of our social organization.

In an address recently delivered at a Ragged School Union meeting, Dr. F. B. Meyer, who is a radiant humorist, said: "I used to live in a little hut on the road between Jericho and Jerusalem so that I could help travelers who had been beset by thieves. But lately I have moved up into Jerusalem itself and I am hammering away at Caiaphas and Pilate to send a company of soldiers to root out the whole nest of robbers."

It was this new conception of duty which prompted Frederick Denison Maurice to change *his* residence to Jerusalem and quartered that delightful free lance of reform, Charles Kingsley, among the Chartists. The modern classic in all this matter is that heroic personality, Thomas Chalmers. Carlyle had watched him as he worked for the betterment of Glasgow and Edinburgh. Said he: "What a wonderful old man Chalmers is! or rather, he has all the buoyancy of youth. When so many of us are wringing our hands in hopeless despair over the vileness and wretchedness of the large towns, there goes the old man, shovel in hand, into the dirtiest puddles of the worst part of Edinburgh, cleans them out, and fills the sewers with living waters. It is a beautiful sight." Still there are shovels. There are multitudes in the ministry who count their hands neither too holy nor too dainty to handle them. But while they work, and by their working prepare themselves for better work, they hear Mrs. Browning's gentle words,

> What's the best thing in the world?
> Something out of it, I think.

Toward that "best thing in the world" which is "something out of it" the minister in all his preparation must steadily look. For him it must ever be more significant even than training. His methods may be unscientific, but his heart must never be cold. In a peculiar sense it is his privilege, in his pulpit and in his parish, to see that the precious fund of altruism is continually invested and reinvested, but more to see that it is constantly replenished from its high Spiritual Source. He works in part because his brother works, but more because his Father works. For him, at least, is there no unrelenting necessity of loyalty and faith and love with every outreach toward the brotherhood of men to tighten his own hold upon the strength of God.



Art. II.—LUTHER'S LECTURES ON SAINT PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

It would seem difficult to publish anything more surprising than the discovery of a very important document from the pen of Martin Luther. For centuries his life and work have been searched in every nook and corner to find evidence for or against his good name, on which the cause of Protestantism is supposed to depend. No other son of the German people has been loved and hated like the great reformer; and his name is still a power to sever and divide as well as to unite among men. The vivid colors in which the literary portraits of Luther have often been painted betray the compelling interest which his personality has always disengaged. It seems much easier to take sides for or against him than to study his mind and work impartially. And even the most dispassionate intellect will scarcely escape altogether the influence of his strong personality.

This peculiar power of Luther's influence to touch the mainsprings of human thought and action, to stir the emotions and move the will, is remarkably attested in the general thought of him long cherished either among orthodox Lutherans or among ardent Catholics. Evangelical Protestantism for a long time was inclined to picture him as virtually a model of holiness, an angel of light, a faultless exemplar of triumphant Christian faith. This portrait of an ideal, rather than a man, was overmatched in Catholic polemic, where he appeared to be a man of thoroughly reprobate mind, the subject of Satan, the willing agent of the Prince of Darkness, a perpetual warning to the children of men against rebellion toward God and his church.

But, while Protestant scholarship has in these later times been revising its conception of Luther, Catholic polemic seems content to go on simply reproducing, in whole or in part, the ancient caricature. The venom of many Catholic pens has flowed

[1] This Essay is based in part on an address delivered September 15, 1909, before the faculty and students of Boston University School of Theology, and a paper read in May, 1910, before the Harvard Biblical Club.

in a steady stream since the appearance of Cochlæus's life of Luther in 1549. This first Luther biography was conceived and written in hate, and is full of incrimination, calumny, trifling jest, etc. The fact that the work was conceived and written in the heat of deadly strife might well be urged in palliation of its vices. But it is matter of sincere regret that the general attitude and method of the book still prevail in Catholic circles. It obtrudes itself on the attention in the recent hateful book on Luther and Lutheranism (1904) by the highly gifted Pater Heinrich Denifle, and even more so in the recent outburst of calumny (one regrets the necessity for using the term) from the Vatican in the Borromæus Encyclical issued by Pius X. This document, issued May 26, 1910, contains language which, no matter what a man of culture and refinement thinks in his heart, cannot with propriety be published in the market places. As Harnack has said (Christliche Welt, No. 31), the author of the document has failed to show that respect and courtesy toward others which is universally recognized as binding in all the social and public relations of men, in the relation of State to State, of churches and people to one another. In view of the place and power of the Protestant nations in the affairs of the world to-day, in view of four centuries of Protestantism, with all its great achievement toward the material and spiritual advancement of mankind, it falls outside the bounds of propriety to speak thus slanderously of the nations which have accepted Protestantism, or characterize the pioneers of this order of things as "inimici crucis Christi . . . quorum Deus venter est," or brand them as "pests of heresy" and the "pestilence of vices." Harnack certainly uses very strong language when he pronounces the Encyclical a dagger-thrust (*attentat*) at good morals (*sitten*) and also at history; but the letter furnishes a handle to the criticism, if, indeed, it does not fully justify it.

In any case this and like happenings in our time demonstrate that Luther and his work, after four centuries of history, belong not to the buried past but to the living present. His cause is still a living issue, of tremendous import to the modern world; and challenges again and again the attention of every thinking

man. The discovery, therefore, of any document throwing light on any period of his career would command widespread attention; how much more so this commentary which mirrors back to us the *Baccalareus ad biblia* wrapped up in profound intensive study of Saint Paul's understanding of the gospel; reveals his mind in the formative stage of his thought and experience, and by its diagnosis of the state of the church and the church's need as well as by many other indications points plainly forward in the direction of the Protestant Reformation. And so we may say that one of the most important documents Luther ever wrote has, after lying for three centuries in obscurity, been brought to light and now at length has focused attention upon him anew. "Under every shell there was an animal, and behind every document there was a man" (Taine). So Luther's Lectures on Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans is proving an invaluable mine of information concerning its author in the crucial period of his life—the years preceding the posting of the ninety-five theses.

The discovery of Luther's Commentary on the Romans makes one of the unique chapters in the history of archæological research; and since it furnishes a striking illustration to the lay mind of the arduous highways and byways which the explorer or antiquarian often travels in making these interesting finds the story is worth telling in some detail.

The Augsburg Confession is considered the most important Protestant statement of faith drawn up at the Reformation. Nearly all Protestant creeds go back to it as their source. For example, our own Methodist Articles of Religion are taken from the Thirty-nine Articles, and they, for the most part, are derived from the Confession of Augsburg. In the year 1891 Professor Johann Ficker, of the University of Strassburg, published an essay on the Confutation of the Augsburg Confession, the outgrowth of several years of study. While so engaged the fact was brought to his attention that the exegetical writings of the Reformers had never been made the subject of systematic investigation. In particular, he noted that the edition of Melanchthon's works which was included in the *Corpus Reformatorum* lacked some of his most important exegetical writings. Now the rela-

tion of biblical study to the rise and growth of Protestantism made an inquiry into early Protestant exegesis seem eminently worth while, and in the course of his work Professor Ficker formed the plan to publish a series of the more important writings under the title: *Anfänge reformatorischer Bibelauslegung.*

To begin with, some of the most valuable writings from Melanchthon's pen were discovered and handed over to be included in the *Corpus Reformatorum.* While working up the *exegetica Melanchthoniana* an anonymous commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, which formed a part of the *Codex Gothanus,* was examined. This document (*Gothanus*) has unique values and qualities arising from distinction of contents and some special features. It contains certain references and direct citations from Luther. But its principal contents are, first, an anonymous commentary on the Epistle to Romans in handwriting. When the manuscripts were originally arranged for the binder this commentary was placed first in the collection—which may indicate a lost appreciation of its value. The second part is a printed copy of Melanchthon's *Loci Communes*—the classic doctrinal expression of early reformation ideas. The third part includes a brief doctrinal introduction to Romans, the germinal ideas of which are later expanded in the *Loci Communes.* It also contains Melanchthon's commentary on the Epistle, both in the same style of handwriting. This unique collection of manuscripts probably belonged at one time to John Hess, who was rector of the University at Wittenberg in the year 1521.

The question at once arises, who was the author of the anonymous document? For a long time it was supposed that Melanchthon was the author of both commentaries. That was the opinion of Bindseil, a great scholar. "Melanchthon's comments on the Epistle to the Romans (compare the anonymous manuscript) are like his comments which Luther published in 1522, only carelessly and loosely transcribed." But the great Kolde, after subjecting the documents to the method of the higher criticism, expressed a doubt. Marked differences of idea, style, method of treatment were plainly against the theory of a common authorship. Beyond this negative doubt, however, it never occurred to Kolde that

Luther might have written it. Instead, he suggested Amsdorf or Jonas as possible authors, and concludes with the remark that the whole question of its authorship called for special investigation (see his introduction to the *Loci*, 2d ed.).

Professor Ficker, having looked into the anonymous piece of exegesis, was struck quite as much as Kolde had been with its unique character, but was equally unable to divine its authorship. He had not been working long on early Protestant exegesis before he found it necessary to go to the Vatican library, whither all the lines of church historical inquiry ultimately lead, as the ancient highways all led to Rome. According to his own account, he found traces, during his two years (1887-1889) at Rome, of not a little valuable material. But not being allowed at that time to use the catalogue, the best things in the vast collection escaped his eye. A decade later one of his students, a Dr. Vopel, was in Rome for some time. Unrestricted use of the catalogues now being granted, the young scholar was requested to follow up the trail which had been struck ten years before. The inquiry at first centered in Melanchthon, and Vopel was able to report quite a list of his exegetical writings there on the shelves. He was at once advised that these documents gave promise of being very valuable, and was asked to send exact descriptions. This was done, but along with the descriptions Vopel also sent a complete copy of titles for all handwritings from the reformers indexed in the catalogue. The list, forty in all, contained a number of exegetical writings, and among them six (No. 1823-1828) from the pen of Luther!

Professor Ficker at once wrote for descriptions and excerpts from the Luther exegetica of the New Testament. These reached Strassburg in the early spring of 1899, and were at once objects of the liveliest interest. To quote Professor Ficker, *die Proben fesselten mich aufs äusserste.* Various possibilities opened up to his mind. He thought of the anonymous commentary, then of a recorded statement by Oldecop, one of Luther's pupils, to the effect that Luther had caused the Epistle to be printed for his lectures, etc. Shortly afterward, this John Oldecop's own printed copy of the Romans, published in 1515 at Wittenberg, and containing interlinear notes made from Luther's class lectures, was

found in the library at Stuttgart. Compared with the Gothanus it was found to agree *verbatim,* and both with the excerpts from the Vatican, proving the authenticity of the latter. The sought-for Luther exegetica had at last been found and identified.

But the most interesting, or perhaps it would be better to say the most amusing, part of the story begins right here. The title of the Vatican copy reads, "Commentarius D. M. Lutheri in Epistolam Pauli ad Romanos. Ex autographo descriptus. Codex Palat. Lat. n. 1826." This bit of information—copied from the original—furnished a valuable clue which might possibly lead to the discovery of the original.

What Professor Ficker thought of the value of these documents may be gathered from the fact that he, with his brother and pupil, went at it to make a pen copy of some of them. The Vatican copy makes text and commentary 488 pages of Latin in the recently published 8vo edition. It is a little larger than Sanday's Commentary in the Inter. Critical. While making this copy three different styles of handwriting in the Palatinus were noted, and comparison with other manuscripts there led to the conclusion that the Vatican copy from the original had been made in the bookshop of Aurifaber, a German.

There were, of course, abundant and cogent reasons for leaving no stone unturned to find the original. The secondary copies were all faulty, and the transcendent importance of the document made it imperative to secure the original.

Professor Ficker made a long and thorough search. He advertised widely, circularized every library and collection of books he knew of. "I may say," he tells us, "that I did everything possible to find it. I fairly ransacked all Europe to locate the original of Luther's early exegesis of the Romans." Printed inquiries were sent out by the hundreds, and these were published in a great many journals, etc. All that came of it, however, was the discovery of another student's notebook. From one library after another, the royal library at Berlin, *mirabile dictu,* included, came the report that no trace of it was to be found.

The great Weimar Commission, organized in 1833 and supported by State funds to edit and publish a complete and standard

edition of Luther's writings, had meantime appointed Professor Ficker to edit the new find. At the same time some curious things were taking place. In spite of its failure to turn up the original manuscript was receiving attention. And, still more strangely, some one started to edit it for publication in the Weimar Edition without laying the matter formally before the whole Commission, and that, too, in spite of Professor Ficker's official appointment to this task. Lastly some one had the presumption to ask Professor Ficker to turn over all his hard-earned materials for that purpose, keeping back, however, any intimation as to the whereabouts of the original manuscript. Before this had happened Professor Ficker had decided to wait no longer, and so was at work preparing the text for the Weimar Edition, using the Palatinate as a basis. At the same time the search for the original was continued.

Several years had passed away, when, happening to be in Berlin, Professor Ficker went over to the Royal Library and inquired again for *Exegetica Lutherana.* The event may best be described in his own words: "When I made this inquiry I had no idea nor expectation of getting anything; but, to my utter astonishment, I was told that the manuscript, whose existence had, in answer to my written inquiries, been specifically denied (and for a copy of which I had made three trips to Rome), was there in the Berlin Library, and, *mirabile dictu,* in a showcase!" "The document had, in fact, been for a long time in Berlin, lying in the showcase. Valentine Rose, one of the library authorities, had put it in the Catalogue of Manuscripts and had even expressed his surprise that Luther investigators had never made any use of it. How it happened that my written inquiries were all answered in the negative is beyond my comprehension." [Translated from Professor Ficker's letter to the author, dated September 5, 1909.]

Luther's copy of the Romans, annotated with his own hand, was originally the property of the Electors of Saxony, from whom it passed via Dresden to the royal library at Berlin, probably in the eighteenth century. It had been placed, at least in one instance, before the public at a Luther exhibition held in the

forties of the last century. There are a few scattered references to it in German writings. Wigand refers to it in the preface to one of his writings, 1587. He says: "I have had the original of Luther's Commentary on Romans in my own hands. I have examined it and wondered at it (*inspexi et miratus sum*)."

The original was bound in rich cover and embossed in gold. It bears on the front cover the coat of arms of Elector August of Saxony (1553-1586). Elector August was in many ways a very able and wise ruler, but in religion he was an extremely intolerant orthodox Lutheran. It was under his auspices that the famous "Formula Concordiæ," the creed of orthodox Lutheranism, was adopted. On the back cover the document is stamped with the coat of arms of Princess Anna of Saxony. The royal library at Dresden contains works similarly bound and embossed.

The value that was set upon Luther's exegesis of the apostle's great letter to the Romans by men of the sixteenth century is proven not only by the stately dress of the original, but even more plainly by the character of the copies made. In the Vatican copy of the text of the Epistle is written in *majusculæ*, the characteristic capital letters of manuscripts since the sixth century. It was obviously prepared with very great care, and, as already indicated, three different hands had a share in making the transcript: Aurifaber, the bookdealer, copied the text and the glossæ in black ink, some unknown scholar finished the glossæ in brown ink, while a third hand, also a scholar, transcribed the *scholia,* at first with weak ink, but, farther on, more distinctly.

For whom was this copy—*ex autographo descriptus*—made? A variety of plain indications point unmistakably to the library of Ulrich Fugger (1526-1584), the one recreant son of the greatest Catholic mercantile and banking house in the late Middle Ages. The Fuggers had boundless wealth, and gave loyal support to the Catholic Hapsburgs, likewise to the Curia and great ecclesiastics of their time. It was the Fuggers who bribed the votes that made Charles V emperor, spending considerably more than two million dollars (543,000 ducats) in that transaction. Elector Frederic, Luther's protector and patron, was the only man among them who did not have his price. It was the Fuggers who

advanced the money to Albrecht of Mayence to ease the conscience of the Curia for letting that ecclesiastic have two more benefices than the church law allowed. It was the Fuggers who directly managed a large part of the indulgence traffic for the ecclesiastics and the Curia. They were the adepts of high finance in their day and generation. Ulrich Fugger was a notable exception to the family traditions. After serving Pope Paul III at Rome he became a Protestant. It cost him the hatred of the other members of the family, but he remained steadfast in his allegiance. A man of liberal tastes and talents, keenly interested in the new learning, he used part of his princely fortune in collecting rare and valuable manuscripts. Few men of his time or any other time have combined in like degree keen antiquarian interest, marked liberal tastes, and excellent judgment of books or manuscripts with so vast wealth. The passion for collecting choice books and manuscripts characterized his age, and he was the prince of the fashion. His private library was without a rival. Among the special objects of his book taste and antiquarian interest Luther's writings found large place. He made special efforts to acquire the products of the great reformer's pen, and was very successful. Liberal to the last, he finally bequeathed his magnificent collection entire to the Elector of the Palatinate. And from the Elector it passed over to Heidelberg University, after Prague and Vienna the oldest German university. Thus Aurifaber's unique transcript of Luther's notes and lectures on the Epistle to the Romans found its way into the Heidelberg University library. Here it lay until some time after 1621, when it was smuggled off to Rome along with some other treasures (compare Jülicher in the Christliche Welt, No. 9, 1909).

So much for the history of the Vatican copy. The origin of the anonymous copy is unknown. Wigand's allusion to the original was noted by Seckendorf. But in some way he had formed the opinion, on what ground is unknown, that it was lost, and through him this view became traditional. Walch, an editor of Luther's works, simply repeats it; next in order Dieckhoff mentions it in Luthardt's Journal of Church Life and Thought, whence it passed on into the great Weimar Edition

(vol. iii, page 10). This seems to measure the information and to sum up the interest of Protestant scholarship in one of Luther's most significant writings before the researches of Kolde, and especially of Professor Ficker, brought it to light.

The circumstances under which the find was made are indeed so extraordinary and puzzling that one cannot find much fault with Denifle for doubting its genuineness. In his work already referred to he flatly refuses to credit the whole story, and adds: "The reader knows that I do not rate the men who are at work on the Weimar Edition any too high. But I am not going to indict them for such an unpardonable piece of slipshod work (as failing to find so important a document lying in a showcase and indexed in the Catalogue) until I see the edition for myself; not till then will I believe" (Luther und Luthertum, 307ff). I cannot resist the temptation to point out the obvious and curious parallel between the fortunes of Luther's Lectures on Romans and the history of the "Book of the Covenant," or Deuteronomy, according to the traditional view of it. The parallel is, of course, not exact or complete. But in one particular it is quite remarkable. In his admirable Introduction to the Old Testament Professor Cornill tells us (compare Einleitung s. 32) that the traditional view is impossible: "It is inconceivable [*undentbar*] that a book so significant should have vanished, leaving no trace behind, and that, too, in an age when the richest literary life prevailed in Israel." Of course, by "inconceivable" Cornill can only mean "contrary to all expectations." It would, indeed, be quite out of the ordinary for such a work as Deuteronomy to vanish and then turn up again. But the difficulty with all reasoning of that kind is the fact that the extraordinary, the unexpected, happens just often enough in the affairs of men to render all arguments based on what we should expect in a given case very dubious. The question here is not when was Deuteronomy written. The writer is not a specialist in that field. At the same time he holds the critical view as being the best. But he holds it in spite of some of the arguments for it. The question raised here concerns only the validity of an argument. And here it may be observed that the dogmatic sureness with which the

traditional views are denied and the critical views affirmed by many eminent writers is not compatible with sound historical reasoning. What could be more out of the ordinary, what could more violently set at naught our most trusted rules of expectation, than the events herein narrated? That a great "heretical" book, which one of the keenest antiquarians of the sixteenth century caused to be copied at great expense, which the Vatican authorities considered valuable enough to purloin, which the Rector of the University of Wittenberg prized very highly, and still more so the Elector of Saxony, that a book which reveals Luther in the formative period of his thought and to a large extent founds Protestant theology, should drop out of sight and pass virtually unnoticed for centuries, and then turn up in a showcase in a royal library, is about as contrary to all our expectations as anything the human mind is able to imagine; and yet it happened.

The original document makes 152 pages of printed text, written notes and comment. This material fills 588 8vo pages. Luther wrote a very fine hand, neat and accurate, nowhere slovenly.

The subject matter of the Lectures is divided into two main parts, the Glossæ and the Scholia. The former consists of suggestive words, pointed phrases, concise sentences written between the lines and along the margin, serving as memoranda for the lecturer. The state of the writing indicates that the interlinear notes were written first and the marginal reflections added afterward. The subject matter of the Scholia comes out of a much more thorough mental process. Here we have a final weaving together into a living connected whole of a large mass of fragmentary productions. The writing is done with the utmost care, and various devices—capital letters, red ink, underlining—are used to bring out the prominent things. In the second half of the Scholia, however, there is less finish, more ruggedness of expression. Form gives place to power. There is less attention to the weaving process as such; instead we note greater swiftness of conception. The thought movement, as Professor Ficker observes, becomes more like a cumulative storm, gathering up loose materials and carrying them along with the main currents.

This commentary, in fact, Luther's intensive study of Saint

Paul as a whole, stands, as is well known, in altogether unique relations to the formative processes of his mind. It was thought out and composed in the winter of 1515-1516; that is, about a year and a half before the alliance with public opinion was formed in posting the ninety-five theses. It furnishes us with an invaluable literary mirror to Luther's mind while he is working out, under Saint Paul's tuition, his new epoch-making understanding of the gospel. It is hard to say what aspect of the Lectures is most interesting and instructive. Whether we view it as a piece of exegesis or an achievement of scholarship, whether we regard it for its intense personal quality, approaching in spirit sometimes the Confessions of Augustine, for its searching diagnosis of ecclesiastical conditions, for its bold independence in criticizing intellectual and institutional authority, for its radical anti-scholastic and anti-speculative animus, for its fervent experimental and pragmatic treatment of doctrine, wherein the author is the true forerunner of Ritschlianism, for its reliance on Scripture and its Christocentric conception of the function of Scripture, for its lofty, almost prophetic consciousness of being divinely called and set apart to expound the Scriptures and make the Word of God the supreme practical force in life of his fellowmen—in whatever light we may view it, Luther's Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans is a remarkable work, and calls for a close study on the part of Protestant scholarship.

George Croft Cell

Art. III.—AN HOUR WITH KIPLING[1]

Up to the present the literary career of Rudyard Kipling may be divided roughly into three periods:

I. The period of rawness and immaturity. Born in Bombay, he began work as a reporter on The Lahore Civil and Military Gazette, the leading daily English newspaper of the Punjab, when he was but nineteen years of age. He was fresh from an English boarding school. Memories of the India he knew in childhood came in upon him like a flood. His mind went back

> To our dear dark foster-mothers,
> To the heathen speech they sung—
> To the heathen speech we babbled
> Ere we came to the white man's tongue.
> To the cool of our deep verandas—
> To the blaze of our jeweled main,
> To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
> And the firefly in the cane.

With sentiment and poetry all a-simmer in his brain, with daily experiences of an exciting sort, young, inexperienced, and a bit wild, Kipling was given his first journalistic assignment. It was the military page of the Gazette. This page was as dry as dust. Routine matters, such as promotions, leaves-of-absence, movements of troops from one military post to another and conventional notes of army matters filled its dreary columns day after day. It was insufferably dull and "icily regular," though not "splendidly null." Entirely reckless as to his continued employment on the force of reporters, Kipling began to pour into that page a very riot of witty, swinging doggerel, stinging satire, and clever caricature. He put "the big, brass generals" in a journalistic pillory. He raged at

> All the obese, unchallenged old things,
> That stifle and overlie us.

To get fresh matter for his military page he spent much time with private soldiers. He was young. He was untrained in literature or journalism. Some of his Barrack-Room Ballads

[1] An address, with readings, before the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, New York City.

and stories of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Llearoyd have real merit. Much prose and verse written in this period will live

> When the oldest colors have faded,
> And the youngest critic has died.

Men who have red blood in their veins will never let "Fuzzy-wuzzy" be forgotten, nor will "Tommy," nor "Gunga-Din," "Mandalay," "The 'Eathen," nor "Danny Deever" lose their power to amuse, entertain, and refresh "men in a world of men." But not a little written in this period of rawness is coarse in whole or in part and may well be passed over by the discriminating reader. In spite of these discounts, taking everything he has written, line for line and page for page, he is not as coarse as the mighty Shakespeare. Few of us who read this great master with ever-deepening appreciation care to use an unexpurgated edition.

The mingled audacity and genius of young Kipling won. Officers, privates—missionaries even—began to read the military page first, and in the heat, the isolation and the deadly sameness of scores of Indian cities men and women read and laughed and then subscribed for the Civil and Military Gazette. His one page was too small. They gave him two. They had discovered a genius, and were wiser than some—they knew it. They made him assistant editor.

II. The period beginning with his first consciousness of real literary power and extending until he left India, in the early nineties, as the assistant editor and the traveling correspondent of the Allahabad Pioneer.

There is little coarseness in the work of this portion of his career. His output in these years was tremendous. He held the glass up to both English and native life, and pictured both with startling distinctness. He found India an unworked mine. Literary material lay all about him. "Plain Tales from the Hills" belong to this period, as also "Wee Willie Winkie," "The Last Suttee," "The Ballad of East and West," "The English Flag" —a poem of sufficient merit to give literary immortality to its author though not another line came from the same pen. Also,

"Soldiers Three," "In the Matter of a Private," "William the Conqueror," "Tomlinson," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "The Bridge-Builders," and entire volumes known and read in all parts of the world. The writer was editor of the Indian Witness in Calcutta during a part of this second period of Mr. Kipling's career, and he read each day the verse, the stories, and the lucid and well-knit editorials which came from the virile and versatile pen of one whom the world at large scarcely knew, and who was then known in India chiefly as "R. K." It was apparent that a new star had arisen in the firmament of letters.

III. The period beginning with the world-tour of the early nineties, and not yet ended.

To this belong "Pharaoh and the Sergeant," "The Bell Buoy," "Mulholland's Contract," "The Derelict," "The Destroyers," and all of his African and Egyptian poems, together with "Captains Courageous," "The Naulakha," and "Kim," that searching and powerful treatment of native life in India, besides a total of several volumes that cannot be even named for lack of space.

Six master notes are heard through all his work:

1. Melody. There is a swing, a measured cadence to his prose that sets the sentences beating rhythmically upon the brain. But in his verse, whether doggerel thrown off in early youth to tickle the fancy of a roomful of "bloomin' Tommies" or stately and solemn poetry such as the "Hymn Before Action," "The Dirge of the Dead Sisters," or the "Recessional," there is a musical quality not found in the same degree in any other writer of English poetry. One close student of his poetry says that he can beat time to any poem Kipling has written. It has been said that he always improvises a tune before he writes the words of a poem. However this may be, melody sleeps in his lines, lures the reader on, soothes him, and beats like a ringing bell in his memory. Take the poem entitled "Sussex":

> God gave all men all earth to love,
> But, since our hearts are small,
> Ordained for each one spot should prove
> Beloved over all;

That, as he watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the pal-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's Trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

. . . . . .

Here leaps ashore the full sou'west
All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the folded crest
The Channel's leaden line;
And here the sea fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep bells and the ship bells ring
Along the hidden beach.

. . . . . .

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow clay.

In "The Ballad of East and West" the same quality is marked. It is a story of the border, where India touches Afghanistan and the lesser "buffer states" on her north and west frontier. A daring leader of highwaymen named Kamal stole the favorite riding mare of an English colonel commanding a native regiment called "The Guides." The colonel's son, a subaltern in the same regiment, mounts "a raw, rough dun" with "the head of a gallows tree," and after taking desperate chances brings back the mare, and—wonder of wonders!—by the free decision of the horse thief brings back his son to be a trooper of "The Guides":

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

O, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

From "The Wage-Slaves" a few stanzas will show not only the musical note struck in Kipling's verse, but the deep contempt felt by all right-thinking folk for the lazy, clock-watching hordes of time servers who try the very souls of employers and honest fellow workers:

Yet we, the bondslaves of our day,
Whom dirt and danger press—
Co-heirs of insolence, delay,
And leagued unfaithfulness—
Such is our need must seek indeed
And, having found, engage
The men who merely do the work
For which they draw the wage.

From forge and farm and mine and bench,
Deck, altar, outpost lone—
Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,
Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne—
Creation's cry goes up on high
From age to cheated age:
"Send us the men who do the work
For which they draw the wage."

Words cannot help nor wit achieve,
Nor e'en the all-gifted fool,
Too weak to enter, bide or leave
The lists he cannot rule.
Beneath the sun we count on none
Our evil to assuage,
Except the men that do the work
For which they draw the wage.

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain
Comes forth the vast Event—
The simple, sheer sufficing, sane
Result of labor spent—

They that have wrought the end unthought
Be nêither saint nor sage,
But only men who do the work
For which they draw the wage.

In his poem, "The Song of the Banjo," the one indispensable musical instrument of the British private, sentiment and melody mingle in lines which are set to music now and sung on all continents of the earth:

You couldn't pack a Broadwood[1] half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,
You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight
Explaining ten to one was always fair.
I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patiently Impossible and Vain—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump!*"
In the desert where the dung-fed camp smoke curled.
There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,
I—the war-drum of the White Man round the world!

Let the Organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavor that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?

With my "Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp!"
(Is it naught to you that hear and pass me by?)
But the word—the word is mine, when the order moves the line
And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die!

[1] A piano named from its manufacturer.

2. Humor. Smiles have their places in the affairs of living men and women. Laughter is as divine as tears. Normally constituted folk need to laugh. Under the sore stress and strain of life's daily burden the delicate strands of the mind will snap unless there is frequent release of the tension. Laughter lubricates the bearings of life. The clean humorist is indeed "a friend of man." Lincoln could never have borne his intolerable burden during the days when North and South were pallid from drawn blood if he had not been able to see the humor of life and bathe his overwrought soul in floods of laughter. It is a maxim on more than one mission field where workers live amid plague and cholera, and dust and blazing noons and steaming nights, and the deep depression born of a heathen and pagan atmosphere, that "he who cannot laugh cannot live." Kipling's sense of humor is keen and true. He makes us laugh. He makes us laugh to lameness of body; but our laughter is provoked by a humor that leaves no sting and no taint. It is humor that is inherent in situations and incident to the progress of events. It is never that most tiresome of all literary ventures—humor that goes about its business in a heavy-faced fashion, saying, "I am now going to be funny." It is humor of real thought-potency; the humor of real life.

Among his short stories, The Arrest of Captain Go-Lightly, Tod's Amendment, and The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney, will serve well as examples. Among his ballads, "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," "M. I.," "Gunga-Deen," and "Pharaoh and the Sergeant" fairly illustrate his gift of seeing and saying the things that make for smiles.

When British soldiers first encountered the forces of the murderous Khaleefa in the Soudan they were struck with two things about that strange, savage soldiery of the desert. First, their unshorn heads of kinky, yellowish-black hair. They are Nazarenes indeed. No shears clip their hair from infancy to age. Hence their heads look as large as half-bushel baskets. A British private soldier gave them the nickname of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." It caught the ears of those who heard it. It passed from lip to lip among privates, officers, and war correspondents, and stuck to the end of Lord Kitchener's campaign. Second, the

fierce, fanatical courage of these half-naked Mohammedan troops, lusting for death in a fight with "Christian dogs," a courage which hurled them in masses upon the British hollow square—their formation to withstand a hand-to-hand charge—and crumpled it like paper. In "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" Kipling sets a typical Cockney among the privates to telling us about this shock-headed desperado of the desert:

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha-porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin 'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an' 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a dear,
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y living thing that doesn't fear[1]
For a regiment of British Infantree!
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big, black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

In the early eighties England attempted to buffet the rising tide of fanatical Moslem power as it broke its bloody way into Southern Egypt, because it was a menace to her highway to the

[1] Slightly expurgated!

Indian empire. It threatened to sweep over Egypt. With the land of the Pharaohs held by these hordes of haters of every Christian nation, the Suez Canal and the Red Sea would no longer serve as safe sea lanes for English ships bound to the Far East. Gordon's disastrous expedition taught British statesmen that white troops could not endure the heat, the bad water, the sand storms and scant rations which any force would meet who would face and defeat the Soudanese troops in their own deserts. With true British pluck and patience they then set out to make an army out of the stupid, plodding fellaheen—the peasants of the Nile valley —almost as dull as the mud of the valley from which they wrung a scanty living. They brought a few hundred sergeants from India, Aden, Hong Kong, Melbourne, and Aldershot, and gave them ten years to make a fighting machine out of the poor material at hand. When the time was up these natives of Pharaoh's country were led down the valley by these same bronzed sergeants, and launched against the hordes of the Khaleefa, with such success that that fierce butcher was killed and his forces scattered as chaff. When the walls of Gordon College were peacefully rising upon the very spot where this erratic soldier-saint was murdered, a public-spirited citizen sought to have a special medal struck, and honorariums given to the sergeants whose patient and faithful service in the heat and utter loneliness of Egypt had made that conquering army out of next to nothing. The proposition was opposed by the class whom Mr. Labouchere delighted to call "Little Englanders." They urged that these sergeants were very insignificant persons; that they had only done their duty; that they had received their regular wages all the time; that, therefore, more pay and the expenses of the medals could not properly be charged against the army budget, and, finally, that Egypt—the Egypt which had been saved by these same sergeants—could not in any case be asked to bear any share in such a needless enterprise. Then was stirred the righteous wrath of this man Kipling. He knew the British soldier. He saw the shallow, provincial pettiness of these arguments against special honor for brave men who had averted an imperial calamity and rescued millions of unoffending people in Egypt from the welter of bloodshed and

misrule which would have followed British defeat. He wrote "Pharaoh and the Sergeant," and as the public read it the tide of popular opinion rose and swelled until suitable recognition was given these sergeants. In the poem one sees the humor of Kipling at its best. He laughed his opponents out of court.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you
  That will stand upon his feet and play the game,
That will Maxim his oppressors as a Christian ought to do."
  And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.
It was not a Duke nor Earl, nor yet a *Vis*count—
  It was not a big brass General that came;
But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a bit,
  With his bedding labeled Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Though at present singing small
  You shall hum a proper tune before it ends."
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
  And left 'em in the desert making friends.
It[1] was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral;
  It was not a public house of common fame;
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
  And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles before,
  When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you something more,
  He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptics;
  It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),
  And Pharaoh harked to Sergeant Whatisname.

. . . . . .

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),
  There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was cholera and thirst,
  But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.
Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
  Like the Israelites from bondage, so he came
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land of his desire—
  And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatisname!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily bread,
  Which we have to buy from those that hate us most,
And we must not raise the money where the Sergeant raised the dead,
  And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast.

[1] The drill ground of the sergeants.

But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he made a mummy fight,
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Color-Sergeant, and Instructor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same.

When he wants to intimate that he was guilty of some literary plagiarism on occasion, as nearly all dabblers in ink have been from Homer to the latest spring poet, he does not cast his confession in a conventional mold, but puts it thus:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require
'E went and took—the same as me!

The market girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds an' the sailors too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!

In "The Files" he chills the hot enthusiasm of eager youth by reminding them, sardonically, that there is nothing new under the sun, neither is there a new way to champion a reform or exploit a venerable idea.

Files—
The Files—
Office Files!
Oblige me by referring to the files.
Every question man can raise,
Every phrase of every phase
Of that question is on record in the files—
(Threshed out threadbare—fought and finished in the files).
. . . . . .
Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,
It will interest them to hunt among the files,
Where unvisited, a-cold,
Lie the crowded years of old

In that Kensal-Green of greatness called the files
(In our newspaPere-la-Chaise the office files),
Where the dead men lay them down,
Meekly sure of long renown,
And above them, sere and swift,
Packs the daily deepening drift
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—
The obliterating, automatic files.

. . . . . .

When your Imp of Blind Desire
Bids you set the Thames afire,
You'll remember men have done so—in the files
You'll have seen those flames transpire—in the files
(More than once that flood has run so—in the files).

. . . . . .

You've a better chance to guess
At the meaning of Success
(Which is Greatness—*vide* press)
When you've seen it in perspective in the files.

3. Reality. Kipling writes of the world as it is. He describes real people who are busy about real tasks. The speaker or writer who covets added power in speech or line must not overlook this man's work, for he has discovered the truth that Joseph Parker emphasized when he said to the students in Mr. Spurgeon's school for young ministers: "Young gentlemen, this is an age of reality. Men are tired of the artificial, the vague, and the unreal. If you are to so preach that people will hear you with pleasure and profit, deal with realities. Remember that the eloquence of mere words has no power in this generation. Public speech in this age must deal with the real interests of real people. The eloquence that dimples in the sunlight, and wimples in the moonlight, and plashes its silver waves into golden foam upon the amber sand—and otherwise makes a fool of itself—has gone back into the everlasting nothingness out of which it came." Kipling's literary creed may be found in the last two lines of the last stanza of "L'Envoi":

But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are.

4. Great imaginative range. This man was endowed with a very Benjamin's portion of the power to see the unseen. His

imagination is daring. It is almost uncanny. It gives him the power to see life, true and whole, from the standpoint of others. In "McAndrew's Hymn" he does not seem to be writing about a grizzled Scotch chief engineer on an ocean liner. He is the engineer. He has the engineer's technical language at instant command, and his imaginative power creates for him the theological speculations, the passionate longings, and the hot scorn felt by this veteran of a hundred voyages for the shallowness of passengers who will not see the wonders all about them.

Romance! Those first-class passengers like it very well
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double bass, the feed pump sobs an' heaves,
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clanging chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate of speed,
Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While out o' touch o' vanity the sweatin' thrust-block says:
"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"
Now a' together hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
Mill, forge an' trypit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gien them with the blows.
O for a man to weld it, then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!

In word-pictures and striking metaphors Kipling's pages are rich. Only Browning and Shelley rank with him in the prodigality and splendor of their imaginative creations. His "White Horses" has no equal in its power to depict the sea in all its moods. In "The Derelict," "The Destroyers," and scores of other short poems, this regal gift of vision lays its spell and charm upon the

reader. In "Deep Sea Cables" this power to picture what eye hath not seen is well illustrated:

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar—
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are.
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,
Or the great gray level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of the earth—
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat—
Warning, sorrow, and gain, salutation and mirth—
For a power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father Time;
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,
And a new Word runs between: whispering, "Let us be one!"

5. Cosmopolitanism. Here Rudyard Kipling alone is master. Here he is both prophet and interpreter. All his life was a school to fit him for this dignity. He was born in the second seaport city of the Indian empire. He was proud of the fact. He feels that he is one of the native born in the larger England of the colonies:

Our fathers held by purchase,
But we by right of birth.

. . . . .

So thank I God my birth
Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth,
Or warring tribes untried—
But that she lent me worth
And gave me right to pride.

Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say:
"Of no mean city I!"

At his father's table he heard guests discussing the desire of Russia for control of India, the future of the Dutch oligarchies (miscalled republics) in South Africa, the problems of British control in Egypt, and all of the vital interests of the nations as

these are seen from the vantage point of the ends of the earth. At school he was with boys whose parents were scattered all over the earth—generals, magistrates, diplomats, engineers, teachers, bearing their share of "the white man's burden" in the control of tropical and subtropical races. The formative years of his public life were spent in discussing world-problems from a colonial standpoint. He came to see the world whole. He came to be intellectually as much at home in Australia and Canada as in India or Vermont. Of all living men of letters he alone sees and interprets correctly the fascinating phenomena of that outgoing movement of the Anglo-Saxons which has brought peace and sanitation and education and economic prosperity to more than one half of the human race within the last century. He is free from the blight of the township mind. He well asks,

> What do they know of England
> Who only England know?

Out of bitterness born of vain attempts to broaden the vision of provincial Englishmen he says,

> For they think their Empire still
> Is the Strand and Holborn Hill.

With the same deft and sure touch he writes of engineers in seagoing ships, herders in Australian ranch huts, generals leading campaigns against enemies of all colors and races, and of Cecil Rhodes dreaming empire for the white races in Africa. His poem "The Burial" has world-statesmanship as well as lofty sentiment in every stanza:

> Dreamer devout, by vision led
> Beyond our guess or reach,
> The travail of his spirit bred
> Cities in place of speech.
> So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
> So brief the term allowed—
> Nations, not words, he linked to prove
> His faith before the crowd.
>
> It is his will that he look forth
> Across the world he won—
> The granite of the Ancient North—
> Great spaces washed with sun.

There shall he patient take his seat
(As when the Death he dared),
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined empires draw
To council 'neath his skies,
The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and, dead,
His soul shall be her soul.

Browning and Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier were literary men with almost exclusively national horizon. Browning added Italy to England in residence and in thought-product. But Kipling—not yet having attempted long poetical flights such as "In Memoriam" or that glory of English poetry, "The Ring and the Book"—is a giant in world-mastery beside them. Many of those who criticize him most severely convict themselves. It takes wide and exact knowledge of policies, politics, wars, and legislation in all parts of the world to read Kipling to profit. He assumes large knowledge on the part of his readers. To follow him in his statements, themes, and allusions not only taxes the knowledge of those who are best informed but keeps one in company with those

"... who fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world."

6. The preaching note. He is a preacher of democracy, of "the square deal," and of the eternal sanctities of domestic purity and national honor. What are such poems as "Tommy" but denunciations of the artificial, inhuman, and un-Christian treatment which had been meted out to the private soldier by the nation whose vast possessions had been bought in blood and agony by these men? No dozen chaplains of the British army ever accomplished so much for the betterment of the soldiers' lot as Mr. Kipling has wrought out by his advocacy of their cause. His "Plain Tales from the Hills" were indeed very plain. They were terribly plain. The Indian imperial government has its summer

capital in "the Hills of Simla." The Bengal province has made similar provision to escape the heat at Darjeeling. The Northwest province has its summer capital at Nynee Tal, where the writer spent four years as pastor of our English-speaking church and Acting Chaplain of British troops. Social sins at these hill stations had become altogether too common. Gambling, desperate flirtation, drinking, and the breaking up of homes went on almost without rebuke. Then came these "Plain Tales." They sketched the worst offenders to the life. They showed the naked ugliness of what was happening season after season. This was done with no avowed purpose to rebuke what was revealed. But revelation was rebuke. Light had its old effect upon darkness. Bishop Fowler once said that to throw a clear beam of sunshine into a rathole "spoiled that particular hole for rat purposes." The moral effect of these stories has been great, and it has been altogether good. Kipling is a preacher of the doctrine of the Word that man, as such, is infinitely worthy of the best thought of his fellow men. He affirms, with Burns,

> For a' that, and a' that, and a' that,
> A man's a man for a' that.

His version of it may be seen in his satire of the would-be-great—"the big brass generals"—and others who pose and strut on the stage of life, and in his appreciation of the worth of the common man. He is a preacher of the strenuous life. In "England's Answer" he gives all men his plea for honest and tireless work:

> Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
> After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
> Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
> Balking the end half won for an instant dole of praise.
> Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen—
> Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men.

At the time of the Queen's Jubilee he, and not the poet laureate of the realm, wrote the one worthy and enduring hymn. In the "Recessional" he is preaching to the nation, and through his own nation to the people and rulers of all. And what a sermon it is! What good it has done! Millions upon millions have read

it, sung it, and with every repetition this great hymn summons kings and presidents and senators and the vast body of citizens in all lands to purity of life, honesty of endeavor, repentance for sin, and utter dependence upon the "Lord God of Hosts" for guidance and for true greatness.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

. . . . . .

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Homer A. Stuntz

Art. IV.—PSYCHOLOGY AND SALVATION

Truths are social beings. They are like the inhabitants of an old New England village; everybody is akin to everybody else. Metchnikoff in Europe discovers a new truth about the white corpuscles; it affects Worcester, Mass., for a shelfful of books from our library must be sent to the secondhand man. Chemistry touches architecture: a monk in the Rhine valley invents gunpowder, and all city walls and Feste Burgs become antiquities. Theology alters the landscape: Brother Martin nails his theses to the church door, hence we have American towns with public schools instead of cathedrals. The correlation of physical forces is well known; an earthquake in San Francisco sends a shiver through Boötes. Even so with truth forces.

Has science altered our conception of God? Our notion of God has no less dominated our scientific method. In fact, the idea of God advances at the front of all progress. Erasmus and Luther preceded Kant and Leibnitz; Farel, Voltaire; Wicklyffe, Hume; and Wesley, Huxley and Tyndall. It is more than a sequence; it is a consequence. Authority, magic, and superstition had to be overthrown in the church before they could be ousted from the school. Protestantism succeeded to Romanism; then astronomy displaced astrology; chemistry, alchemy; and physics, miracle.

In turn science leans back and lends a hand to theology. Truths love one another and coöperate. Geology reinterprets Genesis; chemistry readjusts the miracles; the laws of literary and historical criticism remake our notion of Moses and Jesus.

The Joseph among the sons of science is psychology; young yet, and dreaming dreams, but sealed with the sign of the scepter. All the brethren have bowed down to it. Education has been radically altered: they who teach the mind must know the laws of the mind. Medicine is shivered to its base; the physician ignorant of psychology must doctor horses; he can no longer

treat bodies which are the secretion of soul. The other day I even saw an advertisement of one who advertised to teach advertising—on psychological principles! So the commercial traveler and the drygoods clerk have to do with the university.

Psychology's most interesting contribution is to theology.

Psychology is the science of the whole personality rather than of the mind alone. It refuses to regard man as divided up into "watertight compartments"; and declines to confine itself to the mind, and to let physiology alone with the body, and theology alone with the soul. All "middle walls of partition" have been broken down, and the new science marches at will throughout the whole room of being. It enters the Holy of Holies and weighs the hand of God and measures the tail of the devil.

Upon one teaching of Jesus psychology throws a new and powerful spotlight; upon regeneration. Jesus said: "Ye must be born again. Repentance is not enough; resolution will not do; change of environment, even to heaven, leaves the trouble untouched; good actions and right opinions are inadequate. These all heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, crying Peace, peace, when there is no peace. Ye must be converted, and become as little children, or ye cannot see the kingdom."

Jesus spake with authority; psychology, knowing no authority, proceeding from fact to fact, comes to the same conclusion.

For many centuries men have tried the saying of Jesus, approaching it with what poor mental contents they had. His theory has worked. Humanity does things for years before it understands them. In ages of miracle and credulity folk conceived the new birth a miraculous and divinely magic affair. In days of dogmatism regeneration was presumed to crawl from the convolutions of a syllogism. In the era of Bibliolatry Scripture texts, properly taken, were supposed to produce the required symptoms. In these times, when we read the Bible with sane eyes in search of spiritual laws, and when illusion, superstition and the supernatural have been dissolved by the invasion of the spirit of law and reason, we are discovering that the Master was merely stat-

ing a law of human nature; to wit, that salvation, being a change in character, is an alteration of the substance of our subconscious self, and not of our conscious volition.

The conscious self is that part of us which is under control of the will, operates by the reason, and is withal intelligent. This is easily changed. By an exertion of the will we can determine our acts and words; by evidence we guide reason into new channels; by new circumstances we can get new emotions; and by seeing new facts we remake our intelligence. Yet we can do all this and leave the greater part of ourselves unaffected.

The subconscious self lies beneath will, reason, and intelligence. As an iceberg floats with seven eighths of its mass submerged, so we move through our experiences with but a fraction of self consciously visible.

The major portion of our volition is controlled by the subconsciouness. We walk, write, sew, play the piano, and the like, for the most part as unconsciously as we breathe and digest. Trying to speak a foreign tongue we do it consciously, and cumbrously pick and choose our words, but our mother tongue rolls up from our subliminal self and we rattle on with the tongue while the mind is elsewhere.

The desires all spring from the subvolitional self. We say we "control" our desires; and the very word we use implies that the will is something outside of them, coming later than they, merely directing and managing what it is powerless to originate. We hunger, are sleepy, feel resentment, love this and hate that, and all the poor will and reason can do is to try to order or suppress or encourage those various wild and lawless beasts from the deep woods of our inner and unknown self. The girl's rhyme was profoundly, psychologically true:

> I do not love you, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and know full well:
> I do not love you, Dr. Fell.

Again, the main body of our mental content lies in the subconsciousness. All the knowledge we have learned by study, all

the items accumulated by experience, are stored here in our memory, we say. We are not conscious of them all the time; we carry them in the cellars and magazines of the under-self, and bring them out to use upon occasion.

Thus we see that seven eighths of our iceberg—the most of our volition, desire and knowledge—is submerged. We have no direct command over it.

Hence, despair of reform. Why make a good resolution, why change my will, when the vast mass of my self is untouched and flows on to-morrow as it is to-day? Why should the drunkard sign the pledge when his whole body and soul is impregnated with a desire that works independently of his will? What's the good of a resolve to be good when I am bad in all my spontaneous wants, and will continue the same? Any change for the better which is limited to mere conscious will and reason is as a house built upon the sand. At the first freshet from the mountain streams of the inward self the house falls.

Plainly, to change one's character it is necessary to change, not the conscious, but the subliminal self. Something must percolate inward to affect my submerged seven eighths. I can do good, and say good, and believe the good, all in a minute: it is like washing the hands; but to *be* good there must be some sort of rearrangement of the intimate molecules of the soul. So religionists have called it a miracle, and skeptics a delusion, and scientists (up till now, when the psychologist has appeared) an impossibility.

Now we have discovered that this radical change of the subliminal self is a simple thing, and takes place under natural law. With being saved, in the sense of going to heaven, science has nothing to do—it is properly "lunar politics" to the pragmatic mind; but being saved, in the sense of absolutely changing one's character, modern science shows is rational and possible.

There are two agents by means of which the subconsciousness can be remade: love and practice.

Love changes the desires; that is, the automatic emotions of one's being. Practice changes the function and motions of one's nonconscious self.

Love metamorphoses the desires. Let us reflect upon the tremendous significance of desires.

We have noted the fact that the will, while it can vary their course, suppress or promote them, yet cannot affect directly their fountain and source. Fight them, drill them as we will, they steam up ever, as miasms from a hidden bog. Even to control and regulate them is a most difficult task.

They are utterly irrational; senseless, dumb, and brutish things, having no sane regard for cause and effect. We want to be honored, but not to have the real worth that deserves honor; to have a reputation for learning, but not to study; to be called wise and good, but not at all to be wise and good; to be a celebrated violinist, but not to practice; to have and spend money, but not to earn it. It is not to be truthful we wish, but to be trusted as if we were truthful. We want to violate the laws of health, and then we want freedom from pain.

Our wickedness comes mainly from this hidden well of desire. Our desires are thieves; we want another's money, house, farm, hat, fame, or beauty. If all the under-souls in a congregation should suddenly become vocal, what a pandemonium of devil cries should we hear! If we acted out our inmost cravings, as little children who have not yet learned respectability and control, what tearings, bitings, slappings, struttings, and contentions would ensue!

In this under-world of the mind lie lust, envy, jealousy, pride, meanness, resentment, and the like—a wretched crew. "There is something in every man's heart," said Goethe, "which, if we knew, would make us hate him."

From hence comes our sorrow, the tragedy and pessimism of life. The moment we get an ideal, a vision of goodness and righteousness, we get trouble. The beasts are calm because no angel in them is offended at the upwelling instincts. They tear and murder one another as sweetly as they fawn and sleep. But in man's soul is that thing Paul calls "the law." It is the vision of goodness that comes to outlaw the desires. "I had not known sin," says Paul, "had not the law come; but now I behold one law in my mind and another rebellious law in my members.

Wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

This is the "hell of the mind" of which the poets speak. "Myself am hell," cries Milton's Lucifer. And Omar:

> I sent my soul throughout the invisible,
> Some secret of the after life to spell;
> But by and by my soul returned to me
> And whispered: I myself am heaven and hell—
> Heaven but the image of the soul's desire,
> And hell the vision of a soul on fire.

Here, in the under-mind, is the home of unrest. Here grows ennui. Here is boredom. It is this self we hate. It is this that makes us do the thing we regret straightway, the unkind word, the hasty retort, the petty meanness.

This has been known from ancient times—that it is the sub-self whence comes sorrow. Buddha grappled with the problem; and his "perfect wisdom" was nothing but that one should root out all desire, for from desire alone comes woe. Mediæval Christianity, in its monasticism, was a recrudescence of Buddhism. But after ages of trial humanity has found that the desires cannot be extirpated. The cloistered monk, the anchorite and hermit, found nothing but delirium. Buddhism floats to-day as a tinted exhalation above a fetid mass of disordered lusts.

Now the psychologist tells us that desires instead of being inherently bad are the steam of the human steam engine. No desires—no force. What we want, therefore, is not to beat them down or pluck them up, but to change their nature and cause them to rise harmonious to our notion of goodness and virtue.

That force which can do just this is—love.

Love, entering the soul, kills nothing; energizes and transforms everything. The gambler and profligate falling in love with the right woman drops his vices. He does not want to swear and speak vulgarity and drink whisky. A king passion has usurped the throne in him, and all other passions hasten to obey. The drunkard "gets religion" at a revival meeting, and realizes

that his appetite has left him: he has gotten a great passion, and if he would only keep it would have no fierce temptation.

Religion, in its dynamic form, is simply falling in love with God. It is passion, pure and simple. Religion without passion is impotent, a mere cult of respectability, utterly powerless to reach the subconsciousness. Those who have never burned with the love of God are only one eighth saved. All the submerged self underlies their conscious words and deeds, a damp mass of damnation.

The language of the Bible is luminous on this point. "Purge me with hyssop," cries David, "and I shall be clean"; he does not ask for power to "control" himself. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." Jesus's method is: "Abide in me and I in you. . . . If ye love me, keep my commandments." The apostles exhort us: "Keep yourselves in the love of God." When this love ray darts through us, "old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new." The "old man" is dead. And Paul prays that the Ephesians may "know the love of God, which passeth understanding [notice—goes beneath and beyond any conscious intelligence, into the subself], and be filled with all the fullness of God."

But though love can change the desires immediately it cannot make what we call character. It can only begin to make it. The work is carried on and completed by practice.

This thing we call character comes slowly. It is the transformation of the submerged part of the spirit caused by passing over it, in the consciousness, the flood of activities and experiences.

A man is never saved, in the sense of a change of character, until his subconsciousness automatically works righteousness. Though the will and conscious mind cannot directly change our under-self, yet they affect it indirectly. We cannot control character by volition, yet character is the net result of all our volitions. Character is the stain left on the soul's hands after the day's handling of deed and word and feeling. It is the sediment deposited on the river bottom after the month's stream of thought and passion. It is the residuum of habit precipitated from a year's life. It is the crook in the back from carrying the hod, the

"expression" of the face from long petulance or resolute cheerfulness, the "look" of the eye trained by the passage of myriad noble or ignoble meanings.

Instead of being an eternal drag of weakness, the subconscious self may become a reservoir of power. Action is never free and strong until it is from the unconscious self. We speak of trying hard yet failing. We always fail when we try hard. We never do anything well except what we do easily, as if mechanically. No one cares to hear a person try to play the piano; the very word "play" implies ease, freedom.

What we call mastery is simply the use of an art which by long practice has silted down into the automatic self, descended, as it were, from the brain to the spinal cord. At first we try hard to speak German, and it is poor speech enough; but by and by we master it and talk well and idiomatically because the words "just come." A minister who has said the Lord's Prayer during twenty years will forget it probably if he "tries to think" of it.

Self-consciousness is death. It fetters the hand and lames the tongue. And it is exactly as destructive to goodness. We are never good until we have ceased to try. Righteousness is harsh and sour when it is an effort; it is sweet and fragrant when it is a settled habit. We learn to be good as we learn to perform on the violin—only by long practice, sustained by continuous enthusiasm.

The knowledge of the psychology of the personality, therefore, drives us back to the spiritualities. It demonstrates that mere morality is worse than irreligion; it is absolutely unscientific. The subself can never be "saved" except by the entrance of a supreme and abiding passion: a truth that has never been utterly lost in the church; for it perpetually reappeared in the various Pietistic movements, often with strained and fanciful accompaniment, but still true at its core. The instinct of men has been better than their theology.

The legend of the Holy Grail evidences how deeply mediæval mankind realized the want of a dominant, exalting vision and love. The same thing glows in the art of Fra Angelico and in the ecstatic experiences of Saint Francis of Assisi, breaks out again in the

German mystics, Tauler and the "Friends of God," in Wesleyanism, and the Salvation Army.

"When God has a point to carry with the race he plants his arguments in the instincts," said Emerson. This eternal hunger of the soul for a divine passion has persisted under what dead mass of form and ritual, over what stony ways of creed, in spite of what scourge of authority, against what brilliant reasonings, sneers, and subtleties of French encyclopedists and English philosophers and German rationalists, overloaded with what sodden weight of churchly respectability and indifferentism!

It has remained for modern science to verify this imperishable instinct.

You cannot begin character without love—"Ye must be born from above."

And you cannot perfect character without practice—"He that heareth these sayings of mine, *and doeth them,* founds his house upon a rock."

Frank Crane

Art. V.—WHITEFIELD'S DIVINE GIFT

Undoubtedly, beyond any other man of his century, George Whitefield possessed what Thomas Bailey Aldrich beautifully styles the "glorious gift of speaking golden words with a golden tongue." It seems to have been the almost universal judgment of his contemporaries that he was a marvelously eloquent speaker; even as Chrysostom was—of whom the people were wont to say, "Better that the sun should cease to shine than that our Chrysostom's mouth should be stopped"; occupying a position of preeminence as a pulpit orator; as unapproachable in that domain as Raphael in art or Shakespeare in literature. It must be evident that Whitefield's claim to distinction does not rest upon his scholarship, for he was almost an uneducated man. True, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1732, the year after Samuel Johnson had left it, but that signifies little. Sir James Stephen thinks that in polite literature, in physical and moral science, Whitefield never advanced much beyond the standard of the grammar school of Saint Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, his native city. During his life he read very little, and such books as he did read were mostly commentaries or aids to devotion. He was not a theologian in any sense, even though, like a valiant knight, he did enter the lists as a controversialist. Augustine Birrell is at pains to say that John Wesley was not a theologian like Athanasius, but Wesley was a master of theological statement in comparison with Whitefield. It is upon his matchless oratory alone that Whitefield's fame rests.

Concerning this man's eloquence superlatives only are used by his biographers and other writers, and with seemingly good reason, for the most extraordinary statements were made by those who heard him. Hume, who, as a diversion from writing history, went to the Tabernacle, London, said that Whitefield was the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard, and that it was, indeed, worth going twenty miles to listen to him. He then repeated this striking passage, which occurred toward the close of a sermon which had peculiarly impressed him: "After a solemn pause, Mr.

Whitefield thus addressed the audience: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel! Stop, Gabriel! Stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' He then, in the most simple but energetic language, described what he called a Saviour's dying love to sinful man, so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears." And then Hume added, "This address was accompanied by such animated yet natural action that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher." Gillies, Whitefield's earliest biographer, who gives this testimony and other such, declares that they are "set down not for their weight but for their singularity"; but Hume's testimony must be given weight. He certainly never spoke such generous words of his preacher-friends—Laurence Sterne and Dean Swift. Benjamin Franklin, who was Whitefield's first publisher in America, and who, when Whitefield on his second visit to America wrote from Boston asking him to secure lodgings for him in Philadelphia, bade him welcome to his own house, was puzzled to understand how it was that Whitefield met with such favor and success wherever he went in America. Yet he speaks enthusiastically of the "matchless delivery" of his sermons, and bears witness in a most interesting manner to his pulpit effectiveness. The incident is an old one, but it is worth repeating: "I happened," says Franklin, "in a meeting in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish—gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in

Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Toward the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.' " Evidently the only course of safety for such as did not wish to yield to his persuasive powers was to keep out of the range of his witching tongue, for when he preached he was, as Franklin and many another discovered, irresistible.

Samuel Johnson thought little of Whitefield's oratory, but conceded his popularity, and attempts to explain it after this manner: "It is chiefly owing," he drawls in his ponderous fashion and as if speaking the final word on the subject, "to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree." On another occasion he returns to the subject: "Whitefield never drew as much attention as a mountebank does; he did not draw attention by doing better than others, but by doing what was strange. Were Astley (a circus rider) to preach a sermon standing upon his head on horseback he would collect a multitude to hear him, but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that. I never treated Whitefield's ministry with contempt; I believe he did good. He had devoted himself to the lower classes of mankind and among them he was of use, but when familiarity and noise claim the praise due to knowledge, art, and elegance, we must put down such pretensions." Johnson seems to have felt that he was set for the defense of conservative regularity and of Fleet Street culture, and there unquestionably was something of novelty in Whitefield's appearance and methods, and many people may have been drawn by curiosity to see a Church of England minister in gown and cassock praying extemporaneously and preaching in the market-place or out in the fields. But it was not curiosity which brought them a second time. Johnson's explanation is not satisfactory.

He was a better judge of tea and table talk than of preaching. I doubt if Johnson ever even heard him preach. He and his literary friends, with the exception of Garrick, were too busy in other ways to pay much heed to the "mad preacher of the Tabernacle." They gossiped about him as they did about everything. Men of letters, like Pope and Horace Walpole, derided him. Warburton, after reading his Journal, declared that he was mad as ever the Quaker George Fox was. There was ecclesiastical opposition in abundance. "Fanatic" and "hypocrite" were favorite titles applied to him. Hogarth caricatured him. In 1760 he became the subject of scoffing mimicry on a London stage, Foote, a well-known actor, presenting a farce called the "Minor," in which he introduced a capital imitation of Whitefield's person and manner of speech. But none of these understood him, and how could they put a right value upon his divine powers? There were those, however, who did know him at his real worth: Hervey, who was brought into a knowledge of saving grace by him; Doddridge, who at first thought him rash and self-assertive, but later opened his pulpit to him; Isaac Watts, himself an extemporaneous preacher of no mean ability, and Venn, all acknowledge his talents as a pulpit orator, the last named saying: "If the greatness, extent, success, and disinterestedness of a man's labor can give him distinction among the children of Christ, we are warranted to affirm that scarce any one of his ministers since the apostles' day has excelled, scarce any one has equaled, Mr. Whitefield." John Newton, Cowper's friend, was even more pronounced in his judgment: "If any man were to ask me who as a preacher was *second* of all I have heard I should be at some loss; but in regard to the *first*, Mr. Whitefield so far exceeded every man of my time that I should be at no loss." Toplady, who was one of Whitefield's converts, called him "The apostle of the British Empire," and gave him the credit for having been useful in the course of his ministry to tens of thousands. When Dr. Grosvenor, one of the eminent ministers of his day, heard him preach, he expressed himself in these strong words: "If the apostle Paul had preached to this auditory he would have preached in the same manner"; which suggests Cowper's famous eulogium:

He followed Paul—his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same,
Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he labored, and like him, content
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.

And William Jay, talking with a friend about Whitefield's sermons, said that the impressions made by his preaching were "perfectly marvelous." After all, is not the supreme test of eloquence the effect produced? Let us look for a moment at some of the results of his preaching.

In the first place, he attracted enormous crowds wherever he went. It may be doubted if any man ever preached to greater assemblages. At Kingswood he addressed audiences of ten, fourteen, and twenty thousand people. In Philadelphia, according to Franklin, thirty thousand heard him with ease, and as many on Boston Common. On one notable occasion he preached to nearly sixty thousand eager listeners. Moreover, such congregations were not unusual. Some idea of his labors for a month, say, may be had from the statement that he preached to more than ten thousand every day for twenty-eight days. It is computed that during the thirty-four years of his ministry he preached publicly eighteen thousand times. There was scarce a town in England or Wales which he did not visit, and, wherever he journeyed, by the grace of God he made converts. Such was the charm of his speech that in some places he kept the people from following their ordinary pursuits, and the clergymen there in consequence refused him the use of their pulpits any more on week days. He was the first great preacher of the evangelical revival of the eighteenth century, the first of the evangelical clergy in the Church of England, and the effect of his preaching upon that ecclesiastical body was not second to that of the Wesleys. During a stay in London he received in one week a thousand letters from people under spiritual concern. To him must be given, in large measure, the credit of creating a higher tone of religious sentiment and feeling in England, which kept on rising long after he was called to his reward. His influence upon the political life of England was not inconsiderable, for Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham; Fox, and other

statesmen who heard him at Lady Huntingdon's and at the Tabernacle, were guided in their political action by his burning appeals for righteousness. For a time he was almost as much of an opinion-maker in England as years before him Savonarola had been in Italy. But his work was not confined to England alone. He visited Scotland fourteen different times, where his success was so great that men were inclined to rank him next to Knox, as the second reformer of the kingdom. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and everywhere in America he left his impress upon the religious life and civilization of the country. He preached so effectively in Philadelphia "that the dancing school was discontinued and the ball and concert room were shut up as inconsistent with the gospel." Like Wesley, he had poor success among the Indians of Georgia, but the Negroes there and elsewhere were powerfully moved by his sermons. He practically established the Presbyterian Church of Virginia, and coöperated with Jonathan Edwards so successfully that within twenty years more than 120 Congregational churches came into existence, and it has been estimated that between 30,000 and 40,000 souls were converted. It is true that he formed no societies of his own; he seems rather to have been set for the task of reviving old churches and of preparing the way for new religious movements. Members of all churches heard him with interest, despite the fact that he told them the truth concerning themselves. In 1764 he preached at Yale, and after he had finished his sermon, and started off in his chaise, the president of the college hurried after him and urged him to return, the students being so deeply impressed by the sermon that they desired that he should continue his exhortation to them. Many of his converts became ministers, there being at one time in the neighborhood of Boston no fewer than twenty who owned him as their spiritual father. It is claimed for him that he created new religious organizations and inspired revolutions by single sermons. A list of his notable converts would include such names as Thomas Olivers, the writer of the hymn, "The God of Abraham Praise"; James Hervey, the once popular author; Thomas Rankin, one of Wesley's best helpers, who, when he heard Whitefield for the first time, "was truly convinced of the necessity of a change

of heart"; Samuel Davies, of the Presbyterian Church of Virginia; Robert Robinson, the author of "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing"; Cornelius Winter, the spiritual father of William Jay; John Fawcett, the Yorkshire preacher and author of the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and many other conspicuous workers in Christ's vineyard, and a mighty host of ransomed souls, in more humble circumstances, perhaps, but faithful to Christ, who through faith subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness.

What Whitefield accomplished for Methodism has yet to be computed. Whether he himself was a Methodist is a mooted question. On one occasion he remarked, "The only Methodism I desire to know is a holy method of dying to ourselves and of living to God." His ecclesiastical affiliations were somewhat anomalous. He called himself a member and minister of the Church of England, but from the beginning of his career he was practically a dissenter. Yet even this statement must be made with some qualifications, for I am inclined to think that neither Whitefield nor Wesley was a dissenter at heart. Whitefield's connections with the Methodist movement were very close. He and Fletcher were intimate friends. Charles Wesley was likewise his friend, and it was he who loaned him the devotional book which was most helpful to him in the early stages of his religious experiences. Indeed, Whitefield always regarded Charles Wesley as his spiritual father, though it would appear that he had been converted some three years before either Charles or John Wesley. His services to Methodism were undoubtedly more important than has generally been thought. He certainly prepared the way for the Methodist itinerancy. When Freeborn Garrettson preached in Quantico, Md., he found a family who said with tears, "Many years ago—twenty—we heard Mr. Whitefield preach, and were brought to taste the sweetness of religion." Abel Stevens says, "Whitefield led the Methodist movement over its first barriers and sounded the trumpet before its march in both hemispheres." He was the John the Baptist of the Wesleyan revival in both continents. Tyerman goes so far as to say that John Wesley would not have secured the hearing given him in 1739 if Whitefield had

not preached in 1737. "Whitefield's appearance, voice, elocution, and pulpit eloquence drew around him thousands who in the first instance cared but little about his doctrines. They came to see and hear the orator; they returned more impressed with what he said than how he said it. The doctrines of the man, too, excited as much attention as the man himself; and when, in the two years following, his more sober-minded friends, the Wesley brothers, came preaching the same great truths, the people, friends and foes, were as eager to hear them as they previously had been to hear him." It is not possible rightly to estimate the Wesleyan movement in England or America and leave Whitefield out; so that it was peculiarly appropriate that when he died, in Newburyport, Mass., in 1770, John Wesley should preach his funeral sermon in England, the land of his birth, and that Charles Wesley should write that now well-known hymn:

> Servant of God, well done!
> Thy glorious warfare's past;
> The battle's fought, the race is won,
> And thou art crowned at last.

Whitefield deserved this great consideration at their hands.

Many men, marveling at the results which followed the preaching of Whitefield, have been led to ask, What was the secret of his domination over men? And no two critics seem to agree in their conclusions. For example, here is one writer who says, "Whitefield's power was not in his talents, nor even in his oratory, but in his piety." Undoubtedly George Whitefield was a man of devotional spirit and of constant prayer. Winter, who sometimes slept in the same room with him, tells that it was Whitefield's habit to rise frequently during the night for the purpose of intercessory prayer. The last years of his life he read Matthew Henry's Commentary (six quarto volumes) in a kneeling posture. In the pulpit he looked, as did John Summerfield, like one who had been with God, which won for both the title of "seraphic." But it requires something more than goodness to give a man such unparalleled power over men. There have been many preachers in the Christian centuries who have walked as close with God as did Whitefield, but who have not had a tithe of his pulpit

power. Would it not be more nearly correct to say that he had a gift from God; namely, the divine spirit called eloquence, and that the effectiveness of this gift was heightened by his piety? It was Whitefield's divine gift—and why not agree that the mystery of eloquence comes as near as anything we know to a preternatural endowment; that what men call unction is indefinable and inexplicable; that genius is not of the market place, or of the mountain, but of God? It was this God-bestowed gift which secured for Whitefield favor with all classes of people. How complete his conquest was can perhaps best be shown by his relations with the aristocracy of England, a most interesting chapter in his meteoric career. Not only did the poor receive him as an ambassador, but lords and ladies waited upon his ministry. There was a time when it was quite the thing to go to hear him and others of the evangelicals preach! In the letters of Horace Walpole written at this period will be found frequent references to the Methodists—in all of which Macaulay thinks he displays an ignorance and unfairness unworthy of a man of letters. After hearing Whitefield at Lady Huntingdon's he wrote a friend on the continent, "The Methodists love your big sinners, and, indeed, they have a plentiful harvest." Why should not Methodists love "big sinners"? That need not be surprising, inasmuch as we have believed that Jesus Christ died for *all* men, but it is passing strange that the "big sinners" should have been so taken with a man who, like Paul at Rome, spoke such unwelcome truths.

The year 1739 is an important one in Methodist history, and with Whitefield, as with Wesley, it was a year of innovations. It began with a love feast in Fetter Lane, London, at which the Wesleys, Whitefield, and some sixty others were present. About three o'clock in the morning, while they were continuing in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon them all, and they broke out in ecstatic praise. Whitefield said that it was the happiest New Year's day he had ever seen. Thus was begun the memorable year which has long been recognized as one of Methodism's epochal years. It was well for Whitefield that the year opened so auspiciously, for he had need to turn back more

than once during the year to this time of divine anointing, as at least forty-nine pamphlets were published against him before the year ended. The conversion of the two Wesleys had taken place the year previous, while Whitefield was in Georgia. Upon his return to England he was ordained priest, then practically expelled from the churches and of necessity entered upon field preaching, an innovation of far-reaching results. In the summer of this year the first Methodist Society was formed in Bristol, and in November a building in Moorfields, called the Foundry, was opened for regular public worship. Christmas day Whitefield made his first public extemporaneous prayer, and shortly after preached for the first time without notes. It was about the same time that Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, heard Whitefield preach, and "seeing his boldness" in preaching there was begun a friendship which was to mean much both to him and to his work. It was Lady Huntingdon who opened her beautiful home to the brilliant preacher, inviting her friends to listen to him there. Lady Anne Frankland, daughter of the Earl of Scarborough, and an intimate friend and companion of Lady Huntingdon, heard Whitefield and became one of the first fruits of his ministry among the London nobility. Through her influence her sisters, Lady Barbara Leigh and Lady Henrietta Lumley, also heard him and confessed to having received much good. Lady Townshend was another of Whitefield's earliest admirers, but she was as facile as a weather vane in the shifting of her religious preferences. Lord Dartmouth, the founder of Dartmouth College, was a Methodist, and Whitefield's close friend. The Countess Delitz, the daughter of the Duchess of Kendal and the sister of Lady Chesterfield, was a trophy of Whitefield's power whom he greatly prized. When he preached in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room he found among his hearers Lord Bolingbroke, who "sat like an archbishop," one of the cleverest skeptics of the day; Lord Chesterfield, of whom Dr. Johnson once remarked that he was "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits"; the Duchess of Queensberry, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and whose beauty and vivacity were celebrated by Prior, Pope, and Swift, and who professed to be particularly partial to the ministry of Whitefield and his brother Methodists;

Lady Lisburne and Lady Hinchinbroke, who both received the seed on good ground; the Duchess of Buckingham, who disliked the doctrines of the Methodists; Lord Bath, who became one of his converts; Lady Fanny Shirley, an aunt of Lady Huntingdon, the friend of Pope, and the rival of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose conversion Walpole recounts in his gossiping letters; and many others. His influence extended even to the royal family. The oldest son of George II, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died at forty-four, whom Bolingbroke and Chesterfield had sought to influence with their subtle infidelity, went again and again to hear Whitefield preach, and made so numerous inquiries concerning the doctrines of the Methodists that Bolingbroke declared that his Royal Highness was fast verging toward Methodism. During the winter of 1741 and 1742 this prince regularly attended services at the Tabernacle. And among others who listened to Whitefield that winter were the prince's brother, the Duke of Cumberland, the "hero of Culloden"; Lord Hervey, "his ghastly countenance covered with rouge"; the Duke of Bolton; Lord Lonsdale, and, most remarkable of all, the Duchess of Marlborough. But the list is not yet completed. There were the Duchess of Argyll, Lady Betty Campbell, Lady Ferrers, Lady Sophia Thomas, Lady Cardigan, Lady Lincoln, Lady Caroline Petersham, Lady Thanet, Lady Betty Germain, possessor of enormous wealth; the Duchess of Somerset, the Earl of Burlington, Lord St. John, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord North, then in his twenty-first year, and afterward first Lord of the Treasury; the Earl of Sandwich, subsequently ambassador to the Court of Spain; the celebrated Beau Nash, who was much rallied by his gay associates, who bantered him after he had been to hear Whitefield preach, saying that he had turned Methodist; and many others. And the opinion of them all as to Whitefield's ability was practically that which was expressed by Lord Bolingbroke in a letter to Lady Huntingdon after having listened to him in her drawing-room: "Mr. Whitefield is the most extraordinary man in our times; he has the most commanding eloquence I ever heard in any person." There you have the reason why so many rich, so many noble, went to hear him. It was not chiefly because he was a good man, but because he was

an eloquent man; no, that is not quite it—they came to hear him because he was George Whitefield; a man whose personality was what it was, and whose eloquence was what it was.

Whitefield's printed sermons—there are about eighty of them, probably all he had—are disappointing; there is no glossing that fact, but so are Matthew Simpson's, and John McClintock's, and Henry Bascom's. The printed sermons of Whitefield convey almost no idea of his superb power. For the most part they are flat, stale, and unprofitable. The common criticism of them is that they contain no powerful movement of thought, and the criticism is a just one. Almost without exception writers have censured him for consenting to their publication. Benjamin Franklin felt that Whitefield had done himself great injustice by so doing. But it must be remembered that these sermons were prepared for being heard, and not for being read. "Had they been delivered from a written copy," says Southey, "one delivery would have been like the last." But this was not the case. His most effective sermons were given over and over again. Chalmers also was fond of preaching old sermons. He did so openly, giving notice of his purpose, but crowds gathered to hear him preach sermons which were in print, even. The spoken words disclosed something which the printed words did not. Moreover, Whitefield's best passages were not prepared passages, "they were bursts of passion like the jets of a geyser when the spring is in full play." His power was largely in this spontaneity of utterance. He had a peculiar gift of seizing upon something that was immediate. A shadow flitting across the floor became an emblem of human life; the words of a little boy in Boston who died the day after he had heard him preach, "I shall go to Mr. Whitefield's God," furnished a text for one of his most moving appeals. On one occasion, when preaching in the same city on the wonders of creation, providence, and redemption, a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on, which became so alarming that the congregation sat in breathless awe. Whereupon Whitefield closed the Bible, fell on his knees at the side of the pulpit, and with deep feeling repeated the words:

> Hark, the Eternal rends the sky!
> A mighty voice before him goes—

A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes;
"Come, children, to your Father's arms;
Hide in the chambers of my grace
Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease"—

and then said, "Let us devoutly sing to the praise and glory of God this hymn to the tune of Old Hundred." By the time the hymn was finished the storm was hushed. Now this was simply self-expression. It was not affectation, but the disclosure of his personality, and it is personality in preaching which counts most of all. Phillips Brooks says that "preaching is the bringing of truth through personality." "The secret and charm of all public speech is in the speaker. It lies beyond analysis in the mystery of personality. Both what he says and how he says it have their peculiar flavor. All genuine speech is personal." If, as is said, style is the man, preaching is self-expression. This is the reason why the spoken word has more power than the written word. Saint Gaudens, the eminent sculptor, once remarked on what to him was "a singularly amazing fact," namely, the marked tendency of a pupil who was drawing from a model to bias his drawings in the direction of his own physical and even mental peculiarities; that is, assuming the model to be a well-proportioned man, the long, thin pupil would more likely make a drawing long and thin than the short and stout pupil, and vice versa. A pupil with stubby legs will draw his man short legged, etc. A man invariably puts himself into his work, whatever the work is; his peculiarities, his prejudices, even his deformities. Whatever our studies in sermonic literature, whoever our ideal preacher may be, and however much we may try to imitate him, it is our self, after all, who is preaching. It is Whitefield's personality which explains Whitefield's power.

Whitefield regarded his oratory as a gift of his Creator, and this is the opinion of his biographers. It is said that he could not have been natural without using it. Preaching was his element. When he was ill in America, as he was a considerable part of the time, a physician prescribed a perpetual blister. "But I have found," said Whitefield, "perpetual preaching to be a better

remedy. When this grand catholicon fails, it is over with me." He had to preach. It was his life. And in his preaching he used all his God-given resources.

He had a really wonderful voice. It was both strong and musical, and he seems to have had perfect control of it. It was a marvelous instrument upon which he played with consummate skill. Garrick, himself a master of elocution, who did not altogether relish being called the Whitefield of the stage—he would have preferred that it had been put the other way—frequently expressed his admiration for the quality of Whitefield's voice. His statement concerning Whitefield's utterance of the word "Mesopotamia," that he could make his audiences weep or tremble merely by varying his pronunciation, is well known. At another time he said: "I would give a hundred guineas if I could only say 'O' like Mr. Whitefield." What an amazingly fine voice he must have had! Even more has been said concerning its power and the distance he could make himself heard. There were men in his day who took oath that they distinctly heard certain words uttered by him at a distance of two miles. That sounds apocryphal, but the evidence is trustworthy. Yet the characterization of him by one of his biographers, "He had a voice like a lion," is not a happy comparison; he did not roar; it was the roundness, clearness, resonance of his voice that enabled him to be heard distinctly by great crowds of people. Some of the finest effects of his voice were produced by his skillful use of it. One moment it would swell into jubilant strains as of some oratorio, the next it would mellow into the soft music of a lullaby or sink into the whispered sighing of forest trees. Indeed, it was quite as much the manner of using the voice as the voice itself which swayed men and excited their admiration. He often made more effective certain passages of Scripture by his impressive, awesome manner; as, for example, that sentence of Jeremiah, "O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord." It was quite usual for him to speak as if Gethsemane or Calvary were in full view. "Look yonder!" he would suddenly cry. "What is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord. Hark! Hark, do you not hear him pray?" And however frequently he repeated such and similar expressions they always

came with the charm and surprise of novelty, so graphically and effectively were they introduced. Whitefield knew something of his power, and "so far from concealing the fact of his attention to delivery, or the manner as well as matter of preaching, he strongly urged the importance of the study and practice of elocution in preparation for the ministry. In one of his letters he quotes a well-known saying of Betterton, the actor, who when asked how it came to pass that the clergy, who spoke of things *real,* affected the people so little, and the players, who spoke of things barely *imaginary,* affected them so much, replied, 'My lord, I can assign but one reason: our players speak of things imaginary as though they were real, and too many of the clergy speak of things real as if they were imaginary.' "

There was another quality in his voice which was an element of power, and that was a certain strain of pathos as marked as in the voice of Bishop Simpson. Whenever he preached there were tears in his voice. Some of his most overwhelming moments were his "weeping silences," which few could withstand. One who listened to him oftener than any other person said that he always wept some time during a sermon, and often so excessively as to stop him for a time. He had in an unusual degree a divine gift of emotion. Lecky, the English historian, thinks that he "was chiefly a creature of impulse and emotion; had very little logical skill, no depth or range of knowledge, not much self-restraint." All this may be granted without the slightest depreciation of Whitefield's power as a preacher. It was not Whitefield's mental constitution—and he had some elements, such as a surpassingly brilliant imagination and power of graphic description which was much out of the ordinary—which made him great, but rather his heart power. In his diary there occurs with much frequency the expression "preached with power," and toward the close of his life he explained to a friend his meaning of this favorite expression: "By the word power I mean no more or less than an enlargement of heart and a comfortable frame given me from above by which I was enabled to speak with freedom and clearness, and people were impressed and affected thereby." His oratory on all occasions was exciting; in every way it seems to have been perfect.

So effective was his eloquence that while preaching to a number of sailors, having introduced for illustration a description of a storm and shipwreck, so irresistibly did he carry away their imagination that in the climax of the catastrophe his audience sprang to their feet exclaiming: "Take to the life boat; take to the life boat!" The well-known incident of Lord Chesterfield while listening to the great preacher in the Tabernacle, London, shows how quickly Whitefield could make his hearers see with his eyes and feel with his heart. He was giving a vivid picture of the peril of sinners, and had carried his audience out into the night near to a dangerous precipice where, in the dim light, might be seen the staggering form of an old man, a blind beggar deserted by his dog. He stumbles on, feeling with his staff for the way, but, unable to discover it, advances step by step toward the cliff; his foot trembles on the edge, another instant and he will lie broken on the rocks below; when suddenly Chesterfield, carried out of himself, leaps to his feet, impelled by a desire to save the imperiled man, crying, "Good God! He is gone." Father Taylor, the famous Boston preacher to seamen, of whom Dickens in his American Notes spoke so appreciatively, used both of these incidents, but with far less effect because they were not his own. Whitefield eclipsed the best actors of the day in grace of action and naturalness of expression. No man in recent years has so nearly approached him in dramatic action as Joseph Parker, but even he was as the Palisades of the Hudson to Mont Blanc in comparison with Whitefield, whose "face was a language, whose intonation was music, and whose action was passion." It was his way of saying things rather than what he said that moved sinners to repentance, and his way of saying things was born of his tender, intense love for souls. He understood with Demosthenes that the first, second, and third requisite for the orator is action, but by action Demosthenes did not mean movement of the body, but alertness and activity of the soul for self-revelation. Whitefield's heart actually seemed as if to break while he pleaded with men to be reconciled unto God. Oratory was nothing to him as an art; eloquence was of value only as it could be used for Christ, an instrument by which hearts might be drawn to the cross. It was a favorite maxim with him that he

wanted to preach as Apelles painted, for eternity. He was much impressed with the remark made by Dr. Delaney, who was Dean of Saint Patrick's, Dublin, at the table of Archbishop Boulter: "I wish whenever I go up into the pulpit to look upon it as the last time I shall ever preach or the last time the people may hear." This was ever before him, and he preached as a dying man to dying men. From the first sermon to his last he had one motive, the love of Christ, and one aim, the salvation of souls. The two keynotes of his 18,000 sermons, expressed in innumerable forms and diversified by many different illustrations, were, man is a guilty sinner but may obtain forgiveness; he is an immortal spirit and must ripen here for endless happiness or endless woe. Everything was subordinated to his one purpose, that he might save men. With solemnity, tenderness, courage, and passion he pleaded the cause of his blessed Saviour. With boldness, with such directness of address as to make it seem as if he were speaking personally to every individual in the congregation, placing himself on terms of intimacy and unreserved confidence with all his hearers; with a glow of feeling and a melting compassion; with steadfast adherence to the essential truths of the gospel; with a perfect consecration of all his talents to the one holy service of winning souls, and with full recognition of God's supreme gift to him, he preached more successfully than any man of his generation, and the secret of his unrivaled power was in the faithful cultivation and use of his matchless endowment and other divine gifts, the sum total of which we designate by the elusive term, personality.

Ezra Squier Tipple

Art. VI.—CALIBAN'S THEOLOGY

When Shakespeare created his strange character, Caliban, he made him only the representative of a certain type of life, fitting him into the place assigned him in the drama of the enchanted isle. It remained for Browning to make him think, and to produce a natural theology in his island. By this artistic and clever turn Browning was able to make him a mouthpiece for his own criticisms on contemporary theology. The keen satire of the poem is at once more forcible and more palatable than if the poet had spoken these criticisms directly in his own person. His fondness for the dramatic monologue, and his wonderful skill in using it, nowhere served his purpose better. In this poem on Caliban he has put into permanent form a criticism at once destructive and constructive of contemporary tendencies in theology—tendencies which continually recur, and which each new age must reinterpret for itself. For there is a truth as well as a falsehood in Feuerbach's statement that man constructs his God in his own image.

Browning was much interested in matters of religion and theology, and has probably given a better interpretation of these subjects than any other English poet, not excluding Milton and the "religious" poets. His interest is shown by the large number of poems dealing with these topics, some of the more important of which are "Caliban," "Epistle of Karshish," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Cleon," "Saul," "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," and "A Death in the Desert." His ability to treat such topics adequately is manifest in the fact that in this list are some of the greatest and most remarkable poems in the language, many of which are universally recognized as able and sympathetic accounts of religion and of religious experiences.

It is not often Browning gives his readers so many hints of the meaning and intention of a poem as he has given for "Caliban upon Setebos." The title itself is more than usually enlightening. We are to have the views of Caliban upon his god, Setebos. It is Shakespeare's Caliban turned philosopher. The poet must be

permitted to make his characters express themselves in a manner adequate to the poet's thought, though many of them could not in fact so speak. The poet makes the dull to feel and the dumb to speak, and in so doing really puts himself into their environment and feels and speaks for them. For this the poet has been criticized; but all such criticism is wide of the mark. The convention of utterance must be granted to all forms of the arts of expression, else they could not exist at all. It is of the essence of these arts to express the unexpressed. Even science is allowed this privilege, and the scientist gives voice to the age-long silence of nature and declares for us her thoughts. The poet, then, must be allowed to give the power of expression to his characters that they may utter their inarticulate thoughts, as he says, "Letting the rank tongue blossom into speech." This, no doubt, is impossible in actuality, but the poet does not presume to depict Caliban as real, but leaves him on his enchanted island where Shakespeare had left him and in his imaginary environment. Accordingly, Browning has given to Caliban not only a tongue of eloquence and precision, but, as has been said, "the introspective powers of a Hamlet and the theology of an evangelical churchman."

Shakespeare had doubtless taken this character from some of the many books of travel published in his day, from Eden's History of Travaile, published in 1577, or some similar account. It was quite common in those days to consider primitive peoples as little better than brutes, and often they were thought to be degraded from higher types. Browning takes Shakespeare's Caliban, and fills out the account of his theology from similar sources, using, however, only certain outer facts, and adding from his own imagination what Caliban would probably think of his god, if he could reason as some moderns do.

Then again, Browning tells us in the subtitle of the poem that it is "natural" theology that he puts into the mouth of Caliban. In Browning's young days the air was full of such theology, and most persons took it very seriously. Paley had not long been gone, and the famous Bridgewater Treatises were then held in high esteem. It was thought possible to establish theology firmly and safely on a naturalistic basis, above the host of critics of the

Hebrew Scriptures, and out of reach of atheists and infidels. The success attending this sort of theology has not justified the prophecy. To this day "naturalism" is still associated with skepticism in the form of agnosticism, and has produced a demonstrated theology. It is manifest that when Browning published "Caliban" in 1864 he had little faith in this kind of theology. The poem is in fact a criticism of this manner of theological thinking.

But another hint of the poet's intention is to be seen in the text from the fiftieth psalm subjoined to the title of the poem. The Lord is there presented as rebuking the wicked for their sins and for their low views of him, saying, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself." The Hebrew psalmist evidently thought that men could not infer the true nature of God from themselves, especially if they were wicked. They must learn of him from some higher source than their own evil hearts.

Here, then, according to the poet, are the two fruitful sources of our inadequate theologies: the one, outer nature; and the other, actual humanity. Neither of these, when considered quite externally, can furnish true views of God. The study of nature alone is likely to give the conception of God as only "Power," as a personified physical force, and, like the Bridgewater Treatises, to set forth first "the power and wisdom" of God, and some time afterward to contemplate his "goodness." The study of the actual man tends to regard God as having all the attributes of man, and as only an enlarged human being. And as the actual man is far from perfect, possessed of many failings and shortcomings, it follows that the anthropomorphic God is not one to arouse our highest admiration or to elicit our sincerest worship. Both of these views, then, appeared to the poet to be based on wrong ground, and hence incapable of yielding a true view of God.

In taking Caliban as the representative of these forms of theology, it is not likely the poet thought of him as a "primitive" man, or of his religion as a "primitive" religion. Browning makes Caliban a degraded modern, and his religion a caricature of certain contemporary English and European types. Herein consist the criticisms contained in the poem. Though Setebos is the god of the Patagonians, and thus a primitive deity, neither

Shakespeare nor Browning intended to give a scientific and accurate account of the Patagonian or any other primitive religion. It is more than likely that Browning, at least, was well aware that Caliban's religion as given in the poem is not true to any primitive types known to history. Primitive religion is always tribal, not individual, as is that of Caliban. The accounts from which both poets drew their information make this quite clear. Caliban's religion is to be found in Europe rather than in Patagonia. Furthermore, no known primitive religion thinks of its gods as evil or as ill-disposed to man. In most if not all polytheistic religions there are of course some evil gods; but these are never supreme. The most powerful gods in all religions are represented as good. To this there are no exceptions, though Herbert Spencer and others have long tried and as long failed to make it appear that religion had its origin in "fear." If the supreme gods are good, it is not in "fear" so much as in "love" that religion had its beginnings. It is now seen that there is neither historical nor philosophical warrant for the belief that religion originated in "fear." In every religion there is an element of fear, but it is not the fear that is afraid. Rather it is the fear that springs from love. To conceive of God as "evil," and as such the object only of "fear," is left for the morbid of later times, and cannot be found among primitive religions. All this Browning doubtless knew as well as the wisest of his readers, for his range of exact information was almost encyclopædic.

The poem, then, is a protest against certain inadequate views of God held by many persons. It is a satire on certain low, unspiritual views that in the end are also immoral. These really regard God as a monster, a sort of glorious devil, who has little concern for men, but who, nevertheless, demands the allegiance and even the love of his worshiper. According to natural theology he was nothing but great physical power, and according to this theology he was a great and powerful ruler; in both cases alike only an infinite, implacable, and absolute sovereign. Doubtless the theology Browning had in mind was chiefly Calvinism, with its decrees, its doctrine of election, and its absolute God. With this faith the poet was familiar, having attended an inde-

pendent church in his youth. It was no part of his purpose in this poem to call attention to the contribution Calvinism made to the history of theology, but to its fatal defects. Calvinism, no doubt, is in large measure a biblical theology, but the poet's criticism is directed to its anthropomorphic elements derived largely from a consideration of actual human life and conditions.

Both of these forms of theology, Browning thought, reached their conclusions by methods that were fallacious. But to attack these fallacies directly was not the manner of the poet, nor was it the most effective. The poet's way of the imagination is better, and of course was the only way for a thorough poet like Browning. He, therefore, imagines what Caliban would think of his god, were he to reason like these more modern and more civilized theologians. The poet leaves him where Shakespeare had placed him, and sets him thinking about Setebos. Starting from the limited vision of his little island, Caliban reasons in the same fallacious manner as these theologians, and thinks of his god as having all the shortcomings of his own undeveloped character. Seen in this way the poem appears a splendid fiction of the imagination, and successful as nothing else could be in reducing this manner of theological thinking to an absurdity.

The prologue of the poem gives a description of Caliban sprawling in the mire of his pit, or cave, in the comfort of the cool slush on a summer's day, and ruminating on "that other, whom his dam called God." He first considers the reason why Setebos created the world, and concludes that it was because he was "ill at ease," as the fish which longs for the warm water and yet finds "repulse" when she enters it. Setebos had not the power to create a mate to console him, so creates the world of various animals as "mere playthings." He does this with as much indifference as Caliban would make birds of clay, if he could, and laugh as he would snap off their legs just to amuse himself, or add another leg if that were more amusement, in all cases alike "making and marring clay at will." Setebos is neither kind nor cruel, but because "He is strong and Lord" is able to do as he pleases, and like Caliban stoning the twenty-first crab, "Loving not, hating not, just choosing so."

Then Caliban congratulates himself that in some respects he is worthier than Setebos, though as Setebos is the stronger he must submit to him. He suspects, however, that there is a power, "the Quiet," which is greater than Setebos, and that may have made him. Even the rude Caliban finds it a necessity of thought to pass on to conceive an infinite God—the only principle adequate to be considered the source of all things. Though "this Quiet" may be the ultimate power, yet Caliban can only conjecture concerning it, for he knows only Setebos as ruler of the world. This Setebos is known chiefly for his arbitrariness, and his spitefulness, as shown in such acts as the detruction of the fence he had made with so much labor to stop the she-tortoises. But, "Doth as he likes, or wherefore Lord?" His envy, however, is even harder to bear, for, being ill at ease himself, Setebos dislikes to see Caliban happy. The only way is "not to seem too happy," thereby avoiding his provocation. But as "evils sometimes mend," the hope is

> That some strange day, will the Quiet catch
> And conquer Setebos, or likelier he
> Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as die.

In the meantime, though Setebos is a being to be feared and hated, Caliban must pretend to love him, and must prove his devotion by forms of self-affliction and self-sacrifice, for these will probably conciliate his anger. Hence Caliban

> Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!
> Maketh his teeth meet thro' his upper lip,
> Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month
> One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape.

This analysis exhibits the leading points of Caliban's theology. It is at once "natural" theology and "regal" theology, and consists chiefly in regarding God as arbitrary Power. Like nature, God is powerful, and rules by laws that seem not to have reference to man, but to nature's own inscrutable purposes, if purpose there be at all. Or like an absolute sovereign he rules for his own pleasure without reference to man's good or ill. In either case, no consideration is paid to his creatures, for he neither regards nor disregards them. His own independent purposes are all that move him. Thus, naturalism worships an all-powerful

nature and Calvinism an absolute sovereign. Such a theology, the poet implies, is fit only for Caliban, and appropriate only in an imaginary, enchanted isle, but not in the world of struggling, aspiring men. It is all as absurd and unreal as Caliban himself.

In this poem Browning contents himself with satirizing the types of theology referred to, and we shall have to look elsewhere for his own views. The poet has no doubt of the "power" of God. He once said to Mrs. Orr that "The evidences of divine power are everywhere about us." Nor would he doubt the "wisdom" of God. But the one criticism that he would make upon all these systems of theology is that they infer the being and attributes of God entirely from external phenomena. As an idealist, Browning did not for a moment believe that external objects possess ultimate reality. It is not in them that the highest truths are to be found, but in the inner life of the spirit which is the one true reality. This view Browning held throughout his whole life, and as early as "Paracelsus" in 1833, gave it expression:

> Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
> From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
> There is an inmost center in us all
> Where truth abides in fullness.

The true view of God can come, then, only from this inner fountain of truth. Whatever is learned of God from outer facts must be supplemented by the truth of inner experience. God has ever revealed himself as he is only to the upright in heart, and it is only the pure in heart that see him.

Looking into the inner life of the spirit, Browning thought he saw abundant evidence for believing that God is "Love." This conception must be added to what is learned of God's power and wisdom from outer nature. It is really only in this manner that the "goodness" of God can be clearly discerned. The Bridgewater Treatises had endeavored to prove his goodness from nature, but the matter was always of doubtful disputation. But when we look within, all doubt of God's love is dispelled. Love is the deepest and truest principle of the human heart, and can, therefore, be taken as the truest attribute of God. Karshish had always thought of God as the All-Great, but after he had seen Lazarus,

and had noticed the love that filled his heart and life, he came almost to think that "the All-Great were the All-Loving, too." The life of love to be found in man, the ideals that beckon and lead him on, these are truer evidences of the character of God than external things. It is only in virtue of our spiritual life that we are "gods in germ." In "Christmas Eve" Browning has put the whole matter into a few lines:

> In youth I looked to these very skies,
> And probing their immensities,
> I found God there, his visible power;
> Yet felt in my heart, amid all the sense
> Of the power, an equal evidence
> That his love, there too, was the nobler dower.
> For the loving worm within its clod,
> Were diviner than a loveless god
> Amid his worlds, I will dare to say.

This, of course, is mysticism, that the deepest truths are matters primarily of inner experience. Browning recognized this to be the case and freely made the acknowledgment. A few years before his death, a friend remarked to him: "When you made Abt Vogler say, ''Tis we musicians know,' you meant, 'We mystics.'" The friend says, "He seemed surprised at my having detected his secret—but presently he exclaimed with much emphasis, 'Of course I did; I am a mystic.'"

No English poet ever had more sympathy with religion than Browning, and none has spoken more nobly of the soul, or held worthier views of God. He held that our best view of God comes from our deepest spiritual experiences. Like the singers and prophets of Israel, he insisted that God is best known in the heart, and that our best thought of him springs from our spiritual natures rather than from the outer world. God is truly known only as he speaks to the heart and conscience. What we aspire to be, rather than what we actually are, is the best index of the attributes of God.

A. W. Crawford.

Art. VII.—THE PURPOSE OF SCIENCE

"The only object of science is to oppose religion." This is not my definition. It is a statement made from the pulpit in my hearing by a noted clergyman, a man with a doctor's degree, a man who held a professorship in a prominent college for several years.

"The only object of the church is to provide without work a living for preachers." Again, this is not my definition. It is a statement made in my hearing by a noted scientist, a man who holds a professorship in one of our most famous universities.

Both of these statements, one made by a minister, the other by a scientist, are in precisely the same class. They are dogmatic. They are based upon a very narrow study of conditions as they exist. If based upon observed facts at all, only such facts are considered as support a conclusion formulated beforehand.

I have selected these two statements to illustrate the antithesis of science—to show what science is not. And I may as well add another that comes to mind, an illustration of a process of reaching a conclusion that can claim no relation to science. Not many years ago a young woman came to me to discuss the question of specialization in biology. After considerable conversation it developed that she had decided to devote her life to the study of living organisms because, as she put it, "she just dearly loved to see the blood flow through the frog's foot."

Science is more method than subject, more an attitude of mind in attempting to solve a given problem than the subject in which the problem occurs. It is more than physics and chemistry and biology and geology. It may include history and economics and psychology and many other subjects. Science consists primarily in a study of objects and their relative positions in space. Its principal aim is to account for changes in the interrelationship of material particles—changes in the characteristics of objects and in their position in space.

The first essential in scientific investigation is the collection of data, and the character of the observations which form the basis of

the data is of the greatest importance. The second important step in scientific investigation consists in the comparison of the data, and the third in the formulation of conclusions. Let me illustrate:

We know that seeds under certain conditions change; that is, they grow. Science proceeds to investigate this problem by first making careful and detailed observations on the seed, then noting the changes that occur in the seed and the relation between these changes and the environment—air, with its various constituents, moisture, temperature, light, etc. The results of these observations constitute the data. These are then compared and conclusions formulated. For example, in the case of the seed it is found that it does not grow in the absence of moisture, or of oxygen, or of a certain amount of heat. From this it may be concluded that moisture, oxygen, and heat are necessary for germination. Again it is found that during growth the seeds give off carbon dioxide, consume oxygen, and liberate heat. A comparison of these data leads to the conclusion that germinating seeds respire; that is, that a chemical change known as oxidation takes place in them.

This is a typical example of scientific procedure from beginning to end. Have we learned the cause of the changes in the seed and its environment, or merely the order in which the observed phenomena occur? What is the purpose of science?

Suppose I have a ball and throw it up into the air ten feet and that it falls into a cup. If I throw this ball up again will it be likely to fall in the same place? Most of you will say no. But suppose it does and I throw it up a third time. What do you say now as to the question regarding the place of its descent? Will it fall to the same place or not? Some of you are skeptics: and you say it will not; some are agnostics: you say you do not know; a few perhaps, a very few, are inspired with faith: you say it will. Which of these groups is taking the scientific attitude? Those who are in doubt, for we still have too little evidence to support a conclusion concerning the action of the ball. But suppose it does fall into the cup, and I throw it up into the air again. What do you say now as to where it will fall? Are there more who believe that it will reach the cup? Suppose it does, and that I

throw it up repeatedly, a hundred times—a thousand times you have seen the ball thrown into the air and fall to the same spot a thousand times. I throw it up once more. What do you say now as to the place where it will be likely to fall? Very few if any have any doubt about this question. The skeptics and agnostics have gained faith. But you answer: It is not faith they have gained; it is knowledge. We shall not discuss the question concerning the terminology here, but rather attempt to get at the meaning of the change from an agnostic attitude to one of conviction, for this will lead to an answer to the question under consideration—the purpose of science.

What is it that makes us trust in the occurrence of events? Is it a knowledge of fundamental causation or merely experience gained by observation of the sequence in which they occur? In the imaginary case of the ball it is evidently the latter. Faith that the ball will continue to fall into the cup may be entirely independent of anything more than the observed sequence of what occurred—repeated throwing of the ball into the air and falling into the cup. Your faith that the ball will continue to fall to the same place may be entirely independent of any knowledge as to whether its course is regulated by the skill of the thrower, or by a magnetic field, or in some other way. Is it not clear, then, that our conclusion depends upon what has been seen to occur, and not upon any knowledge as to why it has occurred; and is it not equally clear that the mere fact that we have seen the ball fall into the cup repeatedly is no reason why it should continue to fall there, or why it should fall at all? Surely observation from a distance does not influence the ball in its course, does not regulate its direction of motion. Do you not see that under the assumed conditions of the experiment the ball is precisely as likely to fall into the cup after you have seen it fall once as it is after you have seen it fall a thousand times? You know as much about the cause of its course first as last, and yet your attitude of doubt as to what will happen has changed to one of conviction. The methods of procedure in the investigation have been strictly scientific—observations, records and conclusions, all scientific—and you have become convinced that the ball will continue to fall

into the cup although you have learned nothing concerning the cause of it. All that is known about the matter is that the ball has fallen into the cup in the past. Is it not clear from this illustration that scientific evidence is incomplete, that science deals not primarily with the cause of phenomena, but rather with the observed sequence of phenomena, the order in which they occur; and that faith in its conclusions is founded on our belief that nature in general is orderly? But let me emphasize that we do not know *why* it is orderly. We have unlimited confidence that events which occur in a given sequence will continue to do so. We stake our life daily upon our faith in this. The lineman handles live wires with impunity with rubber gloves. He has observed that electricity does not flow through rubber, but he knows nothing about the reason why. He has observed the sequence of events—bare hand—live wire—death; rubber-gloved hand—live wire—no injury—and he trusts that this sequence will continue to occur, that nature is orderly, that what he has experienced under given circumstances will, under the same circumstances, occur again.

There is a coin lying on the table. If I push it over the edge what will happen? No one here has even the slightest doubt concerning this question. But you say we do not doubt because we know what makes the coin fall. We know that gravity draws it to the earth. But what is gravity? Some say that it is a force that makes bodies tend to approach each other. However, all that is known about this matter scientifically is what has been observed, and that is that objects do tend to approach each other. We know absolutely nothing as to the cause of it. From a scientific point of view, gravity is a shorthand statement for the expression, "bodies tend to approach each other"—and nothing more. It has nothing to do with the cause of the phenomenon. Gravity is the *fact* that bodies fall, not the cause of their falling. It may, however, be concluded from metaphysical speculation that gravity is more than this, that it actually does things, that it is a causal agent, and it may be helpful in scientific investigation and in every-day life to assume this, but it should always be clearly understood that this is merely an assumption, a postulate concern-

ing which we have no experimental knowledge. Why then do we have such explicit faith that bodies will fall? Why do we regulate our whole lives on the conviction that they will continue to act to-morrow as they have acted to-day? Simply because we have repeatedly observed this phenomenon and because we believe that nature is not chaotic but orderly, and because of the serious consequences if we do not conform our lives to the order of nature.

An Alpine guide supports his party with his rope from above, not from below. It takes an Irishman to have faith in the order of nature such as to permit him to say, "Pat, kape a shure grip on the rope below while I sthep across this murderous place above." You smile at this and say the Irishman is a fool. Some day he will crack his skull and learn better. And yet as to the fundamental cause of the tendency of bodies to approach each other, the Irishman is as wise as the guide. All that either they or anyone else knows about the matter is that in the past bodies not supported have fallen to the earth. Nothing is known about the cause of this. It is simply faith that the sequence of events, the order of nature, experienced in the past will continue that makes you say the Irishman is a fool to attempt to insure safety by fastening the rope below instead of above. But surely faith that things will happen in the future as they have happened in the past is no reason why they should happen thus. Our experience tells us that nature has been orderly, and that she is still orderly, but it does not tell us why she is orderly, nor does it tell us that she will continue to be.

The process of reasoning applied to gravity holds for all of the fundamental concepts of science, chemical affinity, electricity, energy, diffusion, matter, etc.

Under certain conditions specific particles of matter come together and unite. We say they unite chemically. Hydrogen and oxygen, gases under ordinary conditions, unite with explosive violence; they burn, producing great heat; and the result of the union is a liquid which is used to quench fire, a substance having very different properties from either of the elements. It is not known why this is true, nor is it known why they unite at all. All that is known is that they have persistently united in the past,

and still every chemist has perfect confidence that they will do so in the future. But you say, surely elements cannot unite without cause; is it not chemical affinity that makes them unite? Bodies cannot fall without cause; is it not gravity that makes them fall? We must admit that for science chemical affinity is merely the fact that certain elements unite, not the cause of the union; and that in general, science tells us only concerning the order of events, nothing about the cause of the order.

If this be true it is a simple matter to answer the question as to the purpose of science. The purpose of science is to ascertain by experiment and observation the order of events in nature. But if science does not tell us the cause of the order of events, of what practical value is it? It is of the greatest practical value owing to the fact that we have faith that the order of events observed in the past will continue in the future, and because this makes it possible for us to regulate our actions in such a way as to prevent catastrophes, and also to control the occurrence of events. If it is known, for example, that influenza ordinarily follows exposure, and if the order of events in nature continues in the future as it has in the past, it is possible to avoid influenza, even if nothing is known as to why exposure is followed by this disease. Numberless examples suggest themselves.

Scientific evidence gives us no clue as to the cause of the order of natural phenomena, and as far as I can see there is no hope that it ever will. But the human mind is such that it seems impossible to conceive of order without a cause. That is, if events to-morrow occur in the same sequence that they do to-day there must be some cause for it. There must be some cause for the fact that bodies tend to approach each other, some cause for the fall of objects not supported, some cause for the origin and direction of evolution, some cause for everything. It is this characteristic of the human mind that leads to speculation about things concerning which scientific evidence is silent, a super-science, speculation leading to conclusions beyond anything directly supported by experimental observation, conclusions concerning the origin and cause of the order of natural phenomena.

It is not my purpose to discuss the nature of metaphysics

and religion, but it may not be out of place to point out in conclusion that the nature of evidence leading to religious or metaphysical conviction must be quite different from that leading to scientific conviction; that the spheres of the activity of these two methods of inquiry are quite distinct; that science deals with the order of events, while metaphysics deals with the origin and cause of the order; that science without faith is useless or nearly so, for of what use is it to ascertain the order in which phenomena occur, if we are not convinced that the same order will be maintained in the future? If all this is true, if science deals merely with the order of phenomena, and religion deals with the origin and cause of the order, I can see no reason why scientific training should interfere with religious convictions. But that it frequently does is unqestionably true, and this no doubt has its origin in an unwarranted overlapping of the two fields of thought, in the application of religion to questions concerning the order of natural phenomena, and of science to questions concerning the cause of the order. If you persist in holding as essential to your religion ideas pertaining to the order of natural phenomena contrary to the dictates of science, and essential to your science ideas pertaining to the origin and cause of order in nature contrary to the conclusions of metaphysics, conflict is inevitable. A religion holding the idea that the earth is the center of the universe, and that the sun circles about it, cannot stand, for this idea is contrary to the observed order of events. A science that maintains that evolution is more than the probable order of the phenomena which resulted in the human being, and that in this doctrine is found the cause of the order as well as the order, is unable to support its conclusions by experimental observations and is in reality not a science but a super-science, a metaphysics. Harmony and peace of mind result only if the character and limits of these two spheres of thought are clearly differentiated and maintained distinct.

S. O. Mast

Art. VIII.—A STUDY OF SORROW AND THE SOUL

Hope is at the heart of the sorrow that sings. Blank despair is mute. Its fingers thrum no living lyre. No lyrics ripple over its palsied lips. The soul has her moods. Even Byron, Keats, Shelley had their spasms of ecstasy. Self-despair is one thing. Despair of God is another. A Hebrew poet said: "My heart and my flesh fail, but God is the strength of my life." In that is despair of self, but not of God. Despair is not indigenous to the soul. Hope is the plant that springs natal in the heart. Out of the throes of self-despair is born the heavenly hope.

Absolute despair is cold. It kindles no fires on life's altars. It strikes off no sparks of joy from the flinty steeps of the rugged road. Despair sings no songs at sorrow's grave. Its music is a moan. Its shout dies in a stifling sob.

Icebergs break. But they do not break into flame. The despair poets, while in the mood of despair, have produced no living poetry. Poetry is soul-fuel fanned into flame by heavenly winds. Cold despair may festoon your house with icicles, but it plants no flowers in your garden.

Total despair has no capacity. It is a broken vase that lies shattered among the débris of withered blooms. It is a river between whose naked banks break no singing waves. And may we not believe that at least "a fearful hope" flickers in the spent socket of despair? God clings long and lovingly to the last lingering vestige of life in the soul. If he leave, hope dies.

Emerson's "Threnody" interprets deep sorrow. The "aromatic fire" on the mount and in the meadow reminds him of the radiant fire-spirit of his boy that has vanished, leaving only beautiful ashes. As the anguished father experiences the soothing power of the south wind the very joy of it makes him sadder as its breath of balm recalls the darling boy who no longer shares with him the chalice of delight. The very sight of the hills enhances the sorrow. Did not the lad he loved once leap and laugh among those hills?

The surpassing value of life was always a cherished thought

with Mr. Emerson. With him "the darling who shall not return" left no equivalent. The soul in its loss is like the wounded spot in the garden whence the lovely flowers have been torn. Only the replacing of the beautiful bloom will heal that wound. The lyric laughter of the happy lad no longer ripples on the morning air. That silence is sorrow distilled. The sudden stillness sickens the heart. Ah, the matchless melody of the lad's glad laughter. Other music the father's ears are yet too dull with grief to hear. Will the caroling call of childish glee never ring through the hills again?

There is no loneliness like the loneliness of love. It ever wakes to watch and wonder. The lullaby of the years will not sing it to sleep. The very lapse of time intensifies the vividness of memory. The footsteps of the years make deep tracks on the soul.

But no good is permanently lost to the good. There is somewhat that never dies. Life and love cling forever to the skirts of God. And we may always touch his seamless robe. The soul is like the tendrils of a vine. They cling closer to the trellis as the summer wears away. But the pain of parting has never found adequate voice. The soul feels what the lips have never spoken. Did not hope project itself into another home of sweet reunions the losses of this earthly life were enough to sting the soul to madness. But the laughing streams of solace come leaping from the hills of God into all the valleys of human woe. The sob of grief will blossom into gladness.

Tears have been the fertilizers of earth's fairest gardens. Grief is the plow that has furrowed the fallow soil of the soul and sown it rank with golden harvests. The share of sorrow's plow has cut the soul's sub-soil to the world's infinite enrichment. Sorrow mingles her potions with bitter-sweet. With steady hands she holds the brimming chalice to quivering lips because she is the ministrant of love. Sorrow has wrung from her wine-press of woe the wealth and weal of civilization. Much of misery is mercy in disguise. Bloody footprints mark the path that leads to crowns. The only perfect Man the world has ever seen was perfected in the school of sorrow.

Moral crises are the testing and the turning points in char-

acter. Some crisis must come to the soul that makes progress. But peril clings to the skirts of strength. Eliminate personality and you remove the problem of moral peril. Peril hugs the path of personality. Peril hides among the hills and crouches in the valleys, lying in wait for every unwary traveler. Peril prowls in darkness and stalks abroad at noon.

Struggle is God's plan for building the soul to large proportions. Somewhere along the way manhood must meet the angel wrestler. "Ease is the way to disease." "Labor is the life of life." Struggle wins thrones, and struggle must hold them.

Weary wrestler, the King went this way before thee. His sacred feet consecrated the rugged road. Only be firm on thy way. It will lead thee under clear skies some day. The straitened steps will yet be light and free. Thy face looks to the summits. Thy feet unfettered will yet climb thither.

> Whatever obstacles control,
> Thine hour will come—go on, true soul,
> Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.

We shall all meet the angel of Opportunity. His feet are swift. His wings are like light. His step is as soft as the creep of a shadow. Do not fail to snatch an arrow from his quiver. It will be needed on life's battlefield. This angel's hands hold implements of toil. With them till thy fields. Gather thy harvests. Garner the ripe grain. Garlands hang thick on this angel's temples. Be not eager for these. When thy work is done he will let them fall upon thy brow. His gifts are like the summer gusts from the fields—take them now, or never.

There is the angel of duty. The place where he meets thee may be dark and lonely. Some Jabbok of sorrow may roll its turbulent tide near by. But on this spot may be thy Peniel. Darkness will give place to dawn. Gloom will change to splendor. Is the aspect of the angel severe? That look is the symbol of service. Ah, he will press us sore. He will harden the soft palms. He will bruise the pilgrim's feet. He will bend the traveler's back with many a heavy load. But he will plant the sky-ladder at the toiler's feet. Down the shining rungs the angels will come. Up this ladder of light the toiler may ascend.

> For be the duty as angel's flight—
> Fulfill it, and a higher will arise,
> Even from out its ashes. Duty is our ladder to the skies,
> And climbing not, we fall.

Another angel that will meet us is the angel of Conscience. His grip is like the grasp of God. His is the "still small voice," or it is the thunder-speech of the skies. God speaks in the calm of the harvest noon. He speaks across the hurtling storm. His angel of Conscience will meet us on the high hills where the sun shines. He will meet us in the vales where the thick mists hang. He will meet us in the place where birds of joy sing all the day. His voice will ring at the sweet noontide. He will call in the midnight's sullen gloom. Ah, this angel will have his wrestle with us where the bats cling in dismal shades to broken walls.

Conscience is the touch of God on the soul. As to the nature and the functions of conscience the philosophers do not agree. Let conscience stand for God. Let conscience stand for the gleaming eye that looks guilt out of countenance. Call it the sky-song that steals in to soothe the sobs of penitential grief. Name conscience that celestial pull that holds men back from sin. Let it be the heavenly impulse that moves men on to purity and to peace. Let conscience stand for God.

God's forgiveness always goes deeper than our own. On this point William Dean Howells speaks a deep and weighty word:

> Judge me not as I judge myself, O Lord;
> Show me some mercy, or I may not live;
> Let the good in me go without reward,
> Forgive the evil I must not forgive.

To stifle conscience is to spoil character and kill the soul. In his "Legend of Brittany" Lowell has portrayed the moral tragedy with thrilling accuracy. It is the story of Mordred and Margaret. They met, and Mordred forgot that "he was vowed a monk." "All beauty and all life he was to her." This spell of youthful love was full of peril. We go at once to the heart of the sad story. Love lost itself in licentiousness. Mordred, passion-blind, feared not the crime, but fronting its dire consequences his soul was appalled. He would hide crime with

crime. He would cover with gore the tracks of guilt. That has often been crime's dreadful shift. Wretched man. He forgot that breaking faith with woman's trusting love was breaking faith with God. He writhes under the scorpion's sting. The swift steeds of despair plunge headlong into deeper gulfs of guilt and woe.

All happy sights and sounds now came to him
  Like a reproach: he wandered far and wide,
Following the lead of his unquiet whim,
  But still there went a something at his side
That made the cool breeze hot, the sunshine dim;
  It would not flee, it could not be defied.
He could not see it, but he felt it there,
By the damp chill that crept among his hair.

Was it not the touch of God to bring him back to goodness? But with sullen tread the rebel feet moved on.

Poor Margaret. Where is she? Lonely and sad in the quiet nook where in the days of love's sweet dream they had often met. Let go the harrowing details. They make the heart stagger with deathly sickness. "Enough that Margaret by his mad steel fell." Then, in the agony and in the moral wreck and confusion that always accompany crime,

Beneath the altar there
In the high church the stiffening corpse he hid,
  And then, to 'scape that suffocating air,
Like a scared ghoul out of the porch he slid;
  But his strained eyes saw blood-spots everywhere,
And ghastly faces thrust themselves between
His soul and hopes of peace with blasting mien.

His heart went out within him like a spark
  Dropt in the sea; wherever he made bold
To turn his eyes, he saw, all stiff and stark,
  Pale Margaret lying dead; the lavish gold
Of her loose hair seemed in the dark
  To spread a glory, and a thousandfold
More strangely pale and beautiful she grew:
Her silence stabbed his conscience through and through.

Ah, how faithful is God. Even from the silent lineaments of death he speaks with the eloquence of life. One's conscience dies hard because one's God never dies. From ghastly glooms he still

would woo the soul back to forfeited goodness. It takes the persistent malice of hell to break away from the mercy of God. But the determined touch of crime may tear away at last the clinging tendrils of his love.

> Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
> Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
> But the door is hard to open,
> For the weeds and ivy-vine,
> With their dark and clinging tendrils,
> Ever round the hinges twine.

The infinite eagerness of God to restore the soul is seen in the pain of remorse. It is as if God would sting the lost one back to life rather than let him die. In the very sense of sin the touch of God's love may be traced. The soul may go far away, but he will pursue with more than a father's pity, with more than a mother's compassion. May not remorse be a touch of God's remedial hand? He would have me taste the bitter fruits of evil-doing that I may forsake the way of wickedness. If I betray him he will let me feel the sting of betrayal, if, perchance falseness pall upon me, and I perforce return to him.

> I fled him down the nights, and down the days,
> I fled him down the arches of the years;
> I fled him down the labyrinthine ways
> Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears
> I hid from him, and under running laughter;
> Up vistaed hopes I sped, and shot precipitated
> Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears
> From those strong feet that followed,
> That followed after. But with unhurrying chase,
> And unperturbed pace, deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
> They beat, and a voice beat more instant than the feet—
> "All things betray thee who betrayest me."

The sting of death lurks in the serpent of sin. We may not say that God ordains the causes of pain, but pain itself must ofttimes be the order of his love to bring us back to painless peace. Must he not suffer when I suffer? Who touches me to anguish touches him to pain. I am as "the apple of his eye." In his white palms my poor name is graven. Let shades of night curtain me in darkness. God's hand of love will replenish and light the

spent candles on life's broken altars. Then let me sing with Robert Browning in "The Ring and the Book":

> I stood at Naples once, a night so dark
> I could have scarce conjectured there was earth
> Anywhere, sky or sea, or world at all;
> But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—
> Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,
> Through her whole length of mountain visible:
> There lay the city thick and plain with spires,
> And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.
> So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
> And Guido see, one instant, and be saved.

Long enough to see God is long enough to be saved. That truth is at the heart of love's message. The feet of mercy seek out every pathway that leads to the sufferer's lonely retreat. By every avenue of the soul's experience God seeks to effect a permanent rescue. By the throes of penitence, by the pain of remorse, as well as by the raptures of love he is feeling after us. Would that all men everywhere might sue for peace, and accept his proffered hand. Then would the human struggler be valiant and victorious.

Every highway of human life dips in the dale now and then. Every man must go through the tunnel of tribulation before he can travel on the elevated road of triumph.

The very word tribulation is full of interest. It comes to us from the Latin, "tribulum." That was the name of a harrow, or threshing flail. It was used by the Romans to separate the wheat from the chaff. "Tribulato" was the name that stood for the process. It stands for bruises. It speaks of pain. It mirrors the flail-marks of the soul.

As early as the seventeenth century the genius of George Wither expanded the meaning of this word into a quaint but sweet poem. Hear him sing:

> Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,
> Until the chaff be purgèd from the wheat,
> Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
> The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
> So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
> If worth be found, there worth is not so much,

Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
The value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by the sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till His flail upon us he doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire—
But then we shall; and this is my desire.

Tribulation is the way of triumph. The valleyway opens into the highway. Tribulation's imprint is on all great things. Crowns are cast in crucibles. Chains of character that wind about the feet of God are forged in earthly flames. No man is greatest victor till he has trodden the winepress of woe. With seams of anguish deep in his brow the "man of sorrows" said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But after this sob comes the psalm of promise, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

The footprints are traceable everywhere. Blood marks stain the steps that lead to thrones. Scars are the price of scepters. Our crowns will be wrested from the giants we conquer. Grief has always been the lot of greatness. It is an open secret that

The mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain;
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetest of the strain.

Struggle is seen in nature. The tiny seed is buried in the soil. To come to its place of floral ministry it must master something. The life-force in its heart must lift itself up against the pull of gravitation. It must thurst aside the pressing clods and push its head into the light. Its triumph is through tribulation.

No flight were possible to the bird did not the air resist the pressure of its pinions. The measure of its success is the degree of resistance overcome. Its flight is free because the law of tribulation prevails.

Even the electric flash across the cloud has tribulation. Its

line is direct till it reaches a condensed stratum of air which forces it aside. Thence the subtle force leaps till it reaches another such stratum, and on to the end of its swift career. The history of the zigzag lightning-flash is a history of tribulation.

The law of tribulation is easily traced in mechanical appliances. Consider the secret of the balloon's ascension. The confined gas tries to escape. The enveloping canvas strives to overcome that tendency. Neither force is complete master, yet the approximate success of each lifts the balloon to its dizzy heights. The success issues from tribulation.

Let the wheel testify. What does it witness? Its circular success is due to the opposition of two forces. The centripetal force would hold everything to the center. The centrifugal force would hurl everything from the center. The resultant is revolution. This is the secret of the wheel. Its revolution is a revelation of success through tribulation.

Trace the law still higher. It runs through the history of exploration. Columbus, Livingstone, Stanley, all triumphed through nameless tribulation. The mightiest manhood is born amid the throes of struggle.

Take the inventors. Their way has not been flower-strewn. Morse, Fulton, Field, Bell, Edison, and a thousand others have come out of great tribulation to scepter, throne, coronation.

Tribulation has always marked the trail of the true reformer. It is the story of Paul, Luther, Savonarola, Knox, Wesley, Wycliff, Huss, and all the rest of the mighty army. They came through great tribulation to their place of power among men.

The history of literature is a record of sublime and sorrowful struggle. Every great book has been written with the author's blood. We may point to these princes of the pen, and say truthfully of them, "These are they which come out of great tribulation." That statement applies to every great book, to every great man, to every great institution, and to every great civilization in the history of mankind. Who was the peerless poet of the Greeks? Homer. But that illustrious singer was blind. Who wrote the fadeless dream of "Pilgrim's Progress"? A prince in royal purple upon a couch of ease? Nay. The trailing splendor of that vision

gilded the dingy walls of old Bedford jail while John Bunyan, a princely prisoner, a glorious genius, made a faithful transcript of the scene. His body was imprisoned, but his soul was unfettered.

Thomas Carlyle said that "ten silent centuries found a voice in Dante." How? Through ease? Through luxury? Never. He was lacerated by sharp criticisms. He was buffeted and bruised. He was hunted like a beast from hillside to hillside. Storms smote him. Black nights of sorrow sobbed their dirges across his suffering soul. It was then that Dante smote his harp. In such a night that Italian hero sang for the ages. That is the story of genius. That is the heart of heroism.

It is not material achievement, but the soul's sublime effort that counts most with God. The heroic reach of the honest heart may please him more than the actual achievement of the hand.

> Great is the facile conqueror:
> Yet haply he, who, wounded sore,
> Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
> With blood and sweat,
> Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore—
> Is greater yet.

Charles Baker Woods

Art. IX.—WHAT IS SOCIAL SERVICE?

The social consciousness is the moral sense that looks upon the multitudes and is moved with compassion for them. The social conscience is the social consciousness energized by the moral imperative. Social service is the social consciousness and conscience embodied in social conduct. Social Christianity is the highest sublimation of these conceptions. Its social consciousness is the vision of the kingdom in which God's will is done on earth as in heaven. Its social conscience is the mind which was in Christ Jesus. Its social service is the discharge of its task in the light of its vision.

For the Christian and for the church social service may be defined, first, in terms of its specific tasks, second, in the relation of these tasks to the ultimate issues of the kingdom.

I. It is to be said first, that the social service of the church is rendered in the larger part by that which its members do as individuals. The church is always doing whatever its members anywhere are doing in pursuance of its teachings. What is the Methodist Church doing? One may answer: Too little, to be sure, yet surely something. For the city problem Methodism is doing what Dr. North and Dr. Helms are doing. For the poor? Edward T. Devine may be our answer. For the child? Homer Folks. For labor? John Williams, State Labor Commissioner of New York, and President Kline, of the International Blacksmiths' Union. For public life? Ex-Senator Beveridge and ex-Governor Hanly. These men are the larger type. The smaller type are uncounted. Besides all the social service rendered by church members either privately or through the organic activities of the churches, it is reliably estimated that more than three fourths of the social workers in the non-church philanthropies are members of the churches. It follows that if the church members were to withdraw from them, even the secular philanthropies of the land would be paralyzed in a day. This hidden and pervasive influence is usually overlooked by those magazine and curbstone

critics of the church who are ever demanding that the churches "do something."

It must not be overlooked that the social service of the church is further rendered through the social effects of spiritual factors. Some services are distinctively social, others distinctively spiritual, but neither is exclusively the one nor the other. Each inevitably reacts on the other and is incomplete without the other. When a man or a church is truly spiritualized that man or church is measurably socialized. Our sense of sonship to the God who sends the light and the rain upon the just and the unjust alike is the ground for the commandment that our philanthropy must likewise be impartial and universal; a true God-consciousness must beget a true social consciousness. And our prayers for God's forgiveness must react in forgiveness toward our fellow men. And when Jesus foretold the judgment doom, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me"; and when Saint Paul, because he knew Christ no more after the flesh, could henceforth know no man after the flesh, the Master and the apostle thus forever identified the true Christ-consciousness with the highest social consciousness. And when in the spirit of Christ we pray for our fellow men, we realize the highest sense of social solidarity; for thus it even includes God. Nor is all this a "mere theory." It is a theory which works itself out in facts. In Dr. Devine's work on Misery and Its Causes, three statements are made which may illustrate "the social effects of spiritual factors." It is said that the New York municipal lodging house and Bowery "bread line" are not largely recruited from the Sunday schools and prayer meetings. Again, it is stated that "the church is the greatest of all safeguards against such misery as comes from the lack of friends." Thirdly, it is said that "spiritual power is a very essential factor in the ideal society." And the historian Green writes thus of the rise of Methodism: "The noblest result of the Wesleyan revival was the steady attempt, which has not ceased from that day to this, to remedy the guilt, the ignorance, the physical sufferings, the social degradation of the profligate and the poor." Hence the church, in doing its spiritual work, is not turning aside from social service.

Others tell us, on the contrary, that the social mission of the church ends at this point with its spiritual mission. Society, they say, must be saved by the saving of individuals. Rather, be it said, society must be saved by saved individuals. This is more than a verbal difference; it is a vital difference. For if society is to be saved by the saving of individuals, then all we have to do is to save them and be done with it. But if it is to be saved by saved individuals, then having saved them, it still remains to set them about saving society. Thus, in its spiritual ministry to the individual, the church has indeed begun, but has not done, its work of social service. The social value of religious experiences is not realized in the inner life of the worshiper, but in the outward ministries for which he is thus inwardly inspired.

From all the foregoing credits accorded to the church nothing is now subtracted in the further assertion that the critical duty of the church to-day is to inculcate distinctly and practically the spirit of social service. It is not indeed requisite that the church shall perform all sorts of social services. In most instances these can be better done by specialized agencies. But the church must hold itself responsible for seeing that they are done, all done, and well done. It must inspire the individuals who do the actual work. It must spiritualize and vitalize the specialized agencies. It must make axiomatic and authoritative in every Christian mind the truth that spiritual experiences are spurious unless they function in social service. It must create and sustain the governing ideals of all social endeavor and progress.

Though chiefly inspirational, the social service of the church must become increasingly practical. When the specialized agencies have done their best, other things will remain for the church to do lest they remain undone. "If there were no one to run a railroad but the church, then let her build and run railroads. At one time there was no one to teach North Germany how to farm and garden, and the Christian Church rendered immortal service teaching farming and gardening." When and where and how the church is to assume such executive undertakings is no question of theory about the "proper function of the church,"

but is a question of loving expediency depending on conditions that vary from place to place and from time to time.

Such are the factors in the social service of the church. First, the social work of its individual members. Second, the social effects of its spiritual influences. Third, its main service as the source of the social inspirations and ideals. Fourth, its occasional service in discharge of those specific duties which new occasions daily teach.

II. Again the question may be raised, What is social service? Thus far our answer has been a definition. But the definition must be completed with a vision. And the vision must have its perspective. And the perspective must take in history, humanity, heaven, and God.

First, social service should be seen in its historical perspective. What stake does world history have in the service of the present age? For answer the folowing remarkable letter may serve:

FAIRFIELD, WILT., May 28, 1894.

DEAR MR. SKILTON: I believe I wished you good-speed in your enterprise, but I believe your enterprise is futile. In the United States, as here and elsewhere, the movement toward dissolution of existing social forms and reorganization on a socialistic basis I believe to be irresistible. We have bad times before us and you have still more dreadful times before you—civil war, immense bloodshed, and eventually military despotism of the severest type. Truly yours,

HERBERT SPENCER.

Probably the near future will be less disastrous than Mr. Spencer predicts; it will not be less eventful. The labor movement, socialism, democracy, the awakening of Eastern Asia, the rapid occupation of the world's free lands—any one of these is eventful enough to make a long epoch of history. And yet all these and many other eventful movements are in full process to-day and rapidly approaching consummation. Momentous as have been the social changes of the near past, it is all but certain that those of the near future will be yet more momentous. Whether the new social order shall be better or worse, it is sure to be new. And whether it shall be a reversion toward barbarism or an advance toward the Apocalypse depends on the faithfulness

and effect with which the church of the living generations shall exalt the social sovereignty of Jesus Christ.

Again, social service must be seen in its human perspective. It is vitally important that the church and all concerned shall avoid the deplorable error of regarding the social problem as chiefly an academic question and the equal error of regarding it as chiefly a materialistic question. It is essentially neither; it is a human question; not a problem of theory or of greed, but of men's lives.

A religious journal has said that "the social consciousness business is being overworked by the church." That editor, like too many of us, had been thinking of "social consciousness" merely as one of the pale and bloodless abstractions of textbook sociology, and had forgotten that behind the academic term is its human meaning, which can be rendered only in other terms of hearts that beat and break, hands that strive and sin, other hands that serve, and more than all the mind of Him who looked on the multitudes and had compassion for them. The little girl said that her big bundle was not heavy—it was her baby brother—and in that saying we have much of the social problem. It is not an academic problem we have on our hands and hearts—it is our brother—and the social problem is a family affair. "For one is our Father which is in heaven; and all ye are brethren. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

A family affair is this social problem, not because we will have it so, but just because it is so. Carlyle tells of an Irish widow who sought in vain for charity "till her strength and heart failed her; she sank down in typhus fever; died, and infected her lane with fever, so that seventeen other persons died of fever there in consequence. . . . But she proves her sisterhood; her typhus fever kills them; they actually were her brothers though denying it!" Thus in the long run there are no classes and no masses, nor such a thing as privacy. "No man liveth to himself alone." The oppressed, the disinherited, the diseased, the drunken, the degenerate; these are not apart from us, they are part of us and we of them. We contract their diseases; they beat down our standards of living and wages; they and we are

to be the ancestors of the same posterity. "We all are members one of another."

It must also be remembered that the social problem is more than the issue of materialism, more than a sordid conflict between "the haves and have-nots." It is the conflict for humanity against animalism, civilization against savagery. It involves the fame and fate of the nation for which Washington fought and Lincoln died; the class-hatred and race-hatred which magnify the modern meaning of man's inhumanity to man; the cry of children overworked and the curse of men out of work; the increasing pauperism, filth, drunkenness, crime, white plague and white slavery of our overgrown and ever growing cities; the early and inevitable choice between progress and degeneracy. The appalling mortality of the coal regions was lately mentioned by a man who takes the humanitarian standpoint to a coal operator who takes the "business" standpoint. The latter replied: "After all, it's not so serious, because most of the men killed are ignorant foreigners who can be easily replaced." Under conditions where a decent man can say a diabolical thing like that no wonder thirty thousand men were killed in our coal mines during twenty years, while the death rate of the coal regions, which decreased annually in Europe, was increasing annually in America.

Social service must be seen, thirdly, in its spiritual perspective. Here is a parable from the life of Samuel Chadwick, the great missioner of Leeds. Early in his ministry he took a liquor case into the courts. The attorney for the dramseller made great sport of the young preacher and wound up by demanding in mocking tones, "I should like to ask this young-looking shepherd, What hast thou done with the few sheep in the wilderness?" Chadwick retorted instantly: "Don't you trouble about my sheep; I'm after the wolf to-day." That settled the case. Of course the church's mission is to save souls; by that token its mission is also to hunt the wolves that destroy souls. Of course it is our calling to make men spiritual; by that token it is also our calling to procure social conditions which give them a decent chance to be spiritual. Along with this, social service promises much by way of redeeming spirituality itself from the taint of unreality and selfishness.

It was John Wesley who said that "the Bible knows nothing about a religion of solitude," and for asceticism and "other-worldliness" there is no better corrective than hard work and hard thought for humanity's welfare.

The most untimely saying possible is that which we hear so often, that there is danger lest the church, if too much concerned about social service, may neglect its spiritual ministrations. In that saying there is no little unbelief and cowardice. Service is the fruit by which alone true spirituality can be known, and thus to impeach the fruits of the spirit is to impeach the very life of the spirit. If men should think themselves compelled to choose between the humanitarian and the spiritual, there can be no doubt that they would choose the humanitarian. The Christian who hints at such an alternative denies the faith. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

Social service must be finally seen in its divine perspective. It is the service of God himself. And he who ministers to the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, the stranger, the sick or the prisoner, ministers thus to Christ. The vision of Sir Launfal was the mediæval allegory of Christ's elder parable, and both are living realities in every deed of mercy now, every work of modern reform, and all shall issue at last in the doom of judgment.

And so, what is social service? It is, to meet and master the great crisis of modern history, to serve the actual interests by which human beings must live and die, to give social and sovereign sway to the things of the spirit, and in all these things, as in whatsoever we do, to serve the Lord Christ.

William M. Balch

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

INADVISABILITY OF DISTRICTING BISHOPS

Once in four years the church is turned into a debating society. The approach of General Conference brings agitation. Every man that hath a dream of how things might be bettered tells his dream. The amount of mental energy, acuteness, and inventiveness displayed in these eager discussions allays all fear of stagnation or apathy; and Methodism manifests its capacity for self-criticism and reconstructive enterprise, entertaining evidently the purpose of improvement whenever changes become clearly necessary to the maintenance or normal increase of efficiency.

Everywhere and always advocates of radical reform are apt to be, by temperament and by the exigencies of their situation, aggressive, zealous, and clamorous. In debates they are loudest, longest, and most frequent. In the absence of any correspondingly adequate statement in apology for things as they are, an uninstructed stranger hearing these debates might conclude that the system under discussion must be a rickety and ridiculous pile of blunders and anachronisms which should be demolished at once for the comfort and safety of those residing under it.

Lest it be made to appear that we are denominational descendants of men who had so little wisdom that they have loaded upon their successors a system made up principally of mistakes, it may be well occasionally for somebody to inquire gently whether established usages and polity have any excuse for coming into being or any justification for continuing to exist.

In these quadrennial discussions the episcopacy, as to plan and personnel, is not overlooked, but receives a measure of attention fully proportioned to the dignity and importance of the office. And among the changes suggested as improvements is one which would attempt to secure some of the advantages of a diocesan episcopacy. Now, it is well to remember that it is not possible to have all the benefits of all systems under any one system. The desire to secure such monopoly

of benefits is natural, but futile. Diocesan bishops may be able to do some things which itinerant general superintendents cannot; but judicious selection of method is made by a comparison of advantages. As between two possible plans of administrative and executive superintendency we decide by considering which is best suited to the character of our work, most in harmony with the spirit of our communion, with an amazingly successful history, and even with the intention of the fathers, and which adjusts best with the rest of our peculiar machinery, and most fully meets the needs arising out of all these features and facts.

Supposing it to be proposed to obtain for the Methodist Episcopal Church, by proper constitutional process, a districted episcopacy, it is well to raise the question whether there are any points in which that plan would be obviously inferior for our uses to our unbrokenly historic method.

I. In the Annual Conferences would there be any loss by the districting of bishops?

The present plan is plainly calculated to secure for the various types and classes of ministers their due appreciation in their turn. It is certain that contrasting types of ministerial character and work will commend themselves differently to different bishops. If a bishop be himself a man of rough vigor he will be apt to favor men of his own type. The driving, pushing, aggressive, ambitious, obtrusively energetic sort will seem to him the ideal man for bringing things to pass. He will not naturally ask concerning the depth and permanence of showy and measurable results, accomplished perhaps by undue admixture of carnal elements, so long as the definite and conspicuous results are achieved. Such a bishop is not likely to appreciate at its proper value the quiet strength of more refined and less demonstrative natures, the genuine and abiding worth of modest men, the result of whose labor rises without sound of ax, or hammer, or clatter of any tools, or shout of the workman; strong, symmetrical, and stable as a temple; an unselfish, unsensational, discreet, and edifying ministry. In making appointments he may naturally prefer the rougher, brawnier, more rugged men. By similar working of personal preference a bishop of opposite type, of finer fiber, higher intellectual culture, more refined spirituality, and less in sympathy with carnal methods, will inevitably in his turn understand, believe in, and, so far as is in his power, promote men of like character with himself

and his ideals. This he will conceive to be his duty to the church, as did his predecessor in the opposite direction. Human nature, in bishops, as in other men, being built that way, it is certain that constant change of presidents in an Annual Conference operates to guarantee justice in the long run to all types of ministerial ability and temperament. District the bishops, and within the bounds of many a Conference the demand from one class or another of the ministry for a new and different bishop would be loud before a single quadrennium of continued presidency had passed.

Again, as to apprehending a situation and forming correct judgment of the work, no bishop can be infallible. Though he come to a Conference with a pure, consecrated, and prayerful purpose to be just and wise, yet because he is a man he is liable to err in judgment. Instances are reported where an Annual Conference has felt with considerable unanimity, somewhat forcibly expressed, that the departing president had left behind him, as unpleasant reminders of his visit, some serious blunders to embarrass the work and worry the workers. Now, for such a Conference, as well as for individual churches and ministers who feel aggrieved, there is advantage and hope in having the scheme of appointments reconsidered and reconstructed twelve months later by another mind. The thoughtful know how hard it is for one to perceive his own mistakes, or, seeing them, to acknowledge and correct them. Can it be doubted that the peace and tranquillity of Zion are promoted by the fact that preachers and people suffering from unsuitable appointments are pacified and made patient by the certainty that another bishop will preside next year, and so these mistakes are not so likely to be perpetuated as under the continual presidency of any one man?

II. In the Episcopal Board would any disadvantage develop from districting the bishops?

Under our present plan the several bishops are not made to be rivals, except in a noble emulation to render the utmost possible service for the good of the whole work. The inspiration given a bishop is general, not local, large, and not small. No one is so placed that he can aggrandize his own vicinage at the expense of his neighbor. Not the exclusive interests of one locality, but the greatest good of the greatest number throughout the entire church is what each bishop is compelled to desire and seek. A localized jurisdiction instantly changes the relations of the bishops among themselves. He who is responsible

for a particular territory for a length of time must systematically seek to seize for it the best and strongest possible; not having the same interest in the needs of other territory, but contending for his own district against the claims of others. The several bishops are thus made rivals.

Again, for other reasons the internal relations of the Episcopal Board are not likely to be made more amicable by the process or the results of districting its members. Suppose our territory to be divided into districts and the General Conference to be about to distribute the bishops among the districts. Inevitably the personal friends of each bishop will muster in force and beset the Committee on Episcopacy, pressing the claims of their favorite for one of the most desirable districts, and using all means to influence the General Conference in his favor. Just as inevitably, also, each district will make plain its preference for one bishop over the others, and appear by representatives on the scene to push its demands. Under this method odious comparisons and painful distinctions between the different bishops would be made by argument and vote, and the equality in dignity and in standing before the church now existing among our chief pastors would be destroyed. Such contending would be promotive of turbulence and antagonisms, and injustice might easily result. A bishop on the frontier must contemplate the possibility of being kept there all his life, separated from advantages belonging to the centers, simply because his personal allies may be less numerous, less pushing and hustling, more scrupulous, and less expert in lobbying, bargaining, and political manipulation. He will feel the sharp injustice of being kept from his fair chance, perhaps by methods which his ideals of Christian manliness would not permit him to use in the affairs of the kingdom of God. The present placing of the bishops may not satisfy all parts of the church at once but is better than the plan of districting as by some proposed. As things now are each bishop, the youngest in office as well as the oldest, takes his turn in visitation of the more cultivated and eligible sections, in the presidency of the larger and stronger Conferences, and in being on the committee in the Episcopal Board to assign to each of its members his next list of Conferences. If any bishop be now held to be greater or more influential than another it must be by what he is, and not by holding a certain jurisdiction. A plan of assignment more equitable, steady, and likely to promote contentment in those affected by it would be hard to imagine. It leaves the smallest possible room

for jealousies inside the episcopacy; it is promotive of intestinal peace, and ought to make the inner atmosphere of the board genial, sweet, and balmy. Nothing can be less edifying to a denomination than dissonance, antagonism, and strife among its bishops.

III. In the work at large and in denominational life and interests would there be any loss from districting the bishops?

The argument for confining a bishop in a particular district, on the score of adaptation, is an equal argument for keeping him there indefinitely so long as the fitness continues, and if he remains there he more and more assimilates the region to himself, tints his district with his personality, and permeates it with his views and sentiments in proportion to the force of his individuality. This force is likely to be strong, because the church is not apt to elect feeble, negative, and colorless men to the bishopric, and, being exerted from the seat of authority, it has a chance to be powerfully influential. The denominational uniformity and consistency would thus be broken up into differing sections, each colored and modeled after the type of its bishop. Unity of doctrine, worship, and custom would be greatly diminished as time went on; extreme variations would be introduced, and sympathetic affinity between the sections impaired. This is the spectacle in the Protestant Episcopal Church—small agreement of doctrine or utterance among its bishops; no regularity throughout the church; on the basis of the Prayer Book, all kinds of worship and ceremonial, from evangelical Protestant simplicity to complications of ritual and ornamentation of altar and priest not to be distinguished from Roman Catholic forms and practices. An effort at comprehensiveness, with the settling of the bishops in dioceses, results in most contradictory teachings and ceremonies. Between the most evangelical Low Churchmen, now sadly in the minority, and the farthest Romeward of the Anglo-Catholics, now so dominant and crescent, how vast is the contrast! Each bishop colors his diocese. And the tendency of any diocesan or districted episcopacy is to make the territorial map of the denomination a crazy-quilt of patches more remarkable for contrasts than for resemblances. Under our itinerant general superintendency no bishop is long enough in power in any one section to implicate his environment in his personality.

Again, the effect of a districted episcopacy would be to weaken our connectional solidarity and momentum, so imposing to many beholders and so powerful in unanimous action. A few inside under-

value this integral connectional solidarity, but discerning minds outside of Methodism are impressed to the point of voluntary testimony as to its weight and force. A Congregational theological professor, unsurpassed in eminence, information, and sound judgment, says that this cohesive unity, which is both organic and vital, together with our great numbers, makes Methodism the most formidable competitor of the Papal Church. These are his words: "I think the Catholics respect and fear you Methodists more than they do all the rest of us together. You are organized into a solid unity, as they are. Your columns are maneuvered together as a whole in unanimity of coördinated action. In you they encounter an army; they look on us as guerrillas." Another non-Methodist student of denominational peculiarities says that no other communion equals ours in the facilities it has, by reason of structural, conscious, and sympathetic unity, for communicating intelligence, impulse, enthusiasm, purpose, and plans of campaign from the centers of deliberation, authority, energy, and influence out through the whole body even to the remotest members. But this denominational solidity is due to nothing so much as to our itinerant general superintendency, which is the only agency circulating through the whole church, the bishops being the only officials who travel through the entire connection, while secretaries, agents, and editors travel less widely. In this itinerant general superintendency the fullest intelligence, the highest authority, the strongest ability, and selected representatives of the noblest manhood of the church visit every part, giving to the remotest and obscurest the benefit of the denomination's best. This impartial, democratic, universal circulation through the entire frame of a huge denomination makes it indeed a communion, building all parts together in bonds of intelligent and unhesitating loyalty, and in such oneness as, for example, makes the heart of New York Methodism beat in practical and helpful sympathy with Denver. To destroy the itinerant general superintendency is to stop this circulation and impair this living and sympathetic unity.

Again, a districted episcopacy would work injury to the newer, less prominent and needier sections. The bishops of greatest experience, wisdom, and power would not only be located in the older centers, but confined thereto. It is hardly likely that juniors would be stationed in the centers and seniors on the frontiers. Remote and struggling parts of the work would not share in the inspiration and other benefits of the presence, long-gathering prestige, and counsel

of the most sagacious trained masters of episcopal administration. Suppose Janes and Simpson and Andrews had been shut up by assignment each to his own limited district. How incalculable the loss to the church at large! Matthew Simpson could never have become a national possession, a national power, and an object of national pride—the most illustrious and universally influential bishop in all the wide interests of religion and of the State that this land has ever seen. His magnificent powers would have been confined, and many parts of the country and our church would have been deprived of them.

Two more reasons against a change of plan may be briefly stated. One of the reasons given against our present plan is the expense entailed upon the church by the wide traveling of the bishops; and it is said that the laymen especially will insist on applying business principles to the economical management of denominational machinery, and will stop this waste by locating the bishops so that each one will visit only the territory adjacent to his official residence. But this expense under the present system is less than is popularly supposed, and is but a trifle for so great a church, and be it observed that the whole logical force and natural drift of the argument for districting the bishops is for a diocesan episcopacy, and that means not less expense to the church but more, because it means a very large increase in the number of bishops, after the plan of the Protestant Episcopal body; so that instead of being a movement toward economy it is really toward a far more expensive system of operation. More episcopal attention for local interests and for the various sections of our territory can be obtained only by an increase in the number of bishops; which in our judgment is needed.

Lastly, three quadrenniums of a districted episcopacy would deprive the councils of the church of the compared, corrected, and reenforced knowledge and balanced judgment of the whole work now available in the Board of Bishops.

DR. MUDGE ON CARLYLE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY[1]

SEER and sage, prophet-preacher and prose-poet, single-minded, simple-hearted, noble-spirited, as much of a hero as those he canonized, greatest historical painter, consummate artist, a moral force

[1] Not having space elsewhere, we make place here for this admirable study by Dr. James Mudge, one of the most prolific, potent, and profitable of current writers.

of quite incalculable potency, an independent entity ruggedly inflexible, dreadfully in earnest, grim and stern, yet affectionate withal and full of humor; titanic in genius, miraculous in style, with a power of expression unexampled in literature; deeply religious, yet careless or even scornful of conventional dogmas; a mystic and a critic, a prodigious personality, Hindu, Hebrew, stoic, cynic, Puritan, Teuton, son of Anak, son of Scotia, a heaven-sent messenger to proclaim the law of truth, the gospel of liberty, the glory of independence, and the might of right—such was Thomas Carlyle, whose audacious and vivacious thunder-peals of eloquent imagery not only had large meaning for his own age but are resonant with adaptations and applications to the century now upon us. He is needed to-day. That puissant voice should be heard in the streets of our American cities, on our Boards of Trade, our marts of exchange, in our workshops and homes; yes, in our pulpits. It is being heard by proxy through the mouth of him who so strongly declares the duty of the square deal, who so vigorously denounces all departure from the straight path of righteousness in public as well as private affairs. Let it also sound forth again and yet again in the vocables most natural to it, sharply associated with it, those which the lapse of fifty years has in no way rendered out of date. The message is still fresh, for the evils then are evils now, perennially prevalent and crying loudly to heaven for purgation.

Wherein lay Carlyle's strength? He had many weaknesses, many glaring defects and faults, both in his personal character and in his formal teaching. He was by no means a model. He was open to assault at more than one point. Much might be said, should be said, in any complete, comprehensive estimate of his place as a writer and reformer, concerning his various inconsistencies, arrogancies, irritabilities, exaggerations, and perversions. But just now this is not our business. We freely admit his manifold deficiencies, but we are not emphasizing them at present. Our space does not permit an extended treatise. So we select those matters in which he has conferred so immense a benefit upon the generations past, present, and to come. Many will be glad to review some of the lessons he was commissioned from on high to convey, will be profited by hearing again the thrilling calls which in so magnificent a manner he, as a God-given leader, sent forth into the leaden ears of men.

What was his main message? There were a few things which he was never tired of reiterating, which with almost wearisome persist-

ence, but with wonderfully versatile variations, he pressed endlessly upon the attention of the people, for he felt upon him in these directions a very heavy burden which would not let him be silent. And it is these things, wrenched out of his inmost heart, surcharged with his deepest lifeblood, which, more than any others, reach and stir the hearts of his readers.

Truth

It is scarcely possible to make any acquaintance at all with this mason's son—rugged, angular, granitic—without hearing him belch forth bombshells in great profusion against all sorts of Mendacities, Insincerities, Speciosities, Unveracities, Hypocrisies, Formalities, Frivolities, etc., etc. He spells them in every case with a capital, not that they may have the more dignity, we take it, but that he may thereby hint at his conception of the large space they fill in this world of multifarious lying, and at the vigor of his onslaught against them. No word is more frequently on his lips, accompanied with infinite objurgation, than *cant*. He linked it with quackery and humbug, with delusion and *dilettanteism*, with pretense and imposture. He meant a use of speech inclined from the vertical, more or less oblique, partaking of show and sham, tinged with the empty, the insipid, the inane. It especially included, with him, believing what is incredible, or affecting so to believe, clinging to symbols after they have become obsolete and meaningless. He said, "What the light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible, that, in God's name, leave uncredited: at your peril do not try believing that." With Coleridge he held that "People do not really believe, they only believe that they believe." "Truth in the inward parts," and in the outward, truth though the heavens fall, though vested interests shriek, and men in highest places suffer shame, truth though revered institutions are discredited and much that was thought solid is shown to be hollow—this was his continual plea. "Diligence, Truth: Truth, Diligence; these are our watchwords, whether we have ten talents or only the decimal fraction of one." He was certain that untruths and injustices would be as surely followed by retribution in our day as were the idolatries and tyrannies of Egypt and Assyria and Israel in the olden time.

He wrote to his wife in 1835: "One thing in the middle of this chaos I am more determined to adhere to, to clear myself of cants and formulas, of poisonous Nessus shirts, to strip them off me, by what

name soever called, and to follow, were it down to Hades, what I myself know and see. Pray God only that sight be given me, freedom of eyes to see with. I fear nothing then, hope infinite things. It is a great misery for a man to lie, even unconsciously, even to himself." He accounted sincerity, "a deep, great, genuine sincerity," the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. A great man, a man adequate to do anything, he maintained, cannot be without it, he must be, first of all, in right earnest. "Refuse to speak lies, have done with falsity, eschew falsity as death eternal." "The laws of fact are the laws of God; the laws of sham and semblance are called the Devil's laws." "Nature and Fact, not Red-Tape and Semblance, are to this hour the basis of man's life; and on those, through never such strata as these, man and his life and all his interests do, sooner or later, inevitably come to rest, and be supported or be swallowed according as they agree with those. This universe has its laws. If we walk according to the law the Lawmaker will befriend us; if not, not."

Over and over, again and yet again, this note was loudly, fiercely struck, till the dullest ear was forced sometimes to take it in. The castigation administered to falsity in its myriad shapes was so overwhelming and insistent that the toughest epidermis could not fail to feel it a little. And multitudes of men were really brought to understand that lying would not do, that shams could not possibly be made to take the place of real things.

Work

It will be noted that along with Truth in the double motto quoted just now Carlyle put Diligence. Was there ever one who more fully exemplified this latter virtue, as well as the former? Very few at least have proved themselves such terrible toilers and can with clear conscience exhort their fellow mortals to steadfast and studious application. Fourteen years of unceasing labor were expended on his Frederick the Great, and nearly half as much on his French Revolution. He took utmost pains with his composition, both in the fact of it and the form, to get every assertion well authenticated and the mode of statement striking. Too much pains perhaps was taken as to the latter. Many at least have thought so. The style bears plain marks of great effort, of no little heaving and struggling. It is storm-tossed and tempest-shaken with paradoxes, exaggerated metaphors, startling apostrophes, eccentric extravagances, abysmal

ellipses, daring personifications, exclamations, exhortations, dramatizations, double-barreled adjectives, homemade compounds, caustic epithets, piled superlatives, blazing vehemences. It has at times the roll of music by which armies march; it is touched with the eternal melodies; it is radiant and resonant with arrowy vitalities, vivacities, and velocities; it has alertness, alacrity, and audacity; its swift felicity and ingenuity take the breath. It has been compared to Swiss scenery with sudden turns, abrupt declivities, glaciers, crevasses, mountain peaks, and torrents. It is anything but tranquil, easy-going, commonplace, dull. In this it is the exact echo of its master's mind; a faithful symbol of his own stormy, rocky nature; a fit medium for expressing the thoughts that boiled and scorched and flashed within him. It did what he wanted as no more mellifluous and moderate phrasing would have done.

He made his words work because he believed with all his heart and mind in the abiding virtue of the most assiduous industry, the duty of doing. *Laborare est orare* was a favorite maxim, and another one, over a burning candle, *Terar dum prosim* [May I be wasted so that I be of use]. "All work, if it be nobly done, is beautiful alike: one has no reward out of it except even that same. The spirit it is done in, that is blessed or that is cursed—that is all." "What we have done is the only mirror that can show us what we are." "Produce! produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then. Up! Up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might." "True work is worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, bodies forth the form of things unseen; a small poet every worker is." "Every noble work is at first impossible." "Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness." "One monster there is in the world—the idle man. What is *his* 'religion'? His life is a lie: his god is a lie." "Hollow work always shows its hollowness some day or other. All men in all places, at all times, ought to decline working hollow." "Were the work laid upon us but the kneading of a clay brick, let us in God's name do it faithfully and look for our reward elsewhere." "I mean to work according to my strength; as to riches, fame, success, etc., I ask no questions."

Very clearly and altogether satisfactorily, as every reader of the forty volumes knows, this line of thought is elaborated by Carlyle. And who shall say it has not had effect? Who can assert it is not called for still even on this side of the sea, where conditions increas-

ingly approximate those in older lands, where has sprung up a class of the idle rich who exhaust themselves in doing nothing, who fritter and flutter and flaunt and feign and fawn in a world where so much waits to be done, where time so swiftly wheels into eternity, and the Judge stands at the door?

Independence

He who has the wholesome view of labor indicated in the sentences which have been given will naturally be independent, no imitator, holding wealth in light esteem, living by his own soul's law, regarding not the "ever mutable multitude," nor leaning any whit on the broken reeds around him; nay, standing steadfast, a leader, pillar, whichever way may blow the wind of popular applause. Such was Carlyle. He even bent overmuch backward in his determination to be straight. He refused without gratitude, and sometimes with unbecoming resentment, all offers of help, extremely jealous lest any one should get upon him any kind of hold or seem to possess a right of command concerning him.

"There is no use in 'helps.' The grown-up man that cannot be his own help ought to secure his discharge from the church militant and turn him to some middle region by the earliest conveyance. For affection or the faintest imitation of it a man ought to feel obliged to his very dog. But for the greatest assistance of patronage or purse let him pause before accepting them from anyone. Let him utterly refuse them except from beings that are enshrined in his heart of hearts." As to the French Revolution he writes to his wife, "I consider it the sincerest book this nation has got offered to it for a good few years, or is like to get for a good few. So I say to them, Good Christian people, there it is. Shriek over it, since ye will not shout over it. Trample, it, kick it, use it in all ways ye judge best. If ye can kill it and extinguish it then in God's name do. If ye cannot, why then ye will not. My share in it is done." "You must do as others do or they will get the start of you or tread you under foot, says the world. It says to my words, All true, Mr. Carlyle, *but*. I say, All true, Mr. Carlyle, *and*. Believe the remedy possible and go to work at it." To his youngest sister he wrote concerning his refusal to go out to dinners and the probability that offense would be taken, "In the world there is only one true blessing for me—that of working an honest work. If you would give me the Bank of England and all the city to worship me with bended knees—alas, that would

do nothing for me at all. It is not you that can help or hinder me; it is I, even I." "The spirit of Mammon rules this world—Whig, Tory, Radical. All are alike of the earth, earthy. They look upon me as an utterly misguided man. They are very right. I shall never make any fortune in that world, unless it be that highest of all conceivable fortunes, the fortune to do in some small degree my All-Wise Taskmaster's bidding here. May he of his grace enable me. I offer up no other prayer." "The world must be a tougher article than I have ever found it if it altogether beats me. I have defied it and set my trust elsewhere, and so it can do whatsoever is permitted and appointed it." "For myself I fear not the world or regard it a jot, except as the great task-garden of the Highest; wherein I am called to do whatever work the great Taskmaster of men shall please to appoint me. What are its frowns and its favors, its falsehoods and hollow threatenings to me? With the spirit of my father I will front them and conquer them. Let us fear nothing, only being the slaves of sin and madness; these are the only real slaves."

He asks no favors, it might also be said he would receive no favors; he wanted to stand on his own feet, and he managed to do it, although at times nearly swept down by torrents of neglect and opposition, of pain and privation. He remains an example of thorough manliness and high-toned principle and rugged, rock-like honesty, a divinely emancipated man, lord of himself, and hence in good measure lord also, or at least leader, of a wide circle able to recognize the gifts that qualify for such a post.

Religion

Carlyle was preëminently and passionately religious. This has not been always or perhaps generally comprehended. He was misunderstood because, disgusted with the empty formulas and half-beliefs, the platitudes and stupidities, the garrulities and insipidities of the popular religion about him, he let fly many wild winged words against these things, which naturally gave great offense to those in possession of the high places, and made a deeper impression on the public than the quieter utterances in his private journal and the family correspondence which bear witness to another side of his character. Those who intimately knew him were well aware that at bottom he had not really or radically departed from the basic principles of his pious Scotch ancestry. His forms of expression were very different, but the fundamental facts were substantially the same. He repeatedly

assured his anxious old mother, whom he so tenderly loved and cared for to the last, that his belief and hers were essentially one, although from the language he used one might not think it. He was a Calvinist without the theology. The dogmas of the old creed did not appeal to him, but the abiding underlying spirit did. He dropped the old clothes of the ancient belief that he might more effectively declare what was to him its living reality. He utterly repudiated the materialistic theory of things. As to the divine government of the universe he had no manner of question. He asserts it on almost every page, and finds it betokened in all the facts which he so laboriously set in array. Those facts were to him the revelation of the divine will. History was his Bible. The natural, he said, is the supernatural. The universe itself he accounted a miracle, all its phenomena being incomprehensible. Hence, while he could not accept all the usual doctrines of Christianity, and is, of course, not to be reckoned technically orthodox, he speaks ever in deepest reverence of Christ, and labored so effectively in casting out the devils of modern society that the Master would assuredly have placed him in the company of those who, not being against, are inherently for us, although they may not follow in all respects with us or be counted in the ranks of the avowed disciples. Chalmers, who watched the progress of Carlyle very closely, heartily recognized the essential piety of his nature under the forms of heterodoxy. Thomas Erskine, of much celebrity in the religious world, was heard to say, "Very few of them are at bottom so orthodox as Carlyle." No one can deny that for more than half a century he struggled with the utmost energy to establish the bases of all doctrines, reverence and godly fear. "Love not pleasure, love God, this is the Everlasting Yea."

The story of what he calls his conversion, related in Sartor Resartus, is well known. He had been exceedingly downcast and miserable, there having been three weeks of total sleeplessness, in which almost his only solace was that of the daily bath on the sands between Leith and Portobello, "when all at once there arose a thought in me, and I asked myself, 'What art thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death: and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will, or can do against thee. Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatever it be; and, as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself

under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come then; I will meet it and defy it.' And as I so thought there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength, a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time the temper of misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim, fire-eyed Defiance. It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new-birth or baphometic fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man."

This was in June, 1821, he being then twenty-six, when, as he says, he "authentically took the Devil by the nose" and began to achieve the convictions by which the whole of his later life was governed. It was not, we suppose, the conversion to any theological creed, or even person, so much as it was the assertion of his manhood against the almost suicidal mood of despair. It was an emancipation and deliverance that has noteworthy points of likeness to the victory of the sinner who feels the burden of his guilt removed. It would seem, however, that his liberation, as subsequently tested after the immediate emotion subsided, lacked something of completeness, as is frequently the case, was the first battle but not the end of the campaign, for we find him writing four years afterward from Hoddam, 1825, as follows: "This year I found that I had conquered all my skepticisms, agonizing doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul, vile, and soul-murdering mud-gods of my epoch; had escaped from a worse than Tartarus, with all its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and was emerging free in spirit into an eternal blue of ether where, blessed be Heaven, I have, for the spiritual part, ever since lived, looking down upon the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures in such multitudes and millions still stuck in the fatal element, and have had no concern whatever in their Puseyisms, ritualisms, metaphysical controversies, and cobwebberies. I understood well what the old Christian people meant by conversion—by God's infinite mercy to them. I had in effect gained an immense victory, and for a number of years, in spite of nerves and chagrins, had a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant, and which essentially remains with my soul, though far oftener eclipsed and lying deeper down than then. Once more thank Heaven for its highest gift!"

A little later he writes about "the final chaining down and trampling home for good of all my spiritual dragons. This year, 1826, saw the end of all that, with such a feeling on my part as may be fancied.

I found it to be essentially what Methodist people call their conversion, the delivery of their souls from the Devil and the pit, precisely enough that in new form. And there burnt accordingly a sacred flame of joy in me, silent in my inmost being, as of one henceforth superior to fate, able to look down on its stupid injuries with contempt, pardon, and almost with a kind of pity. This holy joy with which I kept silence lasted sensibly in me for several years in blessed counterpoise to sufferings and discouragements enough; nor has it proved what I can call fallacious at any time since. My 'spiritual dragons,' thank Heaven, do still remain strictly in their caves, forgotten and dead, which is indeed a conquest and the beginning of conquests."

Providence and prayer were exceedingly real to him, as much so perhaps as to any man that has lived. His convictions concerning them were of the strongest. "Prayer," he said, "is the deepest impulse of the soul of man; is of the very highest benefit; it is the turning of one's soul in heroic reverence, in infinite desire and endeavor towards the Highest, the aspiration of our poor struggling, heavy-laden soul toward its eternal Father. No prayer, no religion." Prayer was a confirmed habit with him. He writes: "God grant me faith, and clearness, and peacefulness of heart. I make no other prayer." "With considerable sincerity I can pray, Grant me, O Father, enough of wisdom to live well; prosperity to live easily grant me or not as Thou seest best."

As to the guiding, governing power of God in human affairs he had a very serene and steadfast faith. He looked on this whole system of phenomena as a manifestation of the will divine which interpenetrates and controls all existing things, from the making of a world to the lightest actions of the humblest man. God's law is everywhere, he believed, and man's welfare depends on faithful conformity thereto. "Nothing is morally indifferent." "As the Guide orders so be it. While I can say, His will be mine, there is no power in earth or out of it can put me in fear." He had a very clear conviction that everything in this universe, down to the very smallest detail, was ordered with a conscious purpose; that nothing happened to anyone which was not ordained to happen; that no accident, no bullet on battlefield or sickness at home could kill a man till the work for which he was appointed was done.

He was not true to this excellent belief in his own conduct when small matters only were concerned. He was querulous and irritable

in little things. But when large misfortunes came he behaved admirably. An excellent instance of this is his conduct under the very heavy blow dealt him when the manuscript of his first volume of his French Revolution, loaned to John Stuart Mill in March, 1835, was carelessly burnt. It was a calamity which involved the total destruction of many, many long months of hardest labor, and which no toil, however severe, could wholly replace. His first thought was, by putting as good a face on the matter as possible, to mitigate the severity of Mill's grief. His after thought, as expressed in his journal and in letters to friends, was, "I felt in general as a little school boy who had laboriously written out his copy as best he could and was showing it, not without satisfaction, to the Master; but, lo, the Master had suddenly torn it, saying, No, boy, thou must go and write it better. What could I do but sorrowing go and try to obey, and think it best? I am very glad that I got it borne so well, for it was a hard thing. It never got the better of me; by the next morning the bitterness of it was all over; and I had determined that there must be a finger of Providence in it, and that it meant simply, I was to write the thing over again truer than it was. On the whole should I not thank the Unseen? For I was not driven out of composure, hardly for a moment. 'Walk humbly with thy God.' To work again, and, O may God be with me, for this earth is not friendly. On! in His Name!" A little later he says, "My belief in a special Providence grows yearly stronger, unsubduable, impregnable. By God's blessing the book shall yet be written. I feel even with one year of health and peace I could write something considerable. Which year of health and peace God, if He see meet, shall give me yet; or withhold from me as shall be for the best."

Other expressions of this sort might be quoted to a large extent. We append just a few of them. Speaking of the book he says, "In God's name let it take its fortune in the world and sink or swim as the All-disposer orders. There remains for me the maxim, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him.'" "If my duty be to endure a life of poverty and what 'light afflictions' attend on it, this will not terrify me." "The course of Providence seems guiding my steps into new regions." "On the whole I do feel as if all that hindered one were in reality a blessed furtherance toward something better." "If I write anything that has meaning in it such meaning cannot be lost; He that gave me the meaning will care fitly for it." "It is God's world, I am God's worker in it; well for me that I can be that. I seem to see better and better

that I have not wholly mistaken my calling, and as for the rest God is our Maker and he will give us strength according to our burden." "In all situations (out of Tophet) there is a duty, and our highest blessedness lies in doing it." "The rights of man are altogether subordinate to the duties of man." "Would in this world of ours is a mere zero to Should." "Be of good cheer, my brother. Behave wisely, and continue to trust in God. No doubt he sent you hither to work out his will. It is man's mission and blessedness, could he but rightly walk in it." "We shall meet again, if God will. If He will not, then better we should not meet." "One thing is no perhaps: surely we shall all meet yonder if it be the will of the Maker of us. If it be not his will—then, is it not better so?" "I often think of Death, as all reasonable creatures must. I have many a time felt that without the expectation of it life would be, in its brightest situation, a burden too heavy to be borne. We are in the hands of the All-merciful Father. Let us live with hope in Him, and try to fill rightly the opportunities he has assigned us. Here is the anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. By this let us abide, and vex ourselves with no needless fears." "Without religion constantly present in the heart I see not how a man can live otherwise than unreasonably, desperately." "A strange feeling of Supernaturalism and of the fearfulness and wonderfulness of life haunts me and grows upon me." "Truly thankful should I be that the Giver of good has imparted to me this highest of all blessings, light to discern his hand in the confused workings of this evil world and to follow fearlessly whithersoever he beckons. Ever be praised God for it." "Surely as the blue dim of heaven encircles us all, so does the Providence of the Lord of heaven. He will withhold no good thing from those that love him. This, as it was the ancient Psalmist's faith, let it be likewise ours. This is the Alpha and Omega, I reckon, of all bliss that can belong to any man."

Have we said too much concerning Carlyle's religion? There is a very great deal more of the same sort that might readily be quoted from the wealth of his burning words. And there are many other related topics, besides those we have mentioned, on which his utterance furnishes splendid stimulus to right living. Who has better defined true liberty, and shown clearly how insignificant a portion of it is the absence of oppression from one's fellow men, how entirely foolish it is for the thrall of his own brutal appetites to prate about freedom? Who has more strongly emphasized the great imperative of Duty? Who has a better conception of the absolute certainty of jus-

tice sooner or later, "as sure as life, as sure as death"? "In the center of the world whirlwind dwells and speaks God. The great soul of the world is just. Forget that and thou hast forgotten all. Success will never more attend thee. How can it now? Thou hast the whole universe against thee. One strong thing I find here below, the just thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of the unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, In God's name, No! Thy success? Poor devil, what shall thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark, all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, dingdong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that?" And in another place he wrote, "Though you had California in fee simple, and could buy all the upholsteries, groceries, funded properties, temporary (very temporary) landed properties of the world at one swoop, it would avail you nothing."

Of course it may be said, is said, that he put too high an estimate on Force, that he deified it, taught the worship of heroes simply because they were strong. And while there is some ground for this accusation, we are not quite sure it is based mainly on a mistaken view of what he really at bottom taught. He taught not that Might makes Right, but the very opposite, that Right makes Might. Sometimes, no doubt, he leans a little too far toward the thought that true merit may be judged from the triumph achieved, and that such triumph justifies the means used. But in his better moments, at least, as the above quotation shows, he fully apprehends the deeper truth that mere worldly victory wrongly achieved is but temporary and counts for very little. Frederick was by no means a man after his own heart, nor do those volumes about the Prussian king properly represent him. Give a thing time, he maintained, and it will succeed in the true sense; the strong thing will be found to be the just thing in the end, for it will be proved so by the fact that God and the universe and truth fight for it, since this is God's world, not the devil's. We do not see that the acceptance of this doctrine is fraught with any danger.

It seems to us clear that Carlyle was one of the chief prophets of our modern Israel, a great moral force, the John the Baptist to his generation, a preacher of repentance, righteousness, and retribution, a most puissant voice lifted against wrong, a mighty influence for the elevation of life both personal and social, great in ethical inspiration, unsurpassed as a kindler of enthusiasm for the best things, one whose message has high value to this twentieth century. His commandments were: "Don't funk, don't cant, don't gush, don't whine, don't chatter, know thy work and do it." He said: "Never mistake the amount infinitesimal, if not minus, of thy personal worth and importance in this world, and never care for other infinitesimals who may be against you." "Forget not God, disobey not his command, or wrath divine will surely fall, for He will not be mocked." "Be devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things. It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin. Shall it be as I wish? It shall be as it is; so, and not otherwise." Yes, O yes, a thousand times yes. The soul can grow fat on words like these. And such words are very plentiful in the writings of Thomas Carlyle. That he did not speak them at all times, nor exemplify them perfectly in every particular of his daily walk, need not be denied, nor considered of primary importance. He was, on the whole, a right noble, upright, affectionate man. Through a long life of eighty-five years he carried himself with unspotted integrity, purity, truthfulness, and courage in word and deed. Read with discrimination and a wise instinct of selection, few authors will yield more abiding profit or supply more of stout spiritual fiber than this hero of Ecclefechan and Cheyne Row.

THE ARENA

OUR SOMBER BURIAL SERVICE

Is it not possible to introduce a little more Christian light and gladness into the gloom of our funeral ritual? The first part is the sentences of Scripture said by the minister as he goes before the dead. The first passage (John 11. 25, 26) strikes a great hope, and is eminently worthy. The second (Job 19. 25-27) is one of the most difficult passages in the Old Testament, but however difficult it is, it is certain that the translation from the King James Version, which is here given, is not only radically wrong, but lends the passage a horror ("after my skin, worms destroy this body") which needlessly lacerates the feelings of mourners already sufficiently heart-broken over the departure of a loved one. As here given, one could hardly conceive a Scripture more adapted to darken the already too dark shadows which surround the grave. Its use on this occasion, therefore, is both unkind and unchristian. If the passage must be retained, then by all means use the translation of the American Standard Revision, which is probably as correct as it is possible to make it:

> As for me I know that my Redeemer liveth,
> And at last he shall stand up upon the earth;
> And after my skin, *even* this *body*, is destroyed,
> Then without my flesh shall I see God:
> When I, even I, shall see, on my side,
> And mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger.

(The words "this" and "body" are not in the original.) This makes sense, and it also makes for some comfort at least. Since the passage is poetry it ought to be printed as such. The third passage is of doubtful appropriateness ("We brought nothing," etc. "The Lord gave," etc.). We can remind the mourners, of course, that their dead could not take his property into the other world, though he has taken far more important things with him, but they know that already. And although it is true in a sense that the Lord takes the spirit after it leaves this mortal tenement, it is not true in the sense in which people generally understand this passage. God is not in the business of cutting short people's lives, but wishes everybody to live for a hundred years or more, and to remind people to the contrary in a passage as commonly understood, and as those who inserted it understood it, is an injustice to God and a needless sadness to men. Instead, then, of these passages I would suggest from the Old Testament:

> Like as a father pitieth his children,
> So Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.
> For he knoweth our frame;
> He remembereth that we are dust (Psa. 103. 13, 14).

And from the New Testament: "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5. 1). I might say that these opening Scriptures were originally intended to be sung or recited as anthems in processional, and were taken from the mediæval service books, especially from that of Sarum (Salisbury), except the third ("We brought nothing," etc.), which was introduced into the English Prayer Book at its first publication in 1549.

We now come to the Scriptures to be read at the house or church. These also were taken from the old services, for the ancient and mediæval Church lived in the Old Testament, and especially in the Psalms, of which they used at funerals four or five more than those we have. They are great solemn Psalms (39 and 90), but they spring from a time when compared with Christianity faith was dim, and the terrors of Jehovah bulked large in their spiritual vision. The mighty hopes and joys of Christianity are absent. At the death of one of Christ's saints it is a bitter irony to say,

> For all our days are passed away in thy wrath;

besides, it is not true. In the poetic imagery of the Orient, it is, of course, true of the outbreaking sinner who persists in his sins that he will be consumed in God's anger, but in the ordinary Christian funeral it is both inappropriate and false to say

> For we are consumed in thine anger,
> And in thy wrath are we troubled.

Much more fitting it would be to read John 14. 1-6; 15-21, and at the funeral 2 Cor. 5. 1-11. This too pervasive Old Testament atmosphere, which enswathes our burial service, an atmosphere which was inherited from old Catholic times, is inconsistent with Christian joy and triumph, inconsistent with the Christian message, and ought to be relegated—except in special cases—to the dispensation to which it belongs.

We come now to the sentences said at the grave. These are anthems from the Middle Ages and were intended to be sung or recited. The first ("Man that is born of a woman," etc.) was taken from Job 14, and was sung in Latin at vigils of the dead and at Lenten services. The second ("In the midst of life," etc.) has been generally ascribed to Notker, a monk of Saint Gall, in Switzerland, of the ninth century, who is said to have written it after he had seen some bridge-makers swinging over a precipice. It was translated into a German hymn by Luther, and this in its turn was translated by Coverdale, an English contemporary and Bible translator:

> In the midst of our living
> Death compasseth us round about:
> Who should us now succor bring,
> By whose grace we may come out?
> Even thou, Lord Jesus, alone:
> It doth our hearts sore grieve truly,
> That we have offended thee.

O Lord God, most holy,
O Lord God, most mighty,
O holy and merciful Saviour,
Thou most worthy God eternal,
Suffer us not at our last hour
For any death from thee to fall.[1]

The other sentences in this part are either from Notker or from the old Sarum books; were used at the Lenten services in the Middle Ages, and all of them were placed as we have them in the Prayer Book of 1549. They have a majestic solemnity, and ought to be sung in chant at the grave. But they, too, are redolent of the Old Testament, and are far removed from Paul's song of victory, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us," etc. But it may be that in this easy-going age, when we hear much of love and nothing of wrath, there is a providential balance in the compulsory use of these tremendous words which peal through the soul in wailing cadences.

The words of committal ("For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God," etc.) go back to the Middle Ages, but have been much enlarged, as can be seen in the following:

SARUM MISSAL:	PRAYER BOOK 1549:	PRAYER BOOK 1552:
I commend thy soul to God the Father Almighty, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the name of the Father, etc.	I commend thy soul to God the Father Almighty, and thy body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope, etc. (as in our book).	Forasmuch as it has pleased, etc. (as in our book, except the words were used, "the soul of our dear brother here departed").

This committal service should remain except the too suggestive and almost brutal words, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," with the accompanying agonizing addition of throwing dirt on the coffin. In the Middle Ages these things were, perhaps, necessary to strike with awe coarse evil-living bystanders, but today this harrowing remnant of ancient symbolism ought to be omitted. In some societies the casting of sprig of evergreen in the grave has well taken the place of this barbaric custom of heathenism:

At tu, nanta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare . . . .
Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa: licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.[2]

(But thou, sailor malignant, spare not to give a portion of loose sand to my bones and unburied head. . . . Though you are in haste, the delay is not long; you may run on after having thrown the dust thrice.) Like many others from the same source, this custom went over into Latin Christianity.

[1] Works of Coverdale, Parker Soc. ed., Remains, 554-5.
[2] Hor., Odes, i, 28 ll. 23-25, 35-36.

The beautiful verse from Rev. 14. 13 was also taken from the old Catholic services.

The noble prayer, "Almighty God, with whom do live," etc., was originally taken from the Gregorian prayer and from one of the masses, and in its first English form can be found in the Prayer Book of 1549. It is such an interesting illustration of the Catholicism of the reformers as Henry VIII left them that I quote it here:

"Let us pray. O Lord, with whom do live the spirits of them that be dead; and in whom the souls of them that be elected, after they be delivered from the burden of the flesh, be in joy and felicity: grant unto this thy servant that the sins which he committed in this world be not imputed unto him, but that he, escaping the gates of hell and the pains of eternal darkness, may ever dwell in the region of light, with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the place where is no weeping, sorrow, nor heaviness; and when that dreadful day in the general resurrection shall come, make him to rise also with the just and righteous, and receive this body again to glory, then made pure and incorruptible: set him on the right hand of thy Son Jesus Christ, among the holy and elect, and that he then may hear with them those sweet and comfortable words: 'Come to me, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom,'" etc. (as in our book). It was completely rewritten in the more Protestant book of 1551, and thus went into the final book of 1661. It was changed a little in the Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 1790, and in that form was first received by us in 1S84. Both in thought and expression it is in its later form one of the most perfect prayers ever composed.

The collect ("O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life," etc.) goes back to 1549, slightly changed in later editions, again slightly in the Protestant Episcopal book, which has the same words as ours.

It will be seen, therefore, that the last parts of the service have the full glory of our Christian hope expressed in words as nearly perfect as can be. But in the early sections the remnants of mediæval hardness living too much in Old Testament twilight have given a forbidding and somber cast inconsistent with the gladness of a religion whose message as to death is expressed in short and decisive words by its greatest apostle, "To die is gain." A brief service for children, or at least some alternative sentences, Scriptures, or prayers, might well be provided, as in the admirable Book of Common Worship of the Presbyterian Church (1906).

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THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

MINOR SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUNG PREACHERS

THERE are many things which affect the usefulness of the minister which are not usually noted in the books on homiletics; they are small in themselves, and if persisted in mar the religious service which otherwise would be helpful or inspiring.

It is not uncommon for the minister to select his Scripture passage for the service after the exercises have begun. The preacher announces his hymn, and while the hymn is being sung—instead of joining in the service—he turns over the pages of his Bible and selects the passages which he is to read. He sometimes leaves the selection until the time of the reading and then slowly turns over the pages of the sacred volume while the people wait for him to begin reading. The writer of this was occupying the pulpit of another denomination for a number of months. The leading member of that church was a very intelligent gentleman who had been for twenty years a member and officer of the congregation of the late Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn. One day this acute and experienced layman said to him, that is, the writer: "I see you do not worship with the rest of the congregation. I notice that when we are singing you are selecting your passage from the Scripture." The reproof was well deserved, and the one who received it has never transgressed in that matter since. A little care in this direction would favorably affect the service.

Another habit not uncommon is that of the minister going among the congregation after the service has begun to arrange some matters which should have been attended to beforehand. One cannot always, of course, have everything in readiness, as something unusual may occur to prevent, but with some ministers it is a habit. All notices for announcement should be given to the minister beforehand, and he should not leave his place in the pulpit for any purpose which could have been accomplished before the service began. A bishop who had been visiting a former pastoral charge told the writer of the exceeding regret with which he noticed that the pastor of the church where he had spent the Sabbath went down two or three times after the service had begun to make an inquiry concerning something among his congregation, thus distracting the attention of the people from the service. He said it was not surprising that ministers who were so negligent of the proprieties of a service should not be desired by the churches.

A habit of advertising the services of the church in the periodicals has led to the announcement of the special subject of the discourses to be delivered on the Sabbath by the preacher. Whether it is wise to make formal announcement or not might be a matter of discussion; it is a question whether the announcement of a subject is always desirable,

especially in an exegetical discourse. If, however, it is the custom the time of the announcement of the topic is a matter of interest. Some preachers announce their topic immediately after the announcement of their text, or even before the text is read. This we believe to be a mistake, as it seems to indicate that the text grows out of his subject rather than, as it should be, the subject out of his text. The proper method would seem to be to announce the text, make the introductory remarks leading to his discourse, and then, if he thinks well, announce his subject. The former plan gives to the sermon the character of an oration rather than of a sermon. It is a question worth considering whether the announcement of the topic in advance of its discussion is desirable except on special occasions. It may detract from the interest of the sermon by leading the hearer away from the topic before the subject has been fully developed. It is well frequently to unfold the text and allow the subject to come in with cumulative force at the close rather than at the beginning.

The minister should be appreciative of the small faults of grammar and pronunciation. A writer in one of our magazines, in reply to a presentation of a post-graduate course in the same magazine, announces as a suitable topic for post-graduate study "A Kindergarten for Graduates." In the course of his discussion he assumes that many college graduates need training in some of the small things which are really great things. His language is:

"Take, for instance, so elementary a thing as the usage of 'who' and 'whom' and 'may' and 'can' and 'shall' and 'will' and 'should' and 'would.' Is the brilliant reasoner of the senior class to go on forever in ignorance of the proper employment of these everyday terms, or shall he emulate the savant who, never having had the advantages of the kindergarten for graduates, confessed that he had spent his life in evading the subjunctive? Is it sufficient to say that it is not the business of the university to supply omissions in public school education? Or shall the careless senior make a virtue of necessity and declare that such niceties of what he and the newspaper men call 'diction' are mere superfluities of the idealist, unnecessary in the practical affairs of life? I have given the above words merely as examples. Multiply them by a hundred, and you get an idea of the remoteness of our careless senior from the standards of good English. I hope that such things will be remedied by the Graduate School before he is let loose upon the world."

The matter thus referred to is a very important one. The use of good English is of primary importance in the preaching of the gospel. Small mistakes in English are annoying to people who are sensitive to the form as well as to the substance of the sermon. We all know how powerful sometimes are the addresses of those who are not accurate in grammatical form, and intensity is often very powerful because of the spiritual influence without which no form of expression can be adequate; but there are those to whom it is very unpleasant, and ministers should not be unmindful of these.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

PROPOSED RESEARCH IN ASIA MINOR AND SYRIA

Professor Sterrett, of Cornell University, a man of great learning, ripe culture, and mature judgment, and an experienced archæologist, known in learned circles by his excellent work in several parts of Asia Minor, and by a number of scholarly publications, has proposed an enterprise which, if successfully executed, will cast all previous research and excavations in this Promised Land of archæology into the shade, and will add very materially to the sum total of human knowledge, for in this strip of land between the Black and Mediterranean Seas, and from the Ægean Sea to Armenia, lies buried the story not only of the powerful Hittites, but of several other nations which played most important roles in the history of civilization. This highway of the nations and the cradle of the earliest races has wondrous tales to reveal to the patient student of archæology and history.

Professor Sterrett, supported by the leading universities of Europe and America, and by a galaxy of the greatest savants and archæologists in the world, proposes to make in the near future a systematic effort on a scale surpassing any yet undertaken to carry out excavations and surface research in and around the seats of the ancient capitals of the lost and almost forgotten empires of Asia.

That he is no dreamer, but a very practical man, and eminently qualified to superintend such an expedition is sufficiently attested by the work already done by him in these lands, by his published works, and by the greatest array of learned men, who have openly and heartily indorsed his plans, and freely acknowledge their confidence in his ability to organize and carry out this vast undertaking. Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, having read the hosts of indorsements in Professor Sterrett's pamphlet, says: "I venture to say that no other American could have secured such support as he has received."

Among others who have indorsed the plan are Ramsay, Flinders Petrie, Maspero, Scheil, Reinach, Budge, Sayce, Dörpfeld, Koldewy, Erman, Harnack, etc., as well as a large number of professors in the leading universities of England, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, and the United States.

The first requisite for such a gigantic enterprise is money, and abundance of it. In the very nature of things, the United States government will not help, nor will any State in the Union. Subventions for such undertakings may be possible in France, Germany, and Austria, but not with us. The hope, therefore, is to interest some society or foundation, the creation of some American Crœsus, or to induce one or more of our multi-millionaires to finance this scheme, so pregnant and promising in possibilities. We may repeat, that there is no other portion of the earth's surface which offers such a variety of unsolved problems as

Asia Minor. "From its relations with the successive civilizations occupying or in contact with it—Assyrian, Egyptian, Cretan, Phrygian, Lydian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Seljuk, Ottoman—its soil contains evidence, recoverable only by the spade, of inestimable value for the history of the world."

The work already done by Americans with limited means at their command and with more or less experienced leaders, and generally in haste, has shown the possibilities of a well-financed, well-equipped expedition, which could be continued for a long series of years under the guidance of a master. The work of the University of California in Egypt, of the University of Pennsylvania in Nippur, need only be mentioned, and even the work of some Princeton men in the land beyond Jordan and of Harvard in Samaria, has amply justified the time and money expended. Yet, according to Professor Sterrett, "the work hitherto done by America in archæological research has always been unsatisfactory, has always been incomplete, and with few exceptions it will have to be done over again by more scientific, more systematic expeditions working with larger resources." In order, therefore, to do the same class of work that is done by Europeans, not only money will be necessary, but also ample time and experienced men, willing to spend their entire life in the field. Continuous and thorough work is the condition of success. Professor Ramsay tells us that it took him from 1880 to 1901 to simply learn the art of exploration, to find out how to do things. Everyone knows that he has learned how things are done. Professor Sterrett has served an apprenticeship under the great Aberdeen traveler and writer, exploring portions of Asia Minor, and has, of course, profited by his written works and counsel. It is gratifying to know that Professor Ramsay not only fully indorses Professor Sterrett's undertaking, but promises the latter all aid in his power. He says: "Of course my experience is wholly at the service of any of your explorers and your men, especially Professor Sterrett."

Professor Sterrett begs for a sufficient subvention for the work in Asia Minor and Syria, so as to enable the carrying on of surface research and excavations in those places under competent scholars and explorers for thirty, forty, or more years. Such a scheme will afford time to train young men, who will be willing to devote their life to a systematic study of the monuments, inscriptions, and history of these ancient lands. It seems to us that there could be no more promising field in which to produce scholars whose names are bound to become household words. From this field must come much new light upon many questions which are now in a dreamy state of speculation, for, as Dr. Dörpfeld truly says: "The soil of Asia Minor still holds buried rich and even undreamed-of treasures." The pleasure of unearthing many a document hidden for millennia must needs be to those who are to have a part in this proposed expedition. The joy of bringing to light what was hopelessly lost must be closely related to the joy of creating; that is, of bringing new ideas into the world. Dr. Tren, who directed the excavations of the German empire at Olympia, says: "A glance at our experience at Olympia shows

how pitiful and how misguiding was almost everything above ground on the site of the old games, and how rich was the information revealed upon the removal of every square foot of earth. One veil after another fell from the venerable past, whose true portrait we only saw after the excavations. Book learning and a science of conjecture are as nothing in comparison with one bit of resurrected truth."

In case this plan of Professor Sterrett materializes, he will then begin work by fixing upon some one province at first, study from every standpoint, village by village and district by district, note every inscription, no matter in what language, converse freely with the natives, get into their confidence, and thus secure from them all information possible regarding the ruins and monuments in that vicinity. "Such a systematic research will throw light on ancient geography, on ancient history, and legislation, whether local, regal, imperial, or municipal, on the history of Christianity in the early centuries of our era, on customs and manners, on pagan religious rites, ceremonies, and usages, on the location and importance of ancient cities, on ancient roads and road systems, trade routes, and international commerce; in short, on every conceivable subject affected by the discovery and proper assimilation of Greek and Latin inscriptions, combined with a patient study of topography, geography, and local history."

The sooner such work is begun the better. As a rule the ignorant Turkish workingman or peasant has no conception of the value of the monuments or inscriptions. Sculptured stones are hated with fanatical fervor by the faithful Mohammedan. Sometimes the monuments are objects of veneration, and either mark or contain hidden treasure, secreted in the time of the Seljuk or Turkish conquests. This accounts for the destruction of the lion of Chæronæ, destroyed with gunpowder. Then the story of the Moabite Stone furnishes another important parallel. Even when superstition and fanaticism do not enter in, the more enlightened business men and peasants, when they do not employ the dressed, often inscribed stones of some temple, palace, or church for building purposes—entire villages have been constructed from some venerable ruin—will sell whatever of ancient monuments which may fall into their hands to private speculators, thus robbing our great museums of most valuable treasure. Then again, commercialism knows nothing of the intrinsic value of these silent witnesses of the past. Contractors and railway managers and builders care little for archæology. The building of the great dam at Assouan is still fresh in our memory. But perhaps the greatest destruction of ancient monuments and inscriptions occurred at Iconium [modern Koniah], destroyed and then again rebuilt very largely from ancient material.

The surface research alone carried on by experts—the result of whose investigations could be published at regular intervals—would prove very valuable. Casts, squeezes, and photographs of monuments and inscriptions found above ground could not fail to add greatly to our knowledge of Asia Minor with its various civilizations. The science of geography would profit materially, for it is well known that maps of Asia Minor are

in the main based on conjecture, or, at least, on very inaccurate data. The matter of distance, in the very nature of things, is unscientific, mostly guesswork, measured in most instances by the time taken to pass on foot or on horseback from one point to the other, little account being taken of the condition of the roads or contour of the ground covered. Then the rediscovery of ancient military roads and caravan routes of the nations from Africa and Asia to Europe—this natural bridge between the East and the West will aid greatly in locating some ancient capitals. For as all roads are said to lead to Rome, so the direction, or diverging and converging of ancient roads in Asia Minor may lead to the discovery of cities of equal importance with Boghas Keni, one of the Hittite capitals.

But these surface researches must be accompanied with systematic, long-continued excavations. It is thus only that the dust of ages can be made to yield up its treasures. The Hittite inscriptions, antedating the beginning of Greek history by many centuries, will some day give up their secrets. There are many Hittite ruins at Tyana, Iconium, and Melitene, to say nothing of Boghas Keni and Hamath in Syria. "In these mounds lies buried a story about which the world of scholars is burning to hear." The key to the Hittite language and inscriptions, so eagerly desired, may be close at hand. Happy the excavator who will be permitted to pick it up!

Then there is the ancient capital of Phrygia, not inappropriately called "*Midastown*," very rich in monuments of various kinds, and especially celebrated for its royal Phrygian sepulchers. Here, too, the archæologist will find abundant harvest, and will wrest out from its buried history much valuable information concerning that celebrated people. And so with many other sites made famous in the days when the world was still young, to say nothing of the Hellenic, Hellenistic, Roman, early Christian, Byzantine, Seljukian, and Turkish periods.

An enterprise like this deserves unqualified encouragement from all lovers of learning the world over, for its importance cannot be exaggerated, since Asia Minor and Syria, the cradles of many civilizations, especially our own Christian civilization, are fields white for the harvest and eagerly waiting the coming of some scholarly man like Professor Sterrett to unlock its hidden secrets. It is, therefore, to be greatly hoped that one or more of our money kings will be induced to lend a helping hand in this conquest of the past.

Dr. Svoronos, of the National Numismatical Museum at Athens, has summed up the case thus:

"The task is so great and so costly that the scholars of Europe can only hope for its realization at the hands of others. Europe has indeed an army of scholars capable of doing the work, but it has not the necessary means. Only the United States, which has both millionaires and scholars, can undertake this work—one that will confound the world by its revelations and cover with glory the greatest of democracies. Let me add that I know of nothing more noble than this proposed revelation of the cradle of the Old World, and I know of no more glittering coin in which the New World can pay its debt of gratitude."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE ANTI-MODERNIST OATH

THE tactless method of the Vatican in combating modernism, that manifested itself so glaringly in the Borromeo Encyclical, has advanced a step farther in the "Anti-Modernist Oath." The first was a warning against modernism and contained a passage that seemed to ascribe a high degree of moral perversity to the Protestant reformers and the peoples that followed them. In the present case, however, the affront is against the clergy, and especially the theological professors of the Catholic Church. Under date of September 1, 1910, Pope Pius X issued the decree *Sacrorum antistitum*, in which the admission is made that previous measures had not resulted in the suppression of modernism, but the movement had rather gained in strength. Accordingly severer measures must now be taken. The disciplinary regulations of the Encyclical *Pascendi* (1908) are repeated; all unregulated reading of newspapers and periodicals, "however good they may be," is forbidden the candidates for the priesthood, whether within or without the seminaries; at the beginning of the year the professors of theology are to submit to their bishops the text of the lectures which they design to give; and finally *an oath* is required of all candidates for the priesthood before their ordination, all father-confessors and preachers, all pastors, canons, and holders of benefices, all officials of the episcopal curias and spiritual courts, including the vicars-general, all Lenten preachers, all officials of the Roman congregations, all prefects of religious congregations. The oath is to be taken before the proper bishop or before the officials of the congregations.

The text of the oath is rather long, and will not be reproduced here in full. It begins with the declaration of an unshaken faith in all those truths which the church, through her infallible teaching office, the papacy, has defined, affirmed, and declared, particularly to those pillars of doctrine which are directly opposed to the errors of this age. Five points are then specially set forth. "*In the first place* I confess that God, the beginning and end of all things, by the natural light of reason and through the medium of the things that are created, that is, through the visible works of the creation, may, as cause from effects, be surely known and so also proved. *Secondly*, I admit and acknowledge the external evidences of revelation, that is, the divine facts, among these particularly the miracles and prophecies in like manner as the surest signs of the divine origin of the Christian religion, and I hold these evidences to be in the highest degree adapted to the intelligence of all times and of all men, even of the present time. *Thirdly*, I believe firmly that the church, the guardian and teacher of the revealed Word, was immediately and directly founded by the true and historical Christ while he dwelt among us, and I believe that this church is built upon Peter, the chief head of the apostolic hierarchy, and upon his successors to the end of time. *Fourthly*, I

accept sincerely the doctrine of the faith as it has been handed down from the apostles through the orthodox fathers in the same sense and meaning; and, therefore, I utterly repudiate the heretical fiction of the evolution of the dogmas, according to which these change their meaning, passing from one meaning to another, that is different from that which the church first had. At the same time I reject every error, through which there is put in the place of the divine treasury of faith, which was committed to the bride of Christ and is to be kept faithfully by her, a philosophical invention or a creation of the human conscience, which conscience has been gradually developed by the effort of man and in the future is to be perfected by unlimited progress. *Fifthly*, I hold most surely and confess sincerely that faith is no blind religious sense, which breaks forth out of the dark depths of the subconsciousness, receiving its ethical development under the pressure of the heart and the impulse of the will, but that it is a veritable assent of the intellect to the truth, which has been received from without through hearing, an assent by which, on account of the authority of the absolutely true God, we accept as true the personal attestations and revelations of God." After the specification of these five points the text of the oath reads: "With due reverence I submit and with my whole soul I adhere to all condemnations, declarations, and prescriptions that are contained in the Encyclical *Pascendi* and in the Decree *Lamentabili* especially to those that concern the history of dogmas." Thereupon follow prescriptions that require the repudiation of the principles of all the so-called modern criticism, which would inquire into biblical and ecclesiastical origins and the development of tradition without acknowledging dogmatic restriction or control. After still further repudiation of modernist errors, there is a declaration of firmest faith in the dogma of the supreme authority of the papacy. And in conclusion: "All this I solemnly promise faithfully, without abridgment and sincerely to hold and to keep inviolate, and never in teaching or otherwise in any way to depart from it in speech or writing. So I promise, so I swear."

Theologically there is nothing new in this document. That which is new is the oath; and this is absolutely new even in Roman Catholicism. From our Protestant point of view it seems incomprehensible that the Pope should have brought himself to demand of his clergy in matters of faith an oath. And it seems strange to us that in these matters men should consent to an oath. And yet, when we reflect, it seems no longer strange. The Pope in all simplicity demands the oath and the clergy with a few exceptions take the oath without a murmur. "How was the anti-modernist oath possible?" Professor Messer, of Giessen, a well-known psychologist, has answered this question in a very interesting brief article in the Frankfurter Zeitung. That Pius X, the "religious" Pope, should in his zeal require the oath is for Messer not at all strange. That the clergy should unhesitatingly take the oath is more significant. He assumes that the *displeasure* at the necessity of taking the oath, which not a few have expressed, is really widespread. For the oath is "a vote

of a want of confidence"; and some have expressed their dislike of it even when they delayed not at all in obeying. In Messer's opinion the strongest motive that holds the Catholics in this painful subjection is the fear of the consequences in the next world for all who break with Rome. He quotes from Hansjakob, a parish priest in Freiburg, who in his Recollections shows how humiliating the oath is, even for one that is conscious of being wholly free from modernism; and yet: "I will and must die a Catholic, even at the fearful price of an endurable constraint of conscience." Along with this comes the reverence for the church and for her infallible head, the Pope, which is instilled into all Catholics from childhood. And so, while some are deeply pained by the oath, the great majority of the clergy can take the oath without any inward hesitation. It is harder to understand how some priests and even university professors can declare, as Mausbach in Münster has done: "If we understand by freedom the possibility of instituting 'earnest examination' and 'scientific inquiry' concerning faith and its foundations, then we as Catholics possess this freedom, and as theologians we have besides the obligation thereto, in the same measure as everyone else." "No real conflict of the faith with scientific truth is possible." "The dreaded conflict between knowledge and faith is intolerable only for him that confounds his momentary thinking with the truth itself, not for him that regards his thinking as an effort to come into possession of the truth." No doubt there are very many such Catholic priests to whom the oath seems in no way oppressive.

The effect of this new papal regulation in Germany is both interesting and significant. Certain Catholic theological faculties expressed the desire, for practical considerations, to be exempt from the necessity of taking the oath. The Prussian Ambassador at Rome publicly called attention to the danger of a disturbance of the cordial relations then existing between his country and the Vatican, if the oath should be insisted upon in relation to the Catholic professors of theology in Prussian universities. Cardinal Fischer, however, was able in his tactful way to persuade the Pope that for Germany the application of the oath required some modifications and concessions. The result is that German university professors of Catholic theology are exempt from the formal taking of the oath. And no wonder that even this most uncompromising Pope was convinced of this! For the governments of most of the states of the Empire either already had declared or were manifestly about to declare that it would be intolerable for the professors to be thus limited in their freedom; in particular, to be required to submit the text of their lectures to their bishops. In the Diets of Prussia and other states the governments were called upon to answer the most pointed interpellations as to what attitude they intended to assume in the case. In Württemberg the discussion was characterized by constant reference to the fundamental principles of the relation existing between church and state, and the government declared unequivocally the incompatibility of the oath with the principles and policy of the state in relation to the university. In Baden, which (unlike Württemberg) is predominantly Catholic, the gov-

ernment promptly took up the position that no priest that had taken the oath should receive appointment to a professorship. In Württemberg, Weimar, and elsewhere it was pointed out, especially by Protestants, that the Pope's policy strongly tended to bring about a separation of church and state.

The practical value of the exemption of theological professors in the matter of the oath has become more and more doubtful. The spirit of reverence for papal authority is so strong that those who have not taken the oath are made objects of reproach by their own colleagues and by the Catholic public. Gradually, therefore, most professors have consented to the oath; though in Baden the government has shown the earnestness of its position by refusing to consider candidates for a vacant chair who had submitted to it. But if all the clergy must take the oath at ordination, sooner or later there can be found no candidates for professorships who have not taken the oath. Thus far, however, there are a few who have definitely refused to submit to this requirement. In March, 1911, it was reported that twenty-four priests in Germany had refused to take the oath, fourteen of these in Bavaria; besides, ten candidates for orders had left their seminaries on account of it, and had turned to some other vocation.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CONTEMPORARY DOGMATICIANS OF GERMANY.—I

It cannot be disputed that the spirit of the present time is rather unfavorable to dogmatic (systematic) theology. This state of things is doubtless due in part to a natural reaction against the narrowness of an unreasonable dogmatism or the excesses of a wanton speculation. But it is also due in part to a widespread gross misunderstanding as to the nature of the task of evangelical dogmatics. On the other hand an undogmatic Christianity is lauded, as if dogma implied an unreasoning assertion and the enslavement of the understanding. Rightly understood evangelical dogma is merely the declaration of the principles of truth for which the church, or a branch of the church, stands. The confession of the principles is free and inward, as well as outward, so long as the dogma is evangelically conceived and used. On the other hand there is a deep-seated suspicion of all attempts at a *system* of theology. But to study the Christian revelation as a system does not imply an attempt to answer all possible questions. It is only to view the revelation in its essential integrity; for Christian truth is not a mere heap of unrelated facts or "truths," but a unity. Now in so far as the skepticism regarding dogmatic theology is due to a resentment of the too common overreaching of pure assertion or of lawless speculation, it is both natural and warranted. But *abusus non tollit usum.* After all is said it is clear that the problems of dogmatic theology are the problems of deepest interest to us all; for they are just the problems of the faith. And it is (to say the least) interesting to find men enthusiastically admiring books in the field of

dogmatic theology and yet loudly professing their abhorrence of dogmatics. Harnack's What is Christianity? is an essay in dogmatic theology, yet it is read with enthusiasm by many men who could hardly be persuaded to look into a book of "dogmatic theology." It is worth while to make it clear to ourselves that the thing which constitutes a man a real leader of Christian thought is, in the last analysis, the doctrinal or dogmatic element. At the same time the greatest men have been always too great to attempt a finished system. Even in our own day no historian or biblical scholar has acquired special significance in the theological world without a pronounced dogmatic or theoretic tendency. This is clearly true of Wellhausen, Harnack, the late H. J. Holtzmann, Zahn, Gunkel, Bousset, and the rest. For serious men are bound to inquire regarding all criticism and historical research, "What bearing has all this on the Christian view of God and the world?"

Germany fairly merits her reputation as the leader in scientific Protestant theology in general; but in no other department of theology is her preëminence so marked as in dogmatics. From Schleiermacher to the present day every Protestant dogmatician of the very first rank has been German. Here we offer only the briefest characterization of some of the dogmaticians of the present day.

We find in present-day German Protestantism four well-defined types of dogmatic thought: (1) Confessional Lutheranism, including the so-called "modern-positive theology"; (2) the newer biblicism; (3) Ritschlianism; (4) the "history-of-religion school." Perhaps the chief representatives of the first group are Seeberg (Berlin), Ihmels (Leipzig), Stange (Greifswald), General Superintendent Theodor Kaftan (Kiel), Grützmacher (Rostock), and Hunzinger (Leipzig). The most noteworthy names in the second group are Kähler (Halle), Schlatter (Tübingen), Schaeder (Kiel), and Ecke (Bonn). The strongest dogmaticians of the Ritschlian school are Herrmann (Marburg), Julius Kaftan (Berlin), Häring (Tübingen), and (if he may fairly be called a Ritschlian) Wendt (Jena). The only noteworthy dogmatician of the history-of-religion school is Tröltsch (Heidelberg). A new development that is closely related to this school is a reversion to the principles of rationalism, though in a new form, based upon the philosophical system of Fries. Otto, and Bousset of Göttingen are the representatives of this tendency.

The confessional Lutherans for the most part stand under the influence of Frank, of Erlangen (d. 1894). This is less the case with Stange, who has been strongly influenced by Kähler, and with Theodor Kaftan than with the other two. Seeberg and Grützmacher stand in the more direct line, though both of them have urged decided modifications in the method of the master. Ihmels has still further modified the Erlangen type, so that he now stands closer, perhaps, to Kähler than to Frank. This so-called "Erlangen type" of theology is primarily the theology of experience, or the Christian consciousness. With Frank and with Hofmann before him the consciousness of regeneration forms the real source of theology. The biblical revelation, however, they regarded as the necessary means to the faith by which regeneration comes, and as

the norm by which the genuineness of the revelation may be tested. Still, they made the experience, not the revelation, the real scource of theological knowledge. The marvel has been that this subjective principle remained so faithful to Lutheran orthodoxy. But it is noteworthy that every disciple of Frank has striven to modify this subjectivism and to lay more emphasis than the master on the objective element of revelation. Even Seeberg has done this, but especially Ihmels. Stange, who scarcely stands in the line of the disciples of Frank, and apparently has been influenced even more by Kähler than by that theologian, in the place of the "theology of experience" and in place of the principles of the older biblicism would set the "theology of revelation," wherein he sees a unifying of the objective and the subjective principles. But herein there seems to be scarcely the smallest difference between Stange and Kähler. Seeberg, Theodor Kaftan, and Grützmacher have attraced much attention by the watchword, "Modern-positive theology," or (according to Kaftan's formula), "modern theology of the old faith." And it must be admitted that these men are thoroughly modern in the sense that they are in the closest touch with the tendencies of the thought of the day, and are very open-minded toward criticism. Indeed, so far has this modernizing spirit gone, that it would be impossible to-day to name a really famous representative of the older orthodoxy in Germany. About the middle of the nineteenth century Lutheran orthodoxy seemed to many to be about to die; but it revived in Erlangen under the modernizing watchword, "A new way to teach the old truth." And it gained full sway in Erlangen, Rostock, and Dorpat, and a preponderant influence in Leipzig. And now again the new generation of the same line is gaining many adherents by the same union of evangelical faith with the modern spirit. Of these men Seeberg is a born leader. He is an orator and altogether a very versatile man. He has done important work in the history of doctrine and has written a few weighty essays in the field of dogmatics, the best of which is that on the doctrine of the Trinity. In addition to these things he is now the efficient successor of Stöcker as president of the Kirchlich-sozialer Kongress. Ihmels as teacher and dogmatician is at least as noteworthy as Seeberg. His chief work is on The Certainty of the Truth of the Christian Religion, in which he forsakes the one-sided subjectivism of Frank and comes over to a position almost identical with that of Kähler. He has recently published an interesting little book, *Centralfragen der Dogmatik in der Gegenwart* (Central Questions of Dogmatics in the Present). A religious warmth pervades all of Ihmels's writings. For clearness and sharpness of reasoning the palm, so far as this group is concerned, should probably be given to Stange. In addition to an admirable Introduction to Ethics he has published a collection of Theological Essays, and more recently *Moderne Problems des christlichen Glaubens* and *Christentum und Moderne Weltanschauung*. A few years ago he published a pamphlet reviewing with needless severity Julius Kaftan's *Dogmatik*. In precision of thought and in logical consequence Stange is distinctly superior to the distinguished Berlin doctor, but his criticism is overstrained. Grützmacher is the controversialist of the group and the popularizer of the

modern-positive theology. Hunzinger is a specialist in apologetics and is exceptionally forceful as a lecturer both in the university and before pastoral conferences and semi-popular assemblies.

Modern biblicism began with J. T. Beck, of Tübingen (d. 1878), a very powerful personality. His influence was great, but he found few distinct followers in his "massive biblicism." Yet there was something in his method that such men as Cremer (d. 1903), Kähler, and Schlatter have sought to preserve. Cremer and Kähler had been pupils of Tholuck and Julius Müller in Halle, whose theology was on the whole decidedly biblical. But Beck gave them a still further impulse in that direction. Cremer never quite freed himself from the spell of Beck. But Kähler far more clearly saw that the task of dogmatics is something more than to give a modern and systematic restatement of biblical theology. He is very decided in his repudiation of "an unmediated, unmethodic biblicism." He is the representative—to use the expression of Titius—of "a clarified biblicism." He contends for the authority of the biblical revelation and insists that the biblical testimony thereto shall not be curtailed. Ritschl and his genuine disciples also declare that the biblical revelation is the source and norm of Christian doctrine; but Kähler thinks there is a tendency among them to curtail some parts of the biblical revelation. His principal writings are *Die Wissenschaft der christlichen Lehre*, at present the most influential conservative manual of systematic theology; *Der sogenannte historische Jesus und der geschichtliche, biblische Christus*, a famous little controversial book on a very vital theme; and a collection of dogmatic studies published under the general title of *Dogmatische Zeitfragen* (Dogmatic Questions of the Time). One whole volume of this work in its second edition deals with The Bible Question, another volume of perhaps even greater importance bears the title Applied Dogmas, while a volume of the first edition entitled *Zur Lehre von der Versöhnung* (The Doctrine of Reconciliation) will be republished as a work by itself. This is, perhaps, the weightiest treatment of this great theme since Ritschl's epoch-making work. In the volume of Applied Dogmas is a very notable study of the missionary principle of Christianity—indeed, it is the most thorough statement of the missionary principle from a dogmatic point of view in existence. Kähler is a very impressive personality, and now at seventy-six is still a forceful and attractive lecturer. His influence is peculiarly strong upon a multitude of men in the pastorate; for there is an intense practical bent in all his teaching. He has done absolutely nothing to form a "school," yet withal he is in fact the head of a school. Not only do men like Ecke, Mirbt, E. F. K. Müller, and Martin Schulze recognize him as their theological master, but the leading pupils of Cremer (also a powerful personality) have come to see that Kähler is much nearer the ideal of a sound theology. This has been unequivocally declared by Schaeder. It is worthy of note also that several leading Ritschlians have acknowledged special obligations to Kähler. This is true particularly of Kattenbusch, Reischle, Titius, and Loofs. It is strange, in view of the extensive vogue of some of the lesser lights of German theology in the English-speaking world, that even the name of

this giant is scarcely known among us—a man whom Pastor Hilbert, of Leipzig, declares to be "one of the most significant dogmaticians of all times."

A personality perhaps quite as interesting as Kähler, though less imposing and intense, is Schlatter. An early disciple of Nietzsche, he was led into a vital Christian faith and into theological pursuits by the influence of Beck. But his biblicism, as is manifest from his *Das christliche Dogma*, is as truly "clarified" as Kähler's. Schlatter is primarily a New Testament scholar, and as exegete shows a touch of real genius. He is a very fruitful writer; among German theologians of our day only Harnack, Weiss, and Zahn seem to have published more than he. His principal writings include his semi-popular Expositions of the New Testament, several studies in the later history of Judaism, *Der Glaube im Neuen Testament*, *Die Theologie des Neuen Testaments* (recently noticed in these pages), and now at length *Das christliche Dogma*. In this book his great originality manifests itself charmingly and impressively, in spite of the fact that the style is not always easy. It is not safe to prophesy how deep or wide the influence of this book will be, but it is safe to say that no one can read it without being stirred to fresh thought by almost every part of the work.

Schaeder has begun the publication of a very interesting work on *Theozentrische Theologie* (first, historical, part, 1909). The main object of the work is to contribute toward the correction of the widespread tendency to regard theology as the science of the Christian religion rather than of the Christian revelation. This is anthropocentric theology, and as such tends to be mere anthropology and no theology. Of course Schaeder is not contending against a Christocentric theology, if this is conceived as the theology of the revelation of God in Christ; but if it is only or chiefly the "religion of Jesus," rather than the revelation in him, that interests one, then even the so-called "Christocentric theology" is simply anthropocentric. This first part of the work presents, from the chosen point of view, a very fresh and interesting criticism of all the leading modern tendencies of theology. Schaeder finds no representative theologian from Schleiermacher to the present time that is wholly free from the anthropocentric tendency, though this fault seems to him to be less in Kähler than in any other.

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Fortnightly Review (London) for April was a well-packed miscellany of nineteen articles, ranging from "Personalities in the Commons" to "The New Zoo," from "Germany's Mastery of Europe" to "The Plight of the Serious Drama," and from "An Inspired Little Creature" to "Rachel's Sentimental Life." A naïve and engaging Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi, tells brightly of his "London Experience." He says: "In London, at first, I felt myself out of place; I imagined hostility between myself and her. I was so sorry in leaving Boston and even New York. But one day everything changed; London at last turned her interesting face to me, and, after a Western fashion, I kissed her, and we became one." He remarked that Londoners did not speak the language of Keats or Tennyson; he was afraid of being laughed at for his American accent, though, he says, Americans speak a purer English than the Englishmen themselves. The London fog affects him poetically. On a December afternoon, when the thick atmosphere made "a pea-soup day," he stood on Westminster Bridge at four o'clock. Through the dun mist he "observed with great surprise, low in the air, two unusually large suns of real old gold, one in the east and the other in the west." Being a poet, he would not tolerate the suggestion that one of them might be the moon. The greasy Thames seemed motionless under the bridge. With gray doves swarming around him on intimate terms, he exclaimed, "What a picture! O, what fogs!" "Mist" he thinks is too light a word, for London fog is heavy—it "swims, even jumps, almost like a whale of fantastic shape." But London is attractive in her veil of fog, clothed in vast gray mystery with a dim strange beauty which stirs in him more poetical feeling than his reason can justify. It is the sadness of this age, he thinks, that we must give a reason for everything, even for poetry. He says: "The beauty of the fogs can only appeal to one whose æstheticism is older than life; their gray effect is a far more living thing than darkness or death. A dream of twilight; a song of grayness; an atmosphere of mystery and magic!" He thinks the fogs force the English people within doors, and make them a home people; they would be less bright in conversation and the delightfulness of the English drawing room would be less complete but for the fogs. He, like many other Japanese, believes England the most comfortable country of the world to live in. As for the streets: "How dirty! Buses and buses! Cabs and cabs! What a crowd! I am glad to see no dogs, for I hate them. The English girls wear shabby hats. I have not seen even one gentleman who is fat and jolly; I see that it would be taken as a crime here to look happy. Such tired-looking people fill the hotel lobbies, foreigners seeing London. My friends in America, do you know what a 'lemon squash' is? Is there no water in London? The waiter looked curiously at me when I asked for it; I forgot this is England where are only two things, beer

and Bible. I believe the word *economy* is the keynote of English greatness. Let me learn it, beginning with one pitcher of water, with which I have to be content for my morning toilet. I would rather have bath houses than the statues I encounter here at almost every corner. In England you begin with hero-worship, while cleaning your body is the first thing in Japan." In Westminster Abbey our Japanese poet saw somebody spit on Dr. Johnson's tomb, and exclaims, "Poor old LL.D.! My imagination heard his roar of revilement." Yone Noguchi thought Goldsmith's nose too jolly for a poet. The last extract from the diary of a Japanese in London is this: "To-day is Sunday. I cannot help feeling religious, staying in London. When I stepped into Saint Paul's the service had already begun; the Bishop coughed, I should say, divinely." Not *very* religious, this son of Japan in London.———Laurence Irving, son of the great actor, Henry Irving, writes gloomily about "The Plight of the Serious Drama," lamenting that the public doesn't want it, that worthy plays vanish from the stage after a few presentations to make way for all sorts of worthless concoctions, and that the music halls draw the crowds away from the decent drama. The theater-going public is insufferably bored by the mental effort involved in following the plot of a well-constructed play; it lacks the capacity for concentration. According to Laurence Irving, it is a poor, shallow, frivolous, demoralized public. He is a much disgusted man. He thinks that "a pervading cynicism and flippancy are the two greatest enemies of serious art to-day," and "grave men with a power of reverential concentration" must arise in their might, and when they do, "the glare of the two-houses-a-night music-halls will no longer brazenly throw into the shade the struggling lamps of the proper drama." But Mr. Irving's notion of what is "proper drama" seems not very lofty or scrupulous. He complains that a French play which he presented in many American towns was denounced by William Winter, who hurled at it such epithets as "garbage" and "offal." When metropolitan theaters presented demoralizing and disgraceful plays William Winter branded them with withering denunciation. That was the immense and magnificent service he rendered to public morals for forty years; an unflinching, incorruptible, and unpurchasable defender of decency and purity. We love him for the enemies he made, even if Laurence Irving is among them.———An interesting unsigned article on "The Arnolds: A Study in Heredity" was a feature of the April Fortnightly, showing that Arnold of Rugby was, as J. B. Moseley said, "born to be pater-familias in a larger than the mere literal sense of the word," and tracing the influence of his refining gifts and teaching aptitude on his sons and his later posterity. "The Arnoldism of the Arnolds," as Gladstone called it, was distinguished for didacticism," and "the Arnold nose, chin, and jaw were features not more common to the members of the group than was the consciousness of a message to deliver, sometimes *accompanied by a painful uncertainty as to what, after all, that message might exactly be.*" A fatal as well as painful uncertainty in one who undertakes to teach. If the messenger himself seems uncertain about his message, who is likely to heed it? The apostles of uncertainty and

hesitation unsettle many, convince nobody. In the very nature of things they are powerless preachers. The trumpeter whose instrument gives no certain sound might as well lay his trumpet down. What is needed desperately to-day is the high, clear note of conviction arresting the soul and carrying conviction to the intellect and the conscience. Matthew Arnold got at Rugby and from his father the trained insight into youthful minds and tempers which made him later the most sympathetic and successful of school-inspectors. The secret of Thomas Arnold's influence with boys was his elimination of self-consciousness by the severest self-discipline; while naïve self-consciousness was marked in Matthew. Matthew Arnold's literary diction was learned from his sire. "Thomas Arnold's English belongs to the same order as Jowett's, J. H. Newman's, and J. A. Froude's. With Froude, his native tongue became an instrument yielding more varieties of cadence, as well as notes of irony, pathos, and emotion, quivering with more of life than had been produced by any previous Oxford writer except Sir Thomas Browne of the *Religio Medici*." Thomas Arnold, who wrote a History of Rome, complained of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, because, by its low moral tone, it produced a monument of hostility to religion, even though it made no direct attack upon it. Arnold tried to do the exact opposite. The anonymous writer in the Fortnightly says that "Matthew Arnold formed in Whig drawing rooms those views of 'sweetness and light' which he conceived it his mission to expound, and which in his later writings expressed themselves mainly in his dislike of dissent as a grotesque though serious absurdity." It is noted that Thomas Arnold rested always on a sincere and loyal faith in a personal and living Christ, which is more than can be said for Matthew, whose principle of conduct is essentially Hellenic. Yet the righteousness and the Power that makes for it are Hebraic, being set forth by the prophets of the Bible. Here and there in Matthew's utterances are tokens that deep in his heart his father's evangelicalism had hold of him. In his poems this is most distinctly heard in the verses which tell how the poet met on the squalid and sickening streets of Bethnal Green a preacher he knew, toiling under a fierce sun, and asked: "Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?" "Bravely," replied the man of God, "for I of late have been much cheered with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread*." That is much better than fancying on Dover Beach that he hears the melancholy, long, withdrawing roar of the sea of faith, retreating, to the breath of night-winds, down the vast edges drear, and naked shingles of the world, and bringing the eternal note of sadness in.———The gist of the article on "Germany's Mastery of Europe" is in this statement: "German policy marches ahead with giant strides toward the grandiose aim of the domination of Europe. Strong, and unshakably based upon internal order and a magnificent army, Germany imposes herself upon the weak, upon Turkey, for instance, and upon other States. Besides herself, she sees only fearful, terrified organisms; and in a position exceptionally favorable she will thoroughly turn it to her own profit."———Of the nineteen contributions to the April Fortnightly, the least worthy is Thomas Hardy's "Satires of Circum-

stance," twenty-four verses under twelve titles, in which he manages to desecrate and more or less defile the church, the altar-rail, the bridal room, the coffin, the cemetery, and some other places. The New York Evening Post holds its nose over them in the following fashion: "Pessimism is not the word to describe the tone of Thomas Hardy's 'Satires of Circumstance,' a dozen brace of verses in the Fortnightly Review. Pessimism, by association with many great names, has taken on a lofty quality; we speak of the pessimism of Thomas Hardy's 'Dynasts'—cosmic, profound, enlightened. In 'Satires of Circumstance,' it is hardly too much to say that we catch the cackle of the roué who has just finished a nasty anecdote about what he likes to call 'human nature.' Of Mr. Hardy we expect more than an echo of the Zolaesque naturalism at pretty nearly its worst. In addition, we may point out that of the dozen pairs of stanzas, no less than six harp on the same single, obvious, sensual idea." One of the least objectionable of these verselets is the following, entitled "In Church":

> And now to God the Father, ends he,
> And his voice thrills up to the topmost tiles:
> Each listener chokes as he bows his knee,
> And emotion pervades the crowded aisles.
> Then the preacher glides through the vestry door,
> And shuts it, and thinks he is seen no more.
>
> The door swings softly ajar meanwhile,
> And a lover of his, in the Bible class,
> Sees her idol stand with a satisfied smile,
> And reënact at the vestry glass
> Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show
> That had moved the congregation so.

Owen Seamon satirizes Hardy's "Satires of Circumstance," with some clever imitations under the title, "Life's Little Ironies," of which this, "At The Mother-in-Law's," is a sample:

> "Your son deserts me on Tuesday next,"
> Remarks the wife in a wailing croon;
> "I cannot disguise I am greatly vexed
> That he should be at it again so soon:
> He only eloped with me last year,
> And the anniversary's not yet here."
>
> "I warned you once," says the mother-in-law;
> "'Tis in his blood; he is not to blame;
> His heritage had this fatal flaw,
> For his poor dear father was just the same;
> From the first time out, when he ran with me,
> He was always eloping with somebody."

The two dozen verses in the Fortnightly are obviously left-over stuff, quite of a piece with Hardy's book, Time's Laughing-Stocks, in which they properly belong, being made up of cynicism, pessimism, and sensuality. "Garbage and offal," cries William Winter.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Unsearchable Riches. By MALCOLM J. MCLEOD, D.D., Minister of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, New York City. 12mo, pp. 235. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Now we have five volumes of sermons from Malcolm McLeod, reeking with the essence and the aroma of the glorious gospel. The volumes are running into edition after edition. That certain divine something which vibrates the primal chords in us and opens the fountains of feeling —which, in Coleridge's words, "finds" us in the depth of our being—is here. Apt illustrations and allusions vivify and color these eleven presentations of gospel truth, which have such titles as Riches of Grace, of Forgiveness, of Experience, of Power, of Trust, of Encouragement, of Refuge, of Influence, and of Rest. One is on the words, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," and the preacher is not ashamed of its Simplicity, or its Mysteries, or its Doctrines, or its Record. About mysteries he says: "We are not ashamed of its Mysteries. It has mysteries, and they are unfathomable and past unfolding. As Robert Hall used to say: 'There are shallows in the Scriptures where the lambs may wade, and there are deeps where the elephant may swim.' How came sin into the world? We know not. How did the Saviour come? We are as deeply and as desperately in the dark. Great is the mystery of iniquity. Greater still the mystery of godliness. The Infinite became an Infant. To-day perhaps more than in any age of the world's history, there is a tendency to place undue regard on the difficulties presented by the Bible mysteries, and so, in consequence, to smile these mysteries out of court. Because the Virgin Birth does not align itself with the order of nature, it is mythologized. Not infrequently the miraculous lends itself to jest and amusement. Because the demonology of the New Testament is an essential part of its account of the spirit world, and gives us a dualistic conception of the Universe, it is ridiculed. The atmosphere of this age is supposed to be somewhat suffocating to miracle. Bring the message up to date, we hear on every side, meaning thereby to make it sensible and tangible; forgetting all the while that the very glory of the message is that it is dateless and spiritual and insensible and intangible. But every mother knows full well how her child can ask questions every hour of the day which the wisest doctor of learning is powerless to answer, and, as Henry Drummond was wont to remark: 'I find so many more puzzling things outside the Bible than in it.' How many molecular magnets are there in a cubic inch of steel? Let Elisha Gray tell us. I turn to Volume 3, Chapter IV, page 25 of his Nature Miracles. 'Chalk down the figure 1 on the blackboard,' he says. 'Put twenty-three ciphers after it.' Can you take that in? Is there any arithmetic in the

Apocalypse more bewildering? There is a star in astronomical nomenclature known as 1830 Groombridge. Astronomers tell us it is at least 2,000,000 times as far away as the sun. That is, in rough numbers, something more than 186,000,000,000,000 miles. And it is moving at the rate of about twenty million miles every twenty-four hours. Why, if Genesis had said that, we would have called it one of the 'Mistakes of Moses,' but Professor Simon Newcomb says it in his little book, Problems of Astronomy, and it is silencing. I asked Professor Hale, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, last winter, the greatest living authority, by the way, on solar research, what the temperature of the sun was. He said the surface temperature is about 60,000° F., 'but the heat within,' he went on, 'is so intense that we cannot even guess at it.' And how does it sustain such an awful caloric? I innocently advanced. But he smiled. No, the mysteries are not all in the Bible—not by any means. The little ones are there; the big ones are not there. It is almost amusing to note the ease with which a certain class of critics can ride over the rough places, the bowlders and cañons and chasms of science—with a hop-skip-and-jump, as it were—and then trip and stumble on the rock of Revelation. Mysteries do not bother us in the science hall. It is only in the church that they become so mountainous and disquieting. There are brain-baffling mysteries in geology, botany, biology, astronomy, physiology, and, indeed, in every department of natural science that never will be, never can be, cleared away, and a theology without something of the same stuff would be a somewhat lonely science. Never ought we, I repeat, to allow ourselves to be tossed into spiritual panic by the mysteries of Revelation, because the mysteries of nature are so manifold more confusing. Science never blushes for her inability to explain. Why should faith? Mystery is the shell in which truth lies secreted. 'Here stands my lamp on my table,' says Maurice Maeterlinck in one of his essays. 'It contains no mystery; it is the oldest, the best known, and the most familiar object in the house. I see in it oil, a wick, a glass chimney; and all of this forms light. The riddle begins only when I ask myself what this light is, whence it comes when I call it, where it goes when I extinguish it. Then, suddenly, around this small object, which I can lift, take to pieces, and which might have been fashioned by my hands, the riddle becomes unfathomable. Gather round my table all the men that live upon this earth: not one will be able to tell us what this little flame is which I cause to take birth or to die at my pleasure. And, should one of them venture upon one of those definitions known as scientific, every word of the definition will multiply the unknown and, on every side, open unexpected doors into endless night. If we know nothing of the essence, the destiny, the life of the gleam of a familiar light of which all the elements were created by ourselves, of which the source, the proximate causes, and the effects are contained within a china bowl, how can we hope to penetrate the mystery of a life of which the simplest elements are situated at millions of years, at thousands of millions of leagues, from our intelligence in time and space?' Haeckel, in the conclusion to his Riddle of the Universe, says:

'We grant at once that the innermost character of nature is just as little understood by us as it was by Anaximander and Empedocles, 2,400 years ago. We must even confess that the essence of substance becomes more enigmatic the deeper we probe into its heart.' This is all true, but let us remember, in addition thereto, that we are not called upon to comprehend the mysteries. We are not expected to grasp abstruse enigmas. 'The world by wisdom knew not God.' The world by wisdom never will know God. There is an easier and a more artless way. I can delight myself in the rainbow without a knowledge of optics. I can love the flowers without a treatise on botany. I can enjoy the splendor of summer without carrying about with me a volume of Ruskin. 'We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery.' 'How did hate come into the world?' is a truly vexing question, but it is not half so important as how to get hate out of my heart. I am making no weak confession when I claim that Christianity never can be explained. If ever it be explained, the explanation will mean its collapse. It was born in miracle, it lives in miracle. For nothing is so inexplicable as the man with hate and evil driven out of his life and love and righteousness entering in to reign instead. It is the searchless, inscrutable mystery of godliness." Read this about preaching: "The history of the church is enveloped in a blaze of pulpit glory. There are Paul and Tertullian, and Chrysostom and Basil, and Savonarola and Luther, and Latimer and Calvin, and Knox and Wyclif, and Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, and Baxter and Tillotson, and Fénelon and Mason, and Massillon and Robert South, and Robert Hall and Edward Irving, and Newman and Stanley, and Channing and Bushnell, and Spurgeon and Brooks, and Matthew Simpson. What a list of immortals one can cite! These are the mountains, and there are thousands of noble hills besides. And what a gracious light they caught and threw!' And when the altar fires burned low, it was because the prophets were dead. Singers, we are told, are to be pitied because posterity cannot hear them. Their art is fragile and ephemeral. Not so the preacher! He is in alliance with the heights. The truth he utters links him with the eternal. It was Henry Ward Beecher, a preacher, who dealt slavery some of those deathblows from which it never rallied. It was Thomas Chalmers, a preacher, who made his weekly discourses one of the controlling forces of Scotland. It was Jonathan Edwards, a preacher, who made his pulpit a seat of the mighty. It was John Wesley, a preacher, who started a new era of political economy—a man, by the way, who, according to Carlyle, *has wielded more influence in the world than any of his three great contemporaries, William Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, or Napoleon Bonaparte.* Some religions rely upon the sword; some upon the state; some upon ancestor worship; some upon symbolism; but the Christian religion, from the beginning, has relied upon tongues inflamed by a burning coal from off God's altar. In the antediluvian age Moses delivered his message. In the apostolic age Paul defended his. Never at any time has prophecy ceased. It is a splendid thing to make this world livable, but it is a better thing to make the other world real, and this is the function of the prophet. Our old professor at Princeton used

to say to us: 'Young men, never belittle your calling.'" Read this: "To be perfectly frank, we spell our God Jesus. He is the Eternal Logos. He is not simply a rare spiritual genius who lures to brighter worlds and leads the way.' He is the way. He is our Redeemer, Saviour, Master, Lord. We do not admire him; we adore him. He is not to be lauded: He is to be loved. He is not to be encored: He is to be worshiped. He is not to be respected: He is to be revered. Who is this King of Glory? Christ of Calvary—he is the King of Glory. The message is old. Verily, indeed, it is. But, then, so is gravity, so is light, so is life. All truth is old. There is nothing new under the sun but good and evil, and they are as old as the race. Humanity is old: personality is new. Time is old: the morning is new. The rain is old: the rainbow is new. The sun is old: the sunbeam is new. No one thinks of light as an obsolete institution. The Atonement is old: the Crucifixion is new. All abiding things are old. The hills are old, the sea is old, the stars are old. And I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for one reason, because it is old. It has stood the test of time and it has stood it well. Time writes no wrinkles on its unaging brow. When George Frederick Watts was offered a baronetcy, he wrote to a friend: 'Tell Mrs. Maud that the only title I will take is the one she gave me, "the painter of eternal things."' The preacher is the painter of eternal things, unsearchable things, indescribable things. 'Unto me who am less than the least of all saints was this grace given, to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.'" Listen to this: "I am not ashamed of the gospel's record. For it has a brilliant record, an unrivaled record, an inspiring record. It has been, according to James Martineau, the regenerator of the human intellect. It has been, according to Lecky, the lever of human life. And, after all, this is the important thing. It is the life that counts. It is, indeed, almost startling to those who look about them with impartial eye, to note how little of excellence there is in the world that is not of Christian parentage. Liberty was born in the church; so was brotherhood. So were almost all the virtues of the New Testament, indeed; to wit, humility, and gentleness, and temperance, and peaceableness, and forgiveness, and self-sacrifice, and sympathy, and tender-heartedness, and kindness. Science was born in the church. Most of the arts, if not all of them, were nurtured at the same breast. Emerson's familiar saying, that the name of Jesus is not so much written as plowed into the field of history, is far from being a figure. It is an arresting and victorious fact. I cast my eyes back along the corridors of history. What a list of immortals one beholds! Here is Martin Luther poring over the book of Romans. There is Christopher Columbus making a study of Paul's journeyings, as each morning on the unmapped ocean he patiently peered over the prow of his ship for some welcome hint of this Western shore. Yonder is David Livingstone, sitting up all night with his father, and then reading the thirty-fourth psalm and holding family worship in the morning on the day that he left for wilds unknown. Far away, I see Father Damien at Calvary 'beholding the sacrifice that kindled his own.' Then I follow

the fortunes of Wesley, of whom Southey said: '*John Wesley will exercise more influence centuries hence, and maybe millenniums hence, than any other man of his age.*' Then there is George Fox, who, according to Professor Huxley, gained his extraordinary influence by 'soaring above the clouds and tapping the fire of heaven at its fount.' And once more I follow the footsteps of Florence Nightingale as she tiptoes through the wards of the hospitals in the Crimea, while the soldiers, as Longfellow tells us, 'turned on their cots to kiss her shadow as she passed.' And then, lastly, there is Michael Faraday leaving a great audience of London scientists before whom he had been lecturing, and slipping over, unnoticed, when the after-discussion had begun, to his church prayer meeting, to renew his fellowship with God. And so might we go on for hours to simply cite the names of these kings and queens of service. I am not ashamed of company like that. It is choice society." We are not ashamed of the Unsearchable Riches as set forth by Dr. McLeod, who is one of the soundest and strongest preachers in the (Dutch) Reformed pulpit.

The Basal Beliefs of Christianity. By JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 252. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

A QUESTION often asked is, What are the fundamentals and essentials in Christian belief and teaching? The question is pretty clearly and correctly answered in this book, concerning which the author says: "The present volume is an attempt to state the basal beliefs of Christianity in a form for popular readers. It touches lightly on deep and difficult matters and emphasizes the broad and practical aspects of Christian facts and faith. Its object is to present these doctrines so as to show their meaning, their ground in truth and reason, and their application in character and life. The book of course contains nothing new and only aims to give new expression to old truths. It is not intended for theologians or ministers, but mainly for lay readers, Sabbath school teachers, and Christian workers. Pastors might use it as a basis of study with classes of young people, and thus take them over the principal points of Christian doctrine." The chapter on the "Existence of God" contains this: "A chief argument for the existence of God is man himself. Everything that comes out in the effect must have been in the cause. The stream can rise no higher than its source, and the maker cannot be lower and less than what he has made. Man is a product, and as such throws light upon God. Man is an intelligent person, and therefore God cannot fall below this plane. His personality may be infinitely higher than that of man, but it cannot be less. Every faculty in man must be a tiny shadow of a corresponding power in God. Not only so, but God must match and satisfy the nature of man at every point, otherwise he has produced an irrational creature with a falsehood inwrought into its very constitution. The instinctive needs and yearnings of man, his spiritual faculties of faith and aspiration and worship, must all find their home and satisfaction in God. Man is a child who calls for a Father, and he trusts his own cry as a sure ground of faith in him. The reality that

is closest and surest to us is first our own soul and next the world in which we live. The soul within us and the world without are irrational fragments and cruel disappointments and deceptions unless they are completed in an infinite Creator and Father. Without God all things are emptied of rationality and hope, and the world becomes a miserable muddle; with God on the throne, all things fall into order and harmony, wisdom and love. This comprehensive reason convinces and satisfies the mind and heart; and therefore we believe in God. What would the world be without a God? Let Jean Paul Richter answer in his Dream of a World Without a God, which was a favorite with Bishop R. S. Foster: 'I dreamed I was in a churchyard at midnight. Overhead I heard the thunder of distant avalanches and beneath my feet the first footfalls of a boundless earthquake. Lightning gleamed athwart the church windows and the lead and iron frames melted and rolled down. Christ appeared and all the dead cried out, "Is there no God?" And Christ answered, "There is none. I have traversed the worlds, I have risen to the suns, with the milky ways I have passed athwart the great waste spaces of the sky: there is no God. And I descended to where the very shadow cast by Being dies out and ends, and I gazed out into the gulf beyond and cried, 'Father, where art thou?' But answer came none, save the eternal storm which rages on. We are orphans all, both I and you. We have no Father." Then the universe sank and became a mine dug in the face of the black eternal night besprent with thousand suns. And Christ cried, "O, mad unreasoning Chance; Knowest thou—thou knowest not—where thou dost march, hurricane-winged, amid the whirling snow of stars, extinguishing sun after sun on thy onward way, and when the sparkling dew of constellations ceases to gleam, as thou dost pass by? How every soul in this great corpse-trench of a universe is utterly alone?" And I fell down and peered into the shining mass of worlds, and beheld the coils of the great Serpent of eternity twined about those worlds; these mighty coils began to writhe and then again they tightened and contracted, folding around the universe twice as closely as before; they wound about all nature in thousand folds, and crashed the worlds together. And all grew narrow and dark and terrible. And then a great immeasurable bell began to swing and toll the last hour of time and shatter the fabric of the universe, when my sleep broke up and I awoke. And my soul wept for joy that I could still worship God—my gladness and my weeping and my faith, these were my prayer.'" On Christ's resurrection there is this: "The judgment of Dr. Thomas Arnold, a master of historical inquiry and author of the History of Rome, may be held as pronouncing the verdict of impartial investigation when he said to his boys at Rugby: 'The evidence of our Lord's life and death and resurrection may be and often has been shown to be satisfactory. It is good according to the common rules for distinguishing good evidence from bad. Thousands and tens of thousands of persons have gone over it piece by piece, as carefully as ever judge summed up in a most important cause. I have myself done it many times over, not to persuade others, but to satisfy myself. I have been

used for many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidence of those who have written about them, and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort than the great sign which God has given us that Christ died and rose again from the dead.'" The author is sparing of illustrations; we quote one with which he closes his book: "One summer evening a little company of us were descending a steep mountain road from the Wetterhorn in the Alps, when suddenly music came floating around us from some unseen source. It was pure impersonal music, so distilled that no sediment of mere sound was left to blur the exquisite harmony. It was clearer than any piano note, finer than any strain of violin, more resonant than any peal of bells, richer than any organ swell, sweeter than any human voice. We listened to hear whence it came. The mountain of rock rose above us half a mile high and at the top was splintered into crags. The music came from that mighty wall of stone. The whole mountain seemed full of it, pulsing and throbbing with its burden of song. Again and again it pealed forth like a mighty cathedral bell the volume of harmony, so full, so grandly sweet, so all-encompassing that the atmosphere for miles around seemed pregnant with the glory. The notes swept up the mountain side from ledge to ledge, leaping and ringing out clearer and finer from the higher crags; lingering in silvery echoes among the loftiest peaks; fading into enchanting whispers and dying away in solemn silence. What did it mean? Farther down the road we came upon a mountaineer with his Alpine horn, a big wooden instrument, ten feet long, the flaring end of which fitted into a box that opened out like a hopper. He blew a blast for us, but it was only a loud raucous noise that was far from pleasing to the ear. Yet it was that rude horn, blown by that rough mountaineer far down in the valley, that was making that celestial music up among the summits of the Alps. The majestic mountain with its heart full of melody gathered up those rough sounds and transformed and transfigured them into harmonies so divine. So may the life on earth be transfigured into the life in heaven. The instruments on which we play may be rude and clumsy, the sounds we make may often seem rasping and discordant, we may be shut in far down the valley, all the conditions of our life may seem narrow and its service hard, but when these experiences are caught up into the celestial world they may be transformed into such music as will make our heaven forever. This hope makes life worth living and glorifies every common deed. Even now we may begin to weave these notes of Christian character and service into triumphant chords and songs that will make all our days a chorus of joy. Already the strings of life may begin to tremble and swell with celestial strains. Let us be faithful down in the valley, and at last up on the mountain summit we shall touch the golden harp of perfect character and join in the song of eternal joy." The readers of this book and of his other book, The World a Spiritual System, will not be surprised to learn that the author has had invitations from McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, and Western

Theological Seminary, Pittsburg, the latter of which he accepts, taking the chair of Systematic Theology.

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D. Volume X, Reusch—Son of God. New York and London. Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1911. Pp. xviii, 499. 4to, double columns. Price, $5 per volume ($40 per set of 12 volumes when subscribed for in advance).

AMONG the American and English articles in this volume we have been struck by Leppington's and Gladden's on "Philanthropy in Great Britain and the United States," Lewis's on "Poor Relief" (all three under "Social Service"), Carter's on "Socialism," Schaff's on his father and on "Sacrament," Pratt's on "Sacred Music," Driscoll's [Roman Catholic] on "Roman Catholic Parochial Schools," "Roman Catholic Restriction of Bible Reading," and "Roman Catholic Position on the Bible in the Public Schools," Holland on "Anglican Ritualism," and the full treatment of "Christian Science" by Strang (Christian Science), Powell (Episcopal), and Carson (Presbyterian). There are also other articles under "Roman Catholicism." The whole work is a fresh, up-to-date presentation of knowledge on the subjects treated, specially full in "Church History," and with extensive bibliographies. It is indispensable to a student in theology and to every wideawake minister. The statement we often hear, repeated on page 143, that Zwingli made the Lord's Supper a "simple memorial feast" does injustice to that most progressive of all the reformers. He insisted on a spiritual feeding on Christ in the sacrament as truly as Calvin, though having the Christian sense to save that feeding from anything material or sensuous. He says finely: "To eat the body of Christ spiritually is nothing else than to trust oneself in spirit and in heart upon the mercy and goodness of God through Christ; that is, with unshakable faith to be certain that God wills to grant to us the forgiveness of sins and eternal salvation on account of his Son, who has become ours entirely, and who by his sacrifice has reconciled the divine righteousness to us. . . . By the sacrament the senses became serviceable to the Spirit, so that they do no other than what faith does and means to do. So they come to the help of faith." He says that bread and wine are the symbols of the reconciling love of God, so that they are not ordinary things, but holy, and can, therefore, well bear the name of the body and blood of Christ. To eat the body and blood of Christ is to innerly feed on him by faith. See quotations with references in R. Staehelin, *Zwingli: sein Leben und Wirken*, Basel, 1897, ii, 466-8. Zwingli had a conception of the Lord's Supper both Christian and rational, and he went much farther than looking upon it as simply a memorial meal. In Cremer's article on "Sanctification" he does not get hold of the Methodist doctrine. According to Methodism and the churches and teachers which stand with her, justification is *not* secondary to sanctification, but primary to it. In thought it is first and indispensable, but it prepares the way for it as, so to speak, its fulfillment and crown. When Cremer says that justification is actually sanctification, he says truly; that is, as involving a gift of the Spirit, and as an earnest and anticipation of the

deeper work now begun; but only in that sense. When he denies that sanctification is the "chief purpose of the divine plan of salvation," he might have been better instructed by a further study of Paul and Christ, and even the old book of the late Bishop Jesse T. Peck. The Central Idea of Christianity, Boston, 1856, would not have hurt him any. "I am come" not simply to justify, but "that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." God chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world that we might be justified! Of course, but not chiefly as an end, "that we should be holy and without blemish before him in love." The sanctification of personal life, of society, and of the world was the "chief purpose of salvation," of course taking in justification as its indispensable prerequisite. There is a series of five articles on "Revivals" by able writers, but there is a strange and lamentable omission of articles on two great American theologians and scholars, namely, the late Professor Egbert C. Smyth, and the late Professor James W. Richard, author of the best life of Melanchthon in English and of the best monument to the creedal conflicts of Lutheranism, The Confessional History of the Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, 1910—men who reflected eternal honor on Christianity and learning in America. If Congregationalism had obeyed the lead of its great teacher—Smyth—it would have combined progressiveness with loyalty to the fundamental doctrines of the historic faith.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Gilder's Complete Poems. Crown 8vo, pp. 485. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.50.

In this volume, more than anywhere else, the whole nature of Richard Watson Gilder is made manifest in full expression; making it the voluminous and ample record of his lifetime of thought and feeling. No spirit more sincere, more transparent than his has revealed itself in American literature. Through his limpid flowing lines we see the bottom of his soul as clearly as in a crystal brook we see the white sand and clean pebbles through the wimpling water. Simplicity and sincerity were embodied in him. But no brook-like narrowness limits the flow of his sympathies; over the wide world they go surging like waves of the sea. One has called him "lord of the realm of sympathy." As to topics and realms, no American poet known to us has so wide and varied a range, touches and is touched by so many points, notes so many persons and events, turns into poetry so many incidents and occasions of nature and of life, both the trivial and the great. In New York his numerous verses on persons and events in the realms of art, and literature, and civic life, and public service, and private heroism made him the laureate of the city; indeed so wide beyond his own town did he extend his appreciation that he came near being the Laureate of the Land. He wrote a thousand poems, and in them all not one machine-made uninspired verse. "Will you read a poem for us on such an occasion at such a time and place?" we asked him. "I

cannot promise positively," he replied. "I will if anything comes to me; poetry cannot be made to order, it is born of the spirit." And that is why Gilder's poetry is the real thing; it is something inspired, and all alive with blood-beat and nerve-thrill. His verse is genuine song, lyric, and rhythmic. His balanced clauses are as wings of singing birds that go warbling aloft in free yet ordered flight. Music throbbed through him and through his verse. But no ecstasy carried him away. None of his meters "walked with aimless feet." Always some great aim lifted his lines, like guiding stars above. The true poet, genuinely touched by the fire divine, takes his mission seriously—does not waste his time blowing soap bubbles; earnestly wants to put some power in words that shall be piercing, bright, miraculous, with light and meaning and beatitude; that shall hearten the humble, energize the listless, revive the fainting, bind up the bruised, hold a lantern to the lost, restore the erring, brand the base and scourge the false. Gilder, though using no instrument but the pen, was as truly an artist as any man who was in his day handling brush or burin or modeling tools; yet was he a preacher as well. What preacher could do better than he does in his verses, "The Passing of Christ," giving answer to those who imagine that Christ no more survives, suffices, satisfies? Gilder's sanity is as sound as his earnestness is fervent: there is no delirium. James Creelman says, "There are natures so unworldly as to be free from any visible taint of common sense." Pure poet though he was, this was not the case with Gilder, who was as practical as he was poetic and pure. He had both the passion and the power for doing things. In no small degree he was a leader of men and a master of affairs. As upbuilder of the great Century Magazine, which he edited for twenty-eight years, and as an active and efficient force in civic reform, in the fight for righteousness, in humane measures of relief, he demonstrated beyond possibility of dispute his sound sense, practical wisdom, and sagacity. A very gentle nature, but a resolute spirit was Gilder's. It is the mistake of the violent and the vicious to underestimate the pervading, far-carrying, and lasting might of gentleness. Concerning it the ignorant deceive themselves. Take for teacher the most recent science. Says the Electrical Review of July 9, on the mild and minute electric current required by the telephone: "The peculiar electric telephone current is perhaps the quickest, feeblest, and most elusive force in the world. It is so amazing a thing that any description of it seems irrational. It is as gentle as the touch of a baby sunbeam and as swift as the lightning flash. It is so small that the electric current of a single incandescent lamp is greater—500,000,000 times. Cool a spoonful of hot water just one degree, and the energy set free by the cooling will operate a telephone for ten thousand years. Catch the falling tear drop of a child and there will be sufficient waterpower to carry a spoken message from one city to another." Beware of the gentle, modest, mild-mannered, quiet-spoken man; for his manner is an understatement; his unadvertised overplus may give you a drink of "the wine of astonishment." He employs no trumpeter, begins not blusteringly. You are in danger of accounting

his unmenacing front as evidence of feebleness. But beware of the last half of the game. When he brings up his reserves the battle is likely to go against you, whoever you are. Chinese Gordon was such an one, the famous type of a dynamic though quiet class of men who, fearing God, fear nothing else. "Valiant Ruskin!" once cried Thomas Carlyle in irrepressible admiration of his friend. Let us cry "Valiant Gilder!" inasmuch as from the time when, a slender stripling, he marched under the flag with Landis's Philadelphia Battery to fight for liberty and union in the sixties, all down through forty years to the last fight for decent politics and honest city government, his was a valiant life. Helen Gray Cone dedicates her volume of verse entitled Soldiers of the Light to Gilder, because, she says, "He served all his years a Soldier of the Light." He tempered his blade in altar-fire, and marched with the angels against the demons. His was a blithe and sweet, but grave, serious, and reverent Muse, all in earnest, not one flippant word or frivolous line. One critic says that, in his verses on public themes, issues, and concerns, he attained a gravity and dignity unique in American letters. Dignity clothes also his love songs, which are simple and sweet, tender and pure and fine. His manhood is incapable of the coarseness which is scorned of all manly men. A nature his too spiritual for carnal lapses, too fine for any touch of grossness. He is a clean visitor whose sandals have not slipped in sensual mire, a decent guest who comes in upon our carpets without soiling them and leans his hands upon our door posts without smearing them. He had no tolerance for "the prurient throng who soil with foul, empoisoned breath the sanctity of song." To one such (name mercifully omitted) he cried:

> If you wish, go be a pig,
> In and out of season;
> But do not bore us with a big
> Philosophic reason;

don't make excuse for what is inexcusable. The high and white morality of such a life as Gilder's lifts above the human stream, for men to gaze upon, a front as chaste, marmoreal and majestic as the Madeleine above the thronged boulevard of Paris; and we can hear within each the sound of psalm and prayer and anthem. One noteworthiest thing is that Gilder is supremely religious. A letter from John A. Story comes to memory: "I cannot put into words just what Gilder's poems are to me. I would say 'delicious' if the word were not so sensuous and his work so spiritual. He says something for Christ that I do not find said with the same buoyant tone in any other American poet. (I am not ashamed to say that I love him, too, for his rhyme. Gilder's rhyme is a flower appearing in spiral round the stem from which it naturally grows, and he certainly uses it for what Mr. Hutton calls its legitimate function, 'the delicate and definite clasping of thought to thought.')" Gilder's Complete Poems, now lying open before us, is the most positively, saturatedly, and devoutly Christian volume of poetry known to us in this decade. While not quite so singular and individual as Lanier, the two spirits are in close kinship, though Gilder is

the more deeply, intelligently, and expressively Christian, just as his realm is wider, his knowledge more extensive, his citizenship larger, his industry more fruitful, his contact with the world of men and affairs more vital and intimate—all this making him a far mightier power for good; indeed, nothing less than a great moral force, a noble, delightful, admirable citizen. He knew that the pure in heart see the great realities and have all the real joy of life, and he cried:

> Keep pure thy soul!
> Then shalt thou take the whole
> Of delight;
> Then, without a pang,
> Thine shall be all of beauty whereof the poet sang—
> The perfume and the pageant, the melody, the mirth
> Of the golden day and the starry night;
> Of heaven and of earth.
> O, keep pure thy soul!

He knew the value of his father's faith, and cried:

> Despise not thou thy father's ancient creed;
> Of his pure life it was the golden thread
> Whereon bright days were gathered, bead by bead,
> Till death laid low that dear and reverend head.
> From olden faith how many a glorious deed
> Hath lit the world! Its blood-stained banner led
> The martyrs heavenward; yea, it was the seed
> Of knowledge, whence our modern freedom spread.
> Not often has man's *credo* proved a snare—
> But a deliverance, a sign, a flame
> To purify the dense and pestilent air,
> Writing on pitiless heavens one pitying Name;
> And 'neath the shadow of the dread eclipse
> It shines on dying eyes and pallid lips.

Gilder had the wisdom not to despise his father's ancient creed, and could consistently exhort. The poem which oftenest repeats itself to us of all that Gilder wrote is, "The Song of a Heathen" supposed to be sojourning in Galilee when Jesus was teaching there (A. D. 32), who has heard many and contradictory things about the wonderful young teacher, and perhaps has been in the crowds or casual companies that listened to him; and who, having pondered much upon the questions who and what Jesus is, arrives at this sane and sensible conclusion:

> If Jesus Christ is a man—
> And only a man—I say
> That of all mankind I cleave to him,
> And to him will I cleave alway.
>
> If Jesus Christ is a God—
> And the only God—I swear
> I will follow Him through Heaven and Hell,
> The earth, the sea, and the air!

And really, on any theory about Jesus Christ, that is the only admissible and consistent thing for any decent and sensible person to do—follow

him and cleave to him. The most convincing of arguments is not an argument but a feeling—feeling *our need of Christ.* So Gilder, in a moment of mental perplexity, writes:

Thou Christ, my soul is hurt and bruised!
With words the scholars wear me out;
My brain o'erwearied and confused,
Thee, and myself, and all I doubt.

And must I back to darkness go
Because I cannot say their creed?
I know not what I think; I know
Only that *Thou art what I need.*

We close this notice of a volume of poems which sums up a life, and which is a treasury of beauty and of melody, by adapting for our use the lines which Gilder wrote in memory of Alice Freeman Palmer:

When fell, to-day, the word that he had gone;
Not this my thought: Here a bright journey ends,
Here rests a soul unresting; here at last,
Here ends that earnest strength, that generous life—
For all his life was giving. Rather this
I said (after the first swift, sorrowing pang):
Radiant with love, and love's unending power,
Hence, on a new quest, starts an eager spirit—
No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth
With asking eyes, pure as the bodiless souls
Whom poets vision near the central throne
Angelically ministrant to man,
So fares he forth wth smiling Godward face;
Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks—
Save that we mortal are and needs must mourn.

The American Philosophy Pragmatism. By A. v. C. P. Huizinga. Pp. 64. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. Price, 60 cents, net.

This is the second little volume of a series by the author of Belief in a Personal God, which in small compass offers much wholesome food for thought. In the preface the author frankly states that the substance of this essay appeared in the primary number of The Bibliotheca Sacra for 1909. But though not a little gratified by the fact that most publications since regarding the theme have tended to confirm his view that the subject was approached critically in its central position, it entailed also the regret that he had not treated the subject more fully. Considerable additions and some changes have, therefore, been made in the present little treatise so as to bring together a fairly complete survey of Pragmatism in its outstanding characteristics." Thus the original treatise comes to us newly fortified and freshly illuminated. Professor Pierce is introduced as the foremost champion in the field of this new philosophy. He gave the name Pragmatism in a fine article, in which he refers to utilitarian tests as a criterion of truth. In his books Pragmatism and The Meaning of Truth he boldly argues that truth is *made;* that we are making it; that truth is functional; that it

is a form of value mediating other values in our experience. So that we can no more speak of truth, but of truths, since the question every time is only of applying a utilitarian test to any judgment and to consider only that particular case and that particular individual's experience. Thus in succinct terms the author states what appears to him the central position in this philosophy. He then strengthens it by a quotation from Schiller, who raises the query in Studies in Humanism: "What right have we to assume that even ultimate truth must be one and the same to all?" He reverts to Professor James, who says that "Human arbitrariness has driven divine necessity from scientific logic. And then he remarks naïvely: "Indeed, after *De gustibus non est disputandum* had been supplemented by *De moribus non est disputandum*, we are finally bid to acknowledge that *De veritate non est disputandum*. Professor Schinz's remark is quite to the point." Under the pretext of doing the generous thing by individualism, by life, and inspired by a suspicious dread of everything that savors of system and order, they cleave fast to chaos; the lack of coördination is raised to the height of a principle (p. 77, Anti-Pragmatism). Elsewhere he objects (p. 254): "Besides minor objections there is one that was made to pragmatists over and over again, in all sorts of forms, namely, that they substitute for the one great philosophical problem of organic, logical, continuous truth a quantity of unconnected problems; or that they substitute for the epistemological problem of truth a moral, if not utilitarian conception of truth; or, again, that they replace objective truth by subjective truth—they are all one and the same accusation. Why not use William James's frank expression, and say with him that pragmatists are trying to substitute a *multiverse* for a *universe?*" Says Professor H. Heath Bawden, in Principles of Pragmatism, p. 44: "We find ourselves in midstream of the Niagara of experience and may define what it is only by working back and forth within the current. We don't know where we are going, but we're on the way." This conveys some idea of the content and quality of the book. The style is terse. The language in the main is simple, the spirit courteous, but firm and refreshingly loyal to evangelical standards. The reading it displays covers a wide range. Both in its quotations and in its quotable sentences, which abound, it is weighty with thought-provoking matter. For instance, on p. 12 we read: "The pragmatic temper likes to poke fun at the old-fashioned cobwebs of epistemology and ontology. Yet philosophers of the most varied schools admit that there is only one way to do justice to both subject and object, namely, to recognize that one and the same reason is active in consciousness and in the objective world. On the strength of both being grounded in the same creative wisdom is the reliability of perception and thought assured, a correspondence between the forms of thought and of being. Fretful and restive under the traditions of the past, the spirit of our age has, under the bitter effects of an apotheosis of the evolutionary dogma, blatantly set aside everything which would curb, regulate, or control. There are no standards, no norms, no creeds anywhere. . . . Individualism has come upon us with

a vengeance. Democracy has run riot in all spheres. In some sense it repeats the revolutionary watchword: *Ni Dieu, ni Maître.* Nothing which would restrain, or rule, distinguish, and thus divide, is to be tolerated. No static elements or divisions are allowed anywhere. . . . This leveling democracy aims especially at bringing down the exalted. . . . Irreverence is its mainspring. . . . This may seem a severe characterization, and I would not include the more earnest spirits, who challenge the faith of old, or the age-long social traditions of our fathers. But I do fling this reproach at those who denounce what they never took the trouble to know." This expresses what has appealed to many. In a sermon recently preached before the University of Cambridge, on "The Incarnation and Christian Missions," the venerable A. T. Wirgman, D.D., deplored the laxness of our times with regard to the age-long accepted fundamentals of our holy religion. Yet these are the teachings of the church from which she cannot depart. Said he: "She dare not water down the great dogmatic statements of her creeds, with their clear-cut definiteness of teaching, to satisfy the demands of modernism." Moreover, "there is room for a nebulous and indefinite Christianity in the field of Christian missions. It has no definite tidings, no plain gospel to preach, no message clear and authoritative enough to touch the hearts and lives of men. As a weapon against the sword of Islam it is as futile as a feather boa. It offers nothing to Hinduism but an enfeebled Western philosophy, unable to compete with such a manifestation of higher Indian thought as the Brahmo-Somaj. The practical character of the Chinese demands definiteness of doctrine. They would prefer Buddhism and Confucianism to a nebulous and practically creedless Christianity. The same applies to Japan with her marvelous assimilation of Western definiteness and efficiency of method. Liberal Christianity is of necessity indefinite and, therefore, inefficient. It has from its very essence no strong corporate life. *It is based on individualism run riot* . . . [italics ours]. Nothing stable or permanent can be built upon the shifting sands of a liberalism that knows no fixity of religious belief." The English archdeacon may thus eloquently picture forth this lamentable sign of our times and exhort the faithful to remain true to the precious inheritances of the past. With fine insight and discernment our author lays bare the hidden but real connection between his creedal laxity of our times, this reactionary spirit whose aim is to swing loose from the past as a whole altogether, and the widely accepted dogma of evolution. "The evolutionary theories," says he (p. 17), "influenced potently ethical conceptions. Especially did they affect the attitude toward the inherited wisdom of tradition, as represented in dogmas, creeds, laws, teachings, etc. Evolution will not be fettered by the worn-out *superstitio* of the past. It faces the present and looks hopefully to the future. Things are not static, they evolve. And from the various interplays emerge the things that are to supersede those that have had their day." This means that "self-determination is an illusion"; that we are but "driftwood on the evolutionary currents"; that moral wisdom is to be displaced by passive adaptability to environment." "All things are in the making.

Even Almighty God has been proclaimed to be in the process of becoming." Hence, as there are as many new beginnings as there are new phases of development the ancient "In the beginning God" is emptied of its substance, and all we get and all we can lay hold on at any time is: "An *unfinished* code, a provisional standard, to be outgrown by and by. . . . Pragmatism rises upon the breakdown of the old representative view of knowledge. . . . The teaching of the duty of unremitting exertion appeals to people who have work to do. America, untrammeled by much tradition, with a constant demand for work, specially welcomes the doctrine of 'the strenuous life,' as in matter of fact it practices the same. . . . In this plastic civilization, action, even at the risk of taking chances, must needs be the paramount issue in life. Reflection and meditation are out of place. They fit rather an established order of things. . . . Not what you do know, but what you can do, and what you are prepared to do, is the American requirement. Latent energy, contemplating wisdom, granted it is there, merits derision and scorn in the land of hustling activity, when it is not applied, not practiced. Professor Munsterberg, an observing psychologist, in The Americans, calls attention to the fact of this imperious demand of restless activity to shape the things that come to hand 'The freely acting individual must not be prevented by a stronger force from using the strength he has. Everything which excludes free competition and makes the individual economically helpless seems immoral to the American.' . . . A man who rushes from one undertaking to another seeks no unity or harmony in the present; his retina is not sensitive to ugliness, because his eye is forever peering into the future; and if the present were to be complete and finished, the enterprising spirit would repel such perfection, and account it a loss—a restriction of his freedom, an end to his creation. It would mean mere pleasure and not action. In this sense the American expresses his pure idealism in speaking of "the glory of the imperfect." . . . Professor Henry van Dyke observes in his lectures at the Sorbonne on "The Spirit of America," "There is a spirit in the air which continually cries, Act, act!" . . . The gentle voice of that other spirit which whispers, "Consider, that thou mayest be wise," is often unheard or unheeded. From directing attention to the influence of the evolutionary theory on the pragmatic thought the author proceeds (p. 33) to state the analogous relation. Pragmatism looking toward results in the *milieu* of the agent's activity entertains a favorable bias toward guidance by outside influences. Forthcoming results hold the key to and the criticism of truth. . . . Darwin's hypothesis directs attention exclusively to *results*, the *effects* of natural selection between variations, but concerns itself little with the *origin* of variations. However, in the purpose disclosed in results, in the effects aimed at, we see a close relation to their cause. Being is disclosed in the doing. Effect leads back to cause, as much as cause points to result. What ought to be lies behind all that is as its first cause, its *raison d'être*, and in time before all existence as its final cause. First and final cause are but two aspects of the same thing, the nature of which the ethical world of *ends* dis-

closes more truly than does the study of origins. But it is needless to multiply quotations, not to say anything of the difficulty of choice which the wealth of material presents. In this little volume, The American Philosophy Pragmatism finds treatment at a master hand. "To counsel reflection on the 'meaning of life' while we are spending it, is the author's prudent but emphatic protest against it." Fortunately, both scope and price are sufficiently small to place this book within easy reach of all lovers of fine thought on great subjects. With the memory fresh in mind of the author's Belief in a Personal God we look forward with interest to his forthcoming publications of Might and Right, and Authority and Social or Individual Regeneration.

Some Problems of Philosophy. A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy. By WILLIAM JAMES. 8vo, pp. xii, 237. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, $1.25, net.

AT his death, in August, 1910, the lamented William James left unfinished a manuscript introduction to philosophy. The treatise had been planned as a completion of the life work of the author. A month before the end he gave directions for its publication in a characteristic memorandum: "Say it is fragmentary and unrevised. . . . Say that I hoped by it to round out my system, which now is too much like an arch built only on one side." This request has been carried out by the writer's son, after the manuscript had been prepared for printing by Dr. Kallen, one of his pupils. The result is an interesting and important volume, even though it is incomplete. In places criticism is disarmed, for difficulties, even inconsistencies, in the argument may plausibly be ascribed to the lack of revision rather than counted defects of reasoning, but on the whole we have what we had not hoped for: another incisive contribution to contemporary thinking from him whom we have loved and mourned. In fact, no one acquainted with recent philosophy could have mistaken the book for the work of anyone but James if it had been published without his signature. The style, the attitude, the doctrine, all are here. In particular, the view of things which had been crystallizing in the writings of James's later years—notably in the Pluralistic Universe of 1909—is in the present treatise developed a further stage. "Introduction to philosophy" is taken not in the sense of encyclopedia, but of doctrinal discussion; discussion, moreover, which aims to inculcate the author's own answers to the fundamental questions. Pragmatism, of course, is commended, and (in the Appendix) a somewhat developed form of the Will to Believe. But for the most part the problems considered are the problems of metaphysics, and the solutions offered are those which toward the end had more and more engrossed the thinking of the author. Rationalistic monism continues the bogie of philosophy. Conceptual thinking is depreciated in favor of perception, the writer remaining unaware that his own correct insistence on the relational element in perception contradicts his first position. Pluralism is advocated not merely for its own sake, but as the foundation for a defense of freedom. Over against the mechanism of science, as in opposition to mechanical rationalism, James contends for the reality of causal ac-

tivity, the presence of novelty in the course of the world, the possibility of action which shall be purposeful and free. Throughout he manifests increasing sympathy with Bergson and fuses the conclusions of the French philosopher with his own. In spite of its fragmentary character, therefore, this introduction becomes his testament to the times. What further discussions the finished book might have included it is impossible to say, but those which are given are as characteristic as they are suggestive and important. In view of the circumstances of its issue, detailed criticism of the work would be inappropriate. The readers of this REVIEW, however, may be reminded that James's philosophy forms but a single type of thought. By common consent the first of American psychologists, with Edwards and Emerson the first of our philosophers as well, he continues to influence reflection, though he has passed beyond our ken. But, great as his achievement was, it cannot be separated from the conditions which gave it birth. In particular, there is need to be on one's guard against the exaggerations inherent in his pragmatic and pluralistic theories. The incomparable service rendered in defense of the spiritual postulates should not blind religious people to the sources of danger which were also present. It is an old lesson that relief for faith is dearly bought when it is gained at the expense of reason. And to this sacrifice James at times came perilously near. His reaction from the extreme of intellectualism was just, both when it is tested by comparison with fact and by correlation with the needs of the spirit. But the new position should not involve a negation of reason in the world. For in a world devoid of reason faith as well as knowledge finds no place.

John Ruskin. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 323. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. *Price*, cloth, $1.50, net.

VOLUMES flow fast from Arthur Benson's fluent pen—familiar essays, frank outpourings, gentle, urbane, wise, full of flavor and fragrance, going sometimes to fifteen and seventeen editions. Out of the home of Archbishop Benson into the world of letters naturally enough came this man and his two brothers, native-born in the high realms of intellect and conscience, fine fruits of Christian culture and spirituality. These seven lectures on Ruskin were delivered in Magdalene College, Cambridge, last year. They are not a biography but a study in personality, not an attempt at synthesis and summary but rather at emphasizing and bringing home certain salient features and characteristics of Ruskin, who was one of the most suggestive thinkers, most beautiful writers, and most vivid and forceful personalities of the nineteenth century. They are written with a strong conviction that Ruskin's message and example have a very real truth and strength of their own and are urgently needed in these hasty and impulsive days. In the first lecture, when Mr. Benson is seeking to find the secret of Ruskin's greatness in the depths of his austere pedigree, he indulges in gentle irony at the ambitious and bumptious science which proposes presently to furnish a formula for eliminating unreckonable elements and breeding to order, scientifically, any sort of men that may be wanted, so that when Mendelism and eugenics are per-

fected and the processes of production are scientifically controlled, we can flatten men in general into an even paste of uniform virtue and efficiency, and, whenever we wish, can breed a genius—a Ruskin, a Carlyle, or a Browning—as easily as we breed a greyhound of the requisite fleetness or a dachshund with the desired distance, whether one yard or two, between his fore quarters and his hind quarters. Ruskin's Lowland Scotch derivation, together with his immediate ancestry, is believed to account in part for his peculiar temperament, at once fiery and restrained, eloquent, emotional, and religious, not sentimentally, but with a certain uplifted solemnity of heart. To his inflexible biblical training in childhood and youth he owed much. With a sensitive ear for the music of words, he gained an incredible mastery over cadence and sounding eloquence from the restrained economy and noble passion of the Scriptures. From early familiarity with his Bible John Ruskin acquired the power to tell a story with austere simplicity and stately directness; to be denunciatory without being abusive; to be indignant without ever losing self-control; to be unashamed of deep and grand emotion; to deviate never into commonness or verbiage. Ruskin was an extremely sensitive child, different from the common run. In *Præterita* he wrote: "I had in me some of Shelley's sensitiveness, Turner's accuracy, and Wordsworth's reverence. A snow drop was to me, as to Wordsworth, part of the Sermon on the Mount." When about twenty-seven years old Ruskin had an illness in Venice that left him in a state of depression, in which he had despondent views about his spiritual condition, and concluded that he "had no part or lot in the privileges of the saints, but only such share in the things of God as well-conducted beasts and serenely minded birds have." Then he had his first experience of intense and agonized prayer to God, a prayer which was at once answered. Remarking that in all his study of art, moral ideas were what Ruskin was most in search of, Mr. Benson interjects this general comment: "It may be said roughly that all idealists are really in search of one and the same thing, though they call it by different names. They are all in search of a certain transforming and uplifting power, something which may stand 'above the howling senses' ebb and flow,' some force which may bring mankind tranquillity and inner happiness—not a listless and indolent happiness, but the happiness which comes of having an aim and a goal, a cause to fight for, a secret to interpret, a message to announce, a dream brighter and purer than material dreams, a vision which is to outlast life and to help on the regeneration of the world." Is there anything that has proved its power to do all that, or that can do it, except "the glorious gospel of the blessed God"? Or is there any other principle of conduct that can guide men aright than (in Ruskin's words) "fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God"? The vigor and explicitness of Ruskin are felt in such utterances as this: "My first word to all men and boys who care to hear is: 'Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try begging first—I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing.' [Of course he didn't quite mean that.] But don't buy things you can't pay for." When some students of Glasgow University asked him whether he was a supporter of Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield,

he replied: "What have *you* to do with D'Israeli or with Gladstone? You are students at the university, and have no more business with politics than you have with rat-catching. I care no more for Gladstone and D'Israeli than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and with Carlyle, I stand for God and the Queen." Ruskin saw that absorption in material luxury is base and degrading, and that the bane of this age is its impatience of simplicity, its worship of worldly success, its self-indulgent preference for comfort, and lowering the quality of its pleasures. On that singular artistic revolt called Pre-Raphaelitism, which Ruskin largely approved, Mr. Benson says: "The impulse of it has passed into the dignity of upholstery, having done little more than infect English art with a precious kind of mediævalism." Mr. Benson draws attention to the fact that the greatest writers of the nineteenth century—Keats, Walter Scott, Carlyle, Browning, and Ruskin—were men whose education was but little under classical influences, while others, like Wordsworth, Tennyson, Byron, and Shelley, when students, achieved no distinction in academical exercises; and "the few great writers whom English universities rewarded, such as Matthew Arnold, Newman, and Pater, can hardly be ranked among the leading literary influences of the century." Ruskin's industry was prodigious, incredible, dangerously excessive. Early he wrote: "Life without industry is guilt." Carlyle, who was a writer and did few tangible and practical things, said, oddly enough, that a solidly built bridge is a finer and holier thing than the best book ever written—which is absurdly untrue. One of the best things Mr. Benson says of Ruskin is: "He labored to increase and multiply joy in the world; for many he increased it a hundredfold, and added most to the joy of others at times when he was himself sorrowful even unto death." When John Ruskin died the local country tailor sent a bunch of common flowers with these words on a card: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." For any who may be unfamiliar with Ruskin's word-mastery and superb literary manner, we quote a few specimens beginning with the famous passage on Calais church: "I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meager massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents: and the

gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise." The following passage is from The Seven Lamps of Architecture: "An architect should live as little in cities as a painter. Send him to our hills and let him study there what nature understands by a buttress, and what by a dome. There was something in the old power of architecture, which it had from the recluse more than from the citizen. The buildings of which I have spoken with chief praise, rose, indeed, out of the war of the piazza, and above the fury of the populace; and heaven forbid that for such cause we should ever have to lay a larger stone, or rivet a firmer bar in our England! But we have other sources of power, in the imagery of our iron coasts and azure hills; of power more pure, nor less serene, than that of the hermit spirit which once lighted with white lines of cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of the Norman sea; which gave to the temple gate the depth and darkness of Elijah's Horeb cave; and lifted, out of the populous city, gray cliffs of lonely stone, into the midst of sailing birds and silent air." And here is a wonderful word-cadence from one of his later lectures at Oxford, where he is speaking of the dove: "And of these wings and this mind of hers, this is what reverent science should teach you: first with what parting of plume and what soft pressure and rhythmic beating of divided air she reaches that miraculous swiftness of undubious motion compared with which the tempest is slow and the arrow uncertain; and secondly what clue there is, visible, or conceivable to thought of man, by which, to her living conscience and errorless pointing of magnetic soul, her distant home is felt afar beyond the horizon, and the straight path, through concealing clouds, and over trackless lands, made plain to her desire, and her duty, by the finger of God." When a volume of Emerson-Carlyle letters was published, Ruskin commented: "The Emerson letters are infinitely sweet and wise. Carlyle's have vexed me with their perpetual *me miserum* —never seeming to feel the extreme ill manners of his continual whine, and hiding the more or less of pleasure which a strong man must have, even amid afflictions, in using his strength, be it only in heaving aside dust heaps. What I chiefly wonder at and regret in him is his perception of nothing in all nature between the stars and his stomach." Arthur C. Benson closes his study of Ruskin thus: "And now I will say one last thing—a thing borne to me upon the winds and waves of life, by grievous experience, and, I am not ashamed to say, by sad self-questioning. And this thing is confirmed, in its height and depth, by the wonderful life that we have been considering. No saint or philosopher has ever done more than guess, in fear and perplexity often, and rarely in confidence or certainty, at the meaning of our life, our pilgrimage. So much of life, in spite of its glimpses of joy and light, seems so aimless, so perplexed, so unaccountable, with its mysterious satisfactions, its disproportionate sorrows. But the best and noblest of men have seemed to see in it a chance, if we are frank and candid in facing experience, and if we are not dismayed by its shadows or misled by its sunshine, a chance of hav-

ing something done for our spirits which can be done in no other way. A good many people start with a high-hearted belief in life and its possibilities; and then like the grain sown by the heavenly Sower, many lives are withered by sensuality, or choked by prosperity, or eaten up by evil influences, or drenched by dullness; but whatever happens we are not meant to find life easy and delightful; it is a discipline, when all is said and done. But there is something deeper than that. 'Depend upon it,' said old Carlyle, 'the brave man has somehow or other to give his life away.' We are called upon to make an unconditional surrender. Unconditional, I say, because it cannot be on our own terms. We cannot reserve what we like, or choose what we prefer. It is a surrender to a great and awful Will, of whose workings we know little, but which means to triumph, whatever we may do to hinder or delay its purpose. We must work indeed by the best light that we have. We must do the next thing, and the kind thing, and the courageous thing, as it falls to us to do. But sooner or later we must yield our wills up, and not simply out of tame and fearful submission, but because we at last see that the Will behind all things is greater, purer, more beautiful, more holy than anything we can imagine or express. Some find this easier than others—and some never seem to achieve it—which is the hardest problem of all. But there is no peace without that surrender, though it cannot be made at once; there is in most of us a fiber of self-will, of hardness, of stubbornness which we cannot break, but which God may be trusted to break for us, if we desire it to be broken. And the reason why the life of Ruskin is so marvelous a record, is that we here see the unconditional surrender, of which I speak, made on the most august scale by a man dear to God, starting in life with high gifts and noble advantages. Will you bear with me if I entreat you to discern this truth not in the life of Ruskin but in your own lives as well? Do not think for a moment that I mean that life ought to be a mournful metaphysic, without light and energy and joy. The more of these that we have in our lives the better for each and all. But if the light is clouded, and the joy is blotted out, and the energy burns low, it is a sign not that we have failed, but that the mind of God is bent still more urgently upon us. What we may pray for and desire is courage, to live eagerly in joy and not less eagerly in sorrow; to be temperate in happiness, and courageous in trouble; that we may say, in the words of Ruskin's great poet-friend, whose splendid optimism still made the great surrender—

> 'What's Life to me?
> Where'er I look is fire; where'er I listen,
> Music; and where I tend, bliss evermore.'"

Mr. Benson concludes his comments on Ruskin's style thus: "I would not persuade any one to try and write like Ruskin, though he was probably the greatest master of English prse, in his variety, his copiousness, the lucidity, and the perennial beauty of his expression; but just as one cannot live by bread alone, one cannot write by imitation. It is a very elementary literary exercise to parody a style, and Ruskin lends himself

easily to parody. Indeed, his style is so contagious that if one reads him much and attentively, one finds it hard not to write like him; like him, I say, yet ah, how far away! But every writer must find his own method of expression, and no man can look his best in borrowed clothes. The curvature of the owner hangs indelibly about them. But on the other hand, there are few writers of whom the word *great* can be used so incontestably. While other writers have been like performers in a great orchestra, spouting melody from a silver-mouthed trumpet, or drawing out the thrill and shiver of the tense string, Ruskin seems to me like a great organist, manipulating and combining and hushing the huge house of sound, with its myriad pipes and ranked ingenuities. There is no writer—and this is, I humbly believe, the end and crown of art—who could express so perfectly, so sweetly, so truly, the thought that rose swiftly and burningly in his mind. He could flash out, with a deft turn of his wrist, a stop of shrill emotion, and keep a dozen moods all in full play at once, combining and eluding and charming, in a sequence at once orderly and profound. We may read Ruskin then primarily for the glow and beauty that he casts on life; but not forget that half that thought must have been dumb, its deepest feeling and its lightest grace unuttered, if it had not been for the art which, through endless labor, widest sympathy, and sternest purpose, gave him the power to tell his secret so that all can understand. These are the two conditions of art: that a man should have something in him that is worth telling and making plain; and after that that he should spare no trouble, despise no criticism, and yet be disheartened by no rebuke, from saying the thoughts of his heart as calmly, as clearly, and as expressively as he can."

Anglo-American Memories. By GEORGE W. SMALLEY, M.A., author of Studies of Men, Life of Sir Sydney Waterlow, etc. 8vo, pp. 441. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with portrait, $2.50, net.

THE "Memories" are more than "Anglo-American"; they include "How the Prussians after Sadowa Came Home to Berlin," "A Talk with Count Bismarck in 1866," and other things beyond the title of the book. Mr. Smalley is one of the greatest correspondents that any American journal ever had. When the New York Tribune had George W. Smalley and William Winter on its staff, those two men constituted no little part of its greatness. We never failed to read them both. Mr. Smalley knew a host of conspicuous and influential men and women in two hemispheres during more than half a century. They crowd the book before us. The high official world, inaccessible to most, was open to him, as were also exclusive social circles on both sides of the sea. He was called "the ambassador of international journalism." Mr. Smalley opens his picture gallery with New England in the ante-bellum period—Webster, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Theodore Parker, Governor Andrew, etc. Smalley himself was of Massachusetts birth, and a minister's son. He says his father's deacons sometimes usurped the rightful authority of the true head of the church, the pastor, in matters of faith and conduct alike; regarding themselves as custodians of the behavior of the flock, including the

pastor and his family. In the class of 1853 at Yale, Smalley had for classmates many notable men, among them Stedman, poet, critic, and banker, whose most stirring, popular, and enduring poem is the one in which he cried warning: "Virginians, don't do it," for "Old Brown, Osawatomie Brown, may trouble you more than ever when you've nailed his coffin down"; a warning, says Mr. Smalley, all unheeded until "Northern regiments sang their way through Southern States to the tune of 'John Brown's Body.'" Of the power of keen repartee of Wayne MacVeagh, also a Yale classmate, our author gives this example: "A celebrated American *causeur* once attacked him as a Democrat. 'Yes,' answered MacVeagh, 'I am a Democrat and know it. You are a Democrat and don't know it. You have just been made president of a great railroad corporation. The stock sells to-day at a hundred and twenty, but before you have been president three years you will have brought it down within reach of the humblest citizen." Of Professor Hadley, of Yale, it is said: "He dreamed in Greek. He taught us to look at the world through Greek eyes and to think Greek thoughts." Touching the educational and cultural benefits of the classics, the saying of Sainte-Beuve is significant: "I do not ask that a man shall now know Latin and Greek. All I ask is that he *shall have known it*." Mr. Smalley heard Webster at his best in Faneuil Hall: "He stood upon the platform an august, a majestic figure, from which the blue coat and buff trousers and the glitter of gilt buttons did not detract. The authority of the man was what told. We were under the sway of a masterful individuality. We were there to take orders from him, to think his thoughts, to do as he would have us." Emerson said of Webster: "If he were revealed to me on a dark night by a flash of lightning, I should be at a loss to know whether an angel or a demon stood before me." Somebody in England said: "Webster is an impostor, because it is impossible for any man to be as great as he looks." "Do you always have such a good appetite?" asked the landlady of an English inn, as she watched her provisions disappearing. "Madame," answered the great man in his loftiest manner, "I sometimes eat more than at other times, but never less." Webster's support of the Fugitive Slave Law turned reverence to wrath, and sent him to his grave discredited and defeated. Chief Justice Shaw disliked Rufus Choate. The great judge was far from handsome. Choate, smarting under rough treatment in court, said audibly to his associate counsel in the case: "The Chief Justice suggests to me an Indian idol. We feel that he is great and we see that he is ugly." In 1861 Smalley became war correspondent for the New York Tribune with the Army of the Potomac, and saw much of its commanders. His estimate of them is before us: "The battles of South Mountain and Antietam came as near to being real war as could be expected under General McClellan. . . . Mixing politics with war, he believed in half-beating the enemy. . . . He advanced toward Frederick, Lee's headquarters, at the breakneck pace of six or seven miles a day. . . . McClellan hesitated, delayed, and finally took the wrong road; hence the battle of South Mountain, part of which I watched from McClellan's side. He looked rather scholarly than war-like; amiable, well-bred, cold. An air of indecision

hung about him. Men had died by hundreds, and yet more were to die because he could not make up his mind, nor push an attack swiftly home. So they were dying that day at South Mountain while he looked on; dying and dead they lay on the slope yonder, for when he had at last made up his mind, he had made it up wrong. . . . Approaching the battle ground of Antietam, he halted to think it over. If he had struck at once he would have found Lee's army divided. But McClellan had it not in him to do anything at once, or to do anything once for all. The armies faced each other idly all that day. It was well known that General Hooker would fight as soon as he was permitted; so I rode over to the side of 'Fighting Joe.' He put his troops in motion at four o'clock that afternoon, he riding at the front and doing his own reconnoitering as usual. Between McClellan at South Mountain two days before and the man at whose side I now rode the contrast was complete. McClellan was not a general, he was a Council of War; and it is a military axiom that councils of war never fight. . . . I don't say McClellan had no regrets for the men his mistaken and dilatory movements drove to death. All I say is that as I looked at him I saw no sign of it. It is awful to reflect how many thousands in those early Civil War days were sent to useless death by the ignorance of these commanders; or, as in McClellan's case, by his irresolution and his incapacity for handling troops in the field. Hooker hated hesitation and delay. 'If we had been allowed to start earlier, we might have finished to-night,' he muttered angrily—as night settled down; and even Hooker could not fight an unknown force on an unknown field in the dark. At nine o'clock he had to quit; but reopened the battle at four o'clock next morning, himself about the first man in the saddle. Kinglake, the accomplished historian of war, has a passage which might have been written for Hooker. The historian remarks that the reasons against fighting a battle are always stronger than the reasons for fighting. But a general must be able to decide and act; a soldier's business is to fight. [Theodore Roosevelt, a man of swift and decisive action, said the other day before a Congressional Committee: "In every great crisis the impulse to non-action is great, but a man who is worth his salt will do his duty and act."] Early in the morning at Antietam Hooker scattered his staff to the winds and was riding alone on the firing line. He saw a regiment wavering and falling back a little. He had no officer to carry an order. Seeing Smalley, a journalist, Hooker said to him, 'Will you carry an order for me?' 'Certainly,' was the answer. 'Go tell the colonel of that regiment to take his men to the front and keep them there.' Smalley rode in haste, and gave the order to the colonel, who looked at his civilian dress and said, 'Who are you?' 'The order is General Hooker's,' answered Smalley. 'It must come to me by a staff officer,' said the colonel. 'Very good,' answered the newspaper man, 'I will report to General Hooker that you decline to obey.' 'O, for Mercy's sake, don't do that! The rebels are too many for us, but I would rather face them than Hooker.' Forward went that halting regiment to the front." When Hooker, wounded, fell from his saddle, Smalley says: "Then they carried to the rear the hope of the Union arms for that day and for other days to follow." When Hooker, suffering intense pain

and intenser disappointment over his disablement, asked for the latest from the battle, he had to be told that it was no longer a battle; that McClellan was resting on his arms; that he would not use his reserves; that with 14,000 fresh troops, he was letting the sun go down on an indecisive day; that Lee was likely to escape with his beaten army. Then Hooker raged. Smalley says: "McClellan had an irresistible impulse to do nothing he could leave undone. That night I heard everywhere in camp a chorus of execration. McClellan's name was hardly mentioned without a curse. Not a soldier in the ranks who did not believe it possible to drive Lee back across the Potomac." One chapter of Smalley's book deals with the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866; especially the battle of Sadowa, as a result of which the leadership of Germany passed in a night from Austria to Prussia. High praise is given the Prussian nobles. "The officers of the army were of the elect. The Prussian aristocracy was in the saddle. There has never been a time since the Great Elector of Brandenburg when it was not in the saddle, actually and figuratively. Bismarck said: 'This country of Prussia has never been ruled from below.' Not in 1866 nor ever have the Junkers and the nobility of Prussia failed to pay with their persons when the need arose. In that murderous cavalry charge at Mars-la-Tour, the ranks were crowded with the sons of princes and dukes and counts and all the rest; they rode to death, and knew they were riding to death, but no thought of rank or riches stayed them, nor did any one falter or flinch." What a model for the soldiers of Christ! In a church, as in an army, the *esprit de corps*, the valiancy, the heroic self-abnegation depend immensely on spirited, capable, courageous leadership—on the quality of the officers. Smalley brings up again that grand incident in the House of Commons (it cannot be told too often) when Plimsoll defied the House, rushing into the middle of the floor in a fury of indignation, and charging his fellow members with sacrificing the lives of English sailors to the cupidity of English shipowners—so compelling the House to adopt the load line. Writing of American Diplomacy in England, the author says: "It may be doubted whether we have ever sent anybody to England whom the English themselves have loved as they loved Motley. Across the interval of forty years his blue eyes shine like stars and he is spoken of with admiration, an American, Dean Stanley said, 'in whom the aspirations of America and the ancient culture of Europe were united.'" President Grant recalled Motley from the Court of Saint James for no other reason than that Sumner was Motley's friend, and Grant wished to strike Sumner. Of James Russell Lowell at the English court, our author says that he was not a trained diplomat, and was essentially undiplomatic by nature. He had been a Harvard professor and a recluse. Life in a university is not good training for diplomacy. An ambassador ought to be a man of the world, but not a man of *a* world. A thorough knowledge of the Greek aorist or of the proceedings of Antigonus in Asia Minor is not needed in the conduct of delicate negotiations; nor was Lowell's familiarity with Spanish literature of much use at the Foreign Office or in that larger foreign office known as English society. Lowell made various missteps. A

prominent Englishman said as Lowell drove away from the door: "I like Lowell and am delighted to have him here often; but from the moment he enters my house till he is gone I am in a panic." By reason of a pedantic habit and an aggressive temper, Lowell left behind him a path strewn with victims, and a renown for brilliancy, with a repute for some delightful personal traits. But the qualities most essential to a Minister were not his. Smalley doubts if any abler man than E. J. Phelps has ever gone to London as Minister from the United States. Intellectually he was any man's equal, and his simplicity of character, his truthfulness, his humor were evident to everybody. His mind was judicial and our author thinks he ought to have been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In fact, President Cleveland called Mr. Phelps home, promising him the Chief Justiceship. Phelps came. But the notorious Pat Collins, of Boston, disliked Mr. Phelps, and opposed the plan. To him, Smalley says, Cleveland surrendered, breaking his promise to Mr. Phelps, who, instead of being nominated for the Chief Justiceship, became a law lecturer at Yale. Passing on to John Hay, our author says that he was a man who carried his points without collision. He loved England, and was beloved. His training for diplomatic life was very unusual. When President McKinley sent for him to come home and be Secretary of State, Hay said: "I am a soldier and must obey orders, but all my fun in life is over." This was not so, for a still higher and wider career was opening before him, about which Smalley writes: "He was the first American Secretary of State to make an imaginative use of his opportunities and a great name for himself and his country in Europe and Asia alike. He was the first American Secretary of State to take the lead in a world-embracing policy; to unite the European Powers in support of it; to extract a binding pledge even from Russia; to bring Japan, not very willingly, into this charmed circle; and to lay the foundations of American influence in China broad and deep. We talk nowadays of America as a world-power. We have a right to, and we owe what is best and most lasting in our position abroad to John Hay." He might add that Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, and Philander C. Knox have mightily extended and enlarged that great work, until in truly Christian diplomacy the United States holds to-day the unquestioned leadership of the world, the comprehensive treaty of arbitration between England, France, and America, initiated and pressed to consummation by our country, having put that benign leadership beyond dispute. Queen Victoria said of Hay: "He is the most interesting of all the Ambassadors I have known." The same royal lady disliked her interviews with Prime Minister Gladstone, because, she said, he addressed her as if she were a public meeting. Oliver Borthwick, the brilliant son of Lord Glenesk, who was proprietor and editor of the London Morning Post, visited America in the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, who, knowing his ability and standing, had him to lunch, with a long talk together. Borthwick after his interview said, "Your President is a great natural force"; which recalls to our author's mind Lord Morley's later remark that the two greatest natural phenomena he had seen in the United States were Niagara and President Roosevelt.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1911

ART. I.—THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER[1]

THERE are about 25,000 newspapers of all sorts in the United States, of which about 2,500 are issued daily. For a metropolitan daily the expense budget is not far from $1,000,000 a year; several have a budget of $4,000,000, and two or three made provision for an outlay of $6,000,000. The number of employees directly concerned is placed at 107,000; while over 1,000,000 people are supported directly or indirectly by the newspaper industry. The income of this aggregation, from all sources, is, in round numbers, about $200,000,000 a year, of which not far from $100,000,000 is received from advertising. The aggregate circulation reaches the enormous figure of 8,000,000,000, or about one hundred copies for every man, woman, and child in the country; and the number of papers in proportion to the population, which in 1800 was one to every 26,450, is now one to every 3,500. The organization of the business of a metropolitan daily is as finely coördinated as that of a bank. Each paper has, in addition to its editorial staff, its purchasing agent and cashier, its bookkeepers and collectors, its advertising manager and solicitors. The editorial staff includes a body of specialists, many of them men of the highest gifts, and all

[1] Practical Journalism. By Edwin L. Shuman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1903.
The American Newspaper. By James Edward Rogers. The University of Chicago Press. 1909.
Making A Newspaper. By John L. Given. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 1907.
Commercialism and Journalism. By Hamilton Holt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1909.
The Art of Newspaper Making. By Charles A. Dana. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1895.
Pedagogy and the Press. By G. Stanley Hall. In "Educational Problems." D. Appleton & Co., New York. 1911.

of them clever, alert, versatile. The average of character is quite as high as in other occupations, and the standards of honorable dealing are not in any degree different from those obtaining in most well-regulated corporations. Under conditions existing to-day the newspaper is first of all a commercial proposition. It has to live and it has to pay. Its initial investment is necessarily large, its expenses are enormous, and the selling price is so low that no subscription list, however large, would pay expenses. The low price is to insure a circulation and the circulation determines the advertising, and the advertising furnishes whatever profit there is. On the whole, the judgment of a keen observer puts the case fairly: "The efficiency, accuracy, and ability of the American press were never on such a high plane of excellence as they are to-day. The celerity with which the news is gathered, written, transmitted, edited, published, and served on millions of breakfast tables every morning in the year is one of the wonders of the age."

The newspaper ranks with church and school as a popular educator. One investigator declares that "the newspaper overshadows every other educational agency." Other agencies affect groups smaller or larger, but the reach of the newspaper is everywhere, and everywhere with power. It must be remembered that for years there have been coming to this country men and women who cannot go to school and who do not go to church. Together with the native born, upon whom the influence of school and church is very slight, they constitute a vast host. For this host the newspaper is both church and school and furnishes them with whatever conscience and culture they are ever likely to possess. It is in its function as public educator that the newspaper marks its greatest change. In the early days the newspaper was an organ of opinion, and, usually, of one man's opinion. To news, in the modern sense of that term, it gave relatively little attention; and of special educational features it was almost entirely destitute. It appealed to a small group of readers made up of adults, generally like-minded with the editor, and its deliverances were usually on matters of great public moment, presented at length and with becoming gravity. The editor was a familiar figure about town, with specific responsibilities to the law and to the community for whatever was

said in his paper; and he shared with his paper whatever good or ill-will its utterances begot among the people. The newspaper of this type no longer exists, except in small centers, and one could count on the fingers of one hand the papers of this type which have any wide-extended circulation. The modern metropolitan daily has its editorial matter contributed by a score of writers more or less expert on the subjects about which they write; the titular editor simply furnishes the point of view from which they are to be presented. John Delane, editor of the London Times during a critical period of British political history, hardly ever wrote a line for his paper. The rise of the modern daily dates from the advent of the elder James Gordon Bennett, who worked to the rule of printing all the news and printing it first. In this he was helped by the perfecting of the telegraph and transmarine cable, by the development of steam navigation, by improvements in the rotary press and the discovery of cheaper processes of production. The penny paper was made possible by the invention of the typesetting machine and the manufacture of paper from wood pulp. In less than half a century the newspaper was transformed; its local overlordship broadened to universal sway. In devising ways to attract readers it was inevitable that appeal should be made to women, and, later, even to children. In the wake of this wider appeal came the enlarged table of contents with its society page, its women's page, its children's page, and the various supplements. The increased expense of this enlargement was made possible by the appearance of the so-called "proprietary" medicines and the extensive advertising involved in getting these concoctions before the public. The immense fortunes made by the proprietors of these preparations gave convincing demonstration to the world that it paid to advertise. With the vast augmentation of income from this source came the money for additional improvements in the newspaper, and with it came also the thorough commercializing of the newspaper institution.

The contents of an American metropolitan daily provoke contradictory tempers. One cannot but admire the enterprise which brings such a variety of matter together, while at the same time one cannot but regret the perversity which presents the mat-

ter in such fashion as to come just short of giving it permanent value. The newspaper record of the achievements of science, whether in the physical or metaphysical realm, is notoriously misleading. A scientist of national repute, having given special attention to the scientific articles appearing from time to time in the daily press, though he finds that a few are "tolerably correct and interesting," finds also that most of them are "honeycombed with errors, partly due to ignorance and partly to an almost vicious distortion and falsification to cater to popular tastes or to make science seem ridiculous." In his judgment "the crimes of the popular press against those sciences not of obvious and immediate utility are many and great, and not a few seem to have been committed with a distinct purpose of discrediting them." The want of accuracy is one of the most deplorable shortcomings of the modern newspaper. When one stops to consider the pressure under which a daily is published, the wonder is that anything should ever appear in matured or immaculate form. Still, an experience of many years in reading newspapers with a view to using them as sources of authentic information is conclusive against their reliability whether in their news or in their miscellany. In matters affecting the sayings or doings of public men it is now inexcusable to comment on the basis of newspaper reports. It has become necessary, in the interest of simple fairness, to appeal to the individuals concerned for verification of the press representations. This want of accuracy varies all the way from innocent blundering to deliberate falsification. One of the highest-salaried correspondents of the American press, whose specialty is travel and whose name appears as author of several popular works on foreign countries, was recently writing on a trip down the Rhine. As he passed the city of Bonn his heart was stirred within him as from the deck of the steamer he looked upon "Bonn's smiling God's-acre where sleep Schiller and Beethoven, the masters of German song." As a simple matter of fact the cemetery at Bonn cannot possibly be seen from the river, unless one is in an airship, while Schiller is buried at Weimar and Beethoven at Vienna. This, of course, is relatively harmless. A friend, whose wife was accidentally shot in showing her boy how to handle a rifle, was interviewed with

reference to the misadventure. He pleaded exemption on the ground that, as they were not public characters, nobody would be particularly interested, and he, therefore, preferred that nothing should be said about it. The morning paper had outrageous headlines: "Mysterious shooting of a wife: husband prefers that nothing should be said about it!" Professor Stanley Hall, as a psychologist, was interested in the extraordinary case of Harry Orchard, conspicuous in the dynamiting outrages in Colorado. On the day of his leaving for Denver Professor Hall was "interviewed." He had nothing to say, and said so. The interviewer pleaded for just one word, any word. Professor Hall in utter kindness said promptly, and as he thought platitudinously, "If Harry Orchard has told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he is one of the greatest criminals in the annals of time." The remark appeared without the conditional "if," and Professor Hall was denounced from one end of the continent to the other for prejudicing a case then under trial. But, chiefly, the want of accuracy arises from misplaced emphasis, the emphasis being deliberately misplaced for sensational purposes. Let any intelligent person take the way of the world just as he sees and knows it from day to day in his own experience and in the observation of his friends. Then let him take the newspaper reflection of it. He is constantly amazed at the want of correspondence. James Smetham, in an interesting note in his diary, records that he has been reading the newspapers a little. Then he adds: "A newspaper often depresses me, it is so suggestive of sin and sorrow. Yet a little reflection shows that the close bringing together of things makes them seem more frequent and dark than they are." It is no exaggeration to say that a visitor from another planet, reading a day's chronicle of happenings in this country according to the emphasis given them in the average daily, would hardly think of Americans as a fairly decent people, for the most part amenable to the Decalogue and, in the main, well disposed toward things that are honorable and of good report. In a thoroughly conservative paper issued on the day this article was begun there were on its front page sixteen separate items. Of these eleven were concerned with a horror of some kind or other,

all of them involving some moral dereliction more or less heinous. The total impression was dominated by these particular items, and, as in the case of James Smetham, there was a feeling of depression and of the utter hopelessness of the moral struggle. The newspaper defense of this is twofold: it compels attention and it contributes a moral prophylactic in publicity. Our people are an intense people, and, as one authority has it, "The social body is growing more and more neuropathic." We live on sensations and to compel attention the newspapers must furnish sensations. Nothing is better adapted to this purpose than the eccentricities of man's folly and sin. But as even that, by repetition, may become commonplace, resort is necessary to the physical accompaniments of shrieking head line and shocking illustrations. It is not that vice and crime are predominant in our civilization; it is not that they are characteristic of our civilization; even in the papers which set themselves to exploit the seamy side of life the proportion to other news is less than six per cent. But the items are "featured." They are furnished with "scare-heads" in display type and with front-page positions, and are "played up" with so much skill and resourcefulness as to make, by comparison, the gravest concerns of church and state seem incidental, and even trivial. It is thus that life's abnormalities are thrust upon public attention until the impression obtains that all life is abnormal.

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the claim that the press, by publishing details of vice and crime, furnishes a preventive to vice and crime. One may recognize, and all should gratefully recognize, the immense service to public well being rendered by brave, vigilant, and unselfish editors in exposing and prosecuting sin in places high and low. If in cases of exalted sinning they have not induced repentance, at least they have compelled restitution. When all this has been said, however, the fact remains that the newspaper method of dealing with sin, and particularly with sins of the flesh, does not minister to cleaner habits of thought or life or talk. However well intended, the result has been to indurate, rather than to quicken, the moral sensibility. There is such a thing as the moral treatment of unmoral incident to moral effect—as one may learn from the Bible and the dramatists—but

the conditions of newspaper publishing and of newspaper reading do not conduce to that desirable outcome. Sinners are not made moral by fear of publicity, they are only made cunning; and the ordinary newspaper treatment of sin, so far from provoking sentiments of repulsion and abhorrence, seems only to make people resigned to its existence and indifferent to its turpitude.

The Sunday newspaper requires a separate word. It has become an institution by itself. It has its own editor and its own staff of contributors, and its objective is the general and polite culture of the reader. Nothing that has human interest is alien to the Sunday editor. The variety which he offers reminds the New Testament reader of the great sheet of Peter's vision, wherein were "all manner of fourfooted beasts of the earth, and wild birds, and creeping things, and fowls of the air." This is an almost exact description of the "comic" supplement, which is far and away the most popular feature of the Sunday issue. There is not much to be said of the other supplements, which, as they are made up of material similar in scope and treatment (but with more space given to it) to the miscellany of the daily, share the excellences and defects of that material. But of the "comic" supplement something more needs to be said. When first projected the "comic" was intended for "the kids." In course of time it was discovered that the elders of the household were also keenly susceptible to its fascinations, so that now the established "comic" is edited with old and young in mind. All "comics" have the same general character; their differences are matters of detail. The general character is hinted at in the now familiar titles: The Yellow Kid, the Katzenjammer Kids, Happy Hooligan, Buster Brown, Foxy Grandpa, Sunny Jim, Opie Dilldock, Jocko the Monk, and the rest. One serious student of the "comic" describes these personifications as "The very Walpurgis-night dream of phantasy run mad." "Some," he says, "are violent abstractions of single qualities that are ultra burlesque, and others have no aim or purpose that is intelligible to the ordinary observer. These weird, half-human freaks are put through sets of adventures the chief feature of which is fooling and being fooled. They are blown into the air, submerged in the sea, dynamited, shot, roasted, transformed;

they grow large and tall or shrivel in size, have blood-curdling dreams; indeed, there is nothing in the chronicles of madhouse fancy, of crime, war, or disaster, that does not befall them, and yet everything is humoresque. The dog, cat, parrot, rabbit, monkey, frog, pig, often play the leading role. They dance, talk, perform all sorts of human acts and antics, and cut up high jinks and all conceivable didoes, capers, and pranks. Animals do human, and humans do animal things, and this is supposed to make the fun fast and furious. Both are generally biological impossibilities and their performances have no relation to facts." Inasmuch as the authority just quoted is one of the most distinguished psychologists in the country, and inasmuch as he made a study of the comic supplement with special reference to its educational value in the development of the child, his conclusion is reproduced here in full:

> From all this sudsy ooze of arrant nonsense, not one in my day's samples has the slightest discernible permanent value. There is nothing educational, nothing that could for a moment be conceived to be real; there is nothing approaching wit, but the writer gets down on his all-fours to be humorous. I have taken much pains to observe the effects of this newspaper slush upon children, to whom it is mostly addressed, and have often tried to explain it to those who could not read; but if even these laugh at it, as they sometimes do, there is generally a note of contempt, and their hilarity is like that which would be caused by mature and dignified men and women turning somersaults, or going far out of their way as if smitten with an unreasoning passion to make children laugh. All this distinctly dulls the appetite for better and less tawdry mental pabulum. It fills the brain with whimsies. The children in it all show a trace of the same type of shame as do adults who secretly buy and read yellow journals, as if they were indulging in surreptitious and rather discreditable forms of relaxation. It is not mainly that time and effort might be so much better spent, but among the dominant notes in it all is the same disrespect for and often contempt of adults that made Peck's Bad Boy so degenerative in this respect. In a large part of it tricks of every kind are played upon adults. Every imaginable liberty is taken with truth. Animals are abused in all ways. Policemen, teachers, clergymen, and salespeople of what children like, suffer most. The poetry is doggerel, the art execrable, the bathos of it all about as de-educational as can be conceived.[1]

In the presence of a vast and easily accessible literature, bright, wholesome, and attractive to children, the existence of the "comic" is not easy to justify. It is a frenzy of vulgarity

[1] G. Stanley Hall, Pedagogy and the Press.

alike as to color, drawing, dialogue, and suggestion. It is not wise, nor witty, nor even innocently absurd. As a discipline for young or old in morals or manners it is demoralizing to the last degree. One takes hope in learning that a crusade against the "comic" is gathering headway, and that a prominent New England newspaper has openly discarded it as having "ceased to fulfill the purpose of attraction." It is forever true, as Mr. Rogers, in his study of "The American Newspaper," says: "When a young mind is nursed with trash, stunted with the trivial, and poisoned with the untrue, its possessor will not become that intelligent and independent citizen on whom sound democracy depends."

It must be obvious from the situation thus outlined that the individual and the community have important relations to the newspaper. A communal agency of such significance must be among the community's first concerns. No man with the welfare of society at heart can be indifferent to the character and work of the church or of the public school. How much more then should he exercise himself in the matter of an agency which, to very many of his fellow-citizens, is both school and church. One's first duty, of course, is to see that the paper which he himself patronizes is fit for family reading. A "yellow" journal is under suspicion just because it is "yellow"; but even a "yellow" journal is not all "yellow." One wishes it were not "yellow" at all; and there is hope, since it is not nearly so "yellow" as it used to be. The praise of the "yellow" is that it vastly increased the number of newspaper readers; to that extent it served a useful purpose. Nor is it difficult of belief that this constituency, though created by the "yellow," will pass beyond the "yellow" to a more restrained and less hysterical class of reading. Ordinarily, a man who reads stops to think, and with the man who thinks it is always possible to do something. Moreover, it should be said that apart from the manifest theatrics of "yellow" journalism, there is usually found, even in the worst of them, matter quite as readable, quite as reliable, and quite as elevating as in journals which pretend to better things. This is not to be construed as an apology for the radical "yellows" which deliberately make a business of purveying news and opinion with a view, not simply of startling the senses, but of inflaming

the passions and generating a bitter and violent class hatred. Against such journalism every self-respecting man and every lover of his country will set himself as against the foe of his own household. Such journalism is poison, and only poison, and no government by public opinion can withstand its virus; such newspapers should be marked for speedy extinction. In this country of penny papers there is no need of feeling shut up to papers of this class because they are cheap. A man can get the best for as little outlay as he makes for the worst. Another opportunity of the community is to see that the better class of journals are supported, both financially and morally. The average newspaper represents a large investment. It is to the public interest that a reasonable profit should be allowed on the investment. And it is quite within the power of the community, by treating the investment fairly, to dictate the policy of the paper. Not every editor or proprietor is money mad. To most a little, with the good will of their fellows, will have greater relish than more with their ill will. And it is amazing to find how many are amenable to occasional praise who could not be moved by a flood of blame. The editor who feels that a people trust him and approve him—even though they may not approve all his deliverances—becomes, by the very atmosphere of confidence and just appreciation, a leader of value. Nor should a community ever lose confidence in itself or in its ability to effectually rebuke the willful editor and his perverse sheet. In 1907 the city of Atlanta, Ga., was riot-ridden in an outbreak between the Negroes and the whites. Race feeling was inflamed to the danger point; the leaders were in despair; the city was in imminent peril of vast damage to life, property, and civic repute. In this crisis the Atlanta News appeared with an editorial appeal to the worst passions in men. "No law of God or man," screamed the type, "can hold back the vengeance of our white men upon the criminal Negro who assaults the white woman. If necessary we will double and treble and quadruple the law of Moses and hang off-hand the criminal, or failing to find that remedy we will hang two, three, or four of the Negroes nearest to the crime until the crime is no longer done or feared in all this Southern land that we inhabit and love." What hope for a community with leadership like that?

Let it be said to the credit of Atlanta, let it be said to the credit of our human nature, that the best sentiment in the community united in protest and within thirty days had forced the paper into bankruptcy.

In some respects a paper is like a representative in Congress. Its duty is twofold: to represent and to lead. It is quite within the power of the people to see that their representative in Congress represents or that he retires. Similarly, it is quite within the power of a newspaper's constituency to see that it is representative of the community's conscience or that it retires. The press is potent but not omnipotent. In the last analysis, the kind of paper the people demand is the kind of paper they will get. Do we want a truly representative press? Then let us remember that, as in our search for God, if only we shall seek it with all our hearts we shall ever surely find it. Thus saith our Lord!

Charles M. Stewart.

Art. II.—BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT

The multi-gifted man, evidencing all-around greatness, is most exceptional. In this rare class few may more surely merit place than Brooke Foss Westcott. In any role in which he historically appears he challenges very fully both attention and admiration. As prize-winning student, Cambridge graduate, Fellow of both Kings and Trinity Colleges, Master of Harrow, Canon successively of Peterborough and Westminster, Regius Professor of Divinity, Lord Bishop of Durham, foremost scholar, prolific author, Bible revisionist, pacificator of labor troubles, preacher, artist, poet, scientist, saint—in each of these characters he justly ranks as great, in many of them as superlative.

If for the artist it be of advantage to study the work and methods of the great masters, then, for the work of the preacher, a close study of a life like Westcott's must be full of stimulus.

The secret of Westcott's greatness is not far to seek. He may be said to have had an inborn talent for scholarship. He was naturally well endowed. Born near Birmingham, January 12, 1825, he came of a good parentage. His father, "a man of retiring disposition, and living for the most part a quiet home life," was scientific in his habits, being an earnest student in both geology and botany. His mother was the daughter of a much-respected Birmingham manufacturer. He was the namesake of a soldier grandfather, from whom he might have inherited such militant quality as occasionally asserted itself in his own life. The ancestral story, however, does not readily account for the pronounced and finely balanced spiritual and mental endowments which from the first inhered in the younger Westcott. His very life began with an ordination of temperament which furnished in itself the foundation for both spiritual and mental greatness.

As a boy he was remembered by his associates as "shy and thoughtful," having a "sweet, patient, eager face," a "wonderfully winning smile," and "devoted to work." While in after life he gave evidence of much interest in the diversions and sports of the young, yet in his college days he seems not to have mingled much

in the ordinary games, but from the first was given to studious habits. With all his gentleness he was not lacking in physical courage. The story is told that one day, returning from school, he saw "a little boy being knocked about by a big street boy." Though this bully was several sizes bigger than himself, yet young Westcott, by his vigorous pummeling, utterly routed him and rescued the little fellow, who in gratitude took his champion to his own home and introduced him to his people, among others to his sister. It was thus that Westcott met the girl who was afterward to become his wife, and for whom he seemed to have an unwavering attachment from their earliest acquaintance.

In seeking the elements which account for a great man, due credit must be given to his earliest characteristics and tendencies. Three words expressive of early qualities go far toward explaining Wescott's entire future—studiousness, diligence, reverence. Long before he was matriculated at Cambridge he acquired a wealth of classical knowledge far in excess of that which would really be commanded by most college graduates. He was even then so familiar with Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal, with Homer and the Greek tragic poets, as to be able to cite the larger part of them all from memory. In his university course he took several of the foremost prizes, and secured for himself the highest rank in classical scholarship. It is to be noted that in these years he was a constant reader. Fearing lest he should form a habit of "selfishness" in seeking university honors, he made wide excursions in botanical pursuits and in general literature. He also gave much attention to architectural drawing, making himself an expert sketcher. From his pencil we have many perspectives of some of the noblest ecclesiastical edifices in England.

His native endowments, however, might have borne little fruit had it not been that they were wonderfully reinforced and developed by a spirit of unflagging diligence which characterized his entire life. In his Cambridge days it was his regular habit to rise at five o'clock, and, with a method as exacting as that of Wesley, he pursued his working hours till far into the night. Of Sir Walter Raleigh it was said, "He can toil terribly." Somebody has defined genius as "the ability to work." It is said that Pade-

rewski has angrily denied that he is a genius, assigning the entire credit of his success to incessant hard work. The truth probably is, that his exceptional native talent has taken on its most brilliant development through his well-nigh ceaseless discipline of toil. It is true that most of the world's great men have been prodigious workers. Work, in human life, is the one tree on which more than any other grow the fruits of greatness, of power, of success. For his intellectual successes, which were very great, Westcott paid the full price of incessant and unrelaxing toil. Never physically robust, he so nourished and cared for his vital machinery as through a long life to keep it nearly always working at maximum power. It would be far from the fact, however, to judge of him as a recluse. He was always interested in little children, and in their sports. He often took his own children and his student boys on excursions into the fields, and not infrequently mingled in their games. But work, unceasing work, was to him as the native atmosphere. It was a zeal in his blood which never cooled till at last his tired heart ceased to beat. Some idea of his literary activity will be gained when it is remembered that in the fifty-one years from 1851 to 1902 considerably more than one hundred distinct works were published from his pen. Of these various works it is of interest to note that up to the end of the year 1901 two hundred and eighty thousand volumes had been sold. To such a spirit of labor it seems impossible to pay too high tribute. How does it rebuke and put to shame the mental indolence and self-indulgence of many in places of preacher and teacher who by their very opportunities, by their very duties, ought eagerly to press for large attainments in knowledge, and for great spiritual achievements!

But yet another quality, a quality which infused itself like a very soul through all his being, must be taken account of before Bishop Westcott can be understood, and this is his reverent and profound spirituality. It was this which made him morally great. His spiritual insight gave him the vision of a seer. The incarnation of Christ was to him the deepest, the most real, and the most vitalizing fact of history. In presence of the cross of Christ he always stood with bared brow, and with a heart that yearned to enter most fully into the fellowship of sacrifice and service with

his divine Lord. His spiritual sense laid hold upon the truths of revelation in such way as to make luminous and beautiful his vast scholarship, as to make these truths formative in the deepest convictions and consecrations of his life, in such manner as to make his life itself to pass before men as that of one ordained to a new apostolate. The "ordinary" impression which he made upon his own children was that of a "monument of industry" and "a pattern of holiness." Canon Scott Holland, writing of the bishop's death, recalls the impression first received on hearing Canon Westcott in his lecture room at Peterborough. On the occasion he was lecturing to but very few persons, but delivering himself "with passionate intensity" of the deepest teaching on the mystery of the incarnation in a lecture on Saint John's Gospel. He says:

> Then, the first interview reveals where the secret of his power lay. We had never before seen such an identification of study with prayer. He read and worked with the very mind with which he prayed; and his prayer was of singular intensity. It might be only the elements of textual criticism with which he was dealing; but still, it was all steeped in the atmosphere of awe, and devotion, and mystery, and consecration. He taught us as one who ministered at an altar; and the details of the sacred text were to him as the ritual of some sacramental action.

One, an acute hearer, listening to the bishop for the first time, was so impressed by his rapt utterance as to say: "This is not preaching; it is prophesying."

But perhaps no tribute to the bishop's saintliness of character, to his Christlike consecration in service, could be more significant than was his moral conquest over the laboring, and sometimes turbulent, masses in the coal regions of his Northern diocese. He so interested himself in these laborers, so exemplified before them the spirit of a gentle, pure, unselfish character, so studiously and constantly wrought for them, pouring out in their behalf such a wealth of sacrificial service, as completely to command their confidence, respect, and love. He had for long held the title, probably given in derision, of the "pitman's bishop." But the title itself is only significant of how completely he had identified himself with the spiritual and temporal well-being of these workers.

Than Doctor Westcott's few lives that are closed have bequeathed more valuable lessons to the living ministry of to-day.

It is thought by many that the real mission of the Christian ministry is one never more difficult of fulfillment than now. We are indeed passing an age when many subtle and powerful obstacles stand in the way of spiritual endeavor. It is not an age for weaklings in the Christian pulpit. If direction of the business and professional institutions of the times is demanding men of the highest capacity, then surely, as never before, it is imperatively demanded that the representative leader in Christ's kingdom shall be a man of most perfect furnishing for his work.

A marked fact in the intellectual life of Westcott was his familiarity with fundamental truth. He went to first sources for his knowledge. He was not only a classical scholar of the highest order, but throughout his life he was a very inquisitor in fields of original research. In theology, really his central sphere of intellectual activity, he made himself the foremost authority in the Church of England, and probably the first theologian of his day in the English-speaking world. From the Fathers to the latest German thought he had traversed the whole field of theological literature, and he could bring to the discussion "thoughts of almost apostolic depth and insight."

But aside from this particular field, he was a wide student, an omnivorous reader. He read the superlative novels. He was familiarly at home with the poets, as indeed he numbered both Tennyson and Browning among his personal friends. He himself was a poet of no mean order. That he might understand Emerson's world, he read the Essays ten times through, but he confessed to great difficulty in making the world of Emerson real to his own thought. John Stuart Mill he regarded as "profoundly and sincerely ignorant of what Christianity is." He made himself master of the various forms of philosophy which appeal to modern thinking. He made a careful analysis of the "Politique Positive" of Comte, and, while profoundly differing from him in fundamental beliefs, he ever after felt himself under indebtedness to the great apostle of Positivism, believing that his philosophy presents a rediscovery "of some of the simplest teachings of Christianity," but teachings which faith in Christ alone is able to realize.

For no single work of his life will Westcott perhaps be more

remembered in the world of scholarship than for the work which, conjointly with Professor F. J. A. Hort, Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, he did in producing the Westcott and Hort Greek Testament. This was an epoch-making book, probably the most important single contribution to Biblical learning of the century. Some idea of the amount of work and the patience required for its accomplishment appears from the fact that it took twenty-eight years of constant thought and labor on the part of these two critical scholars to produce the completed text of this work. The volume at once placed in the hands of the Greek-reading students the fullest and latest results of most critical studies of the New Testament text. The work as a profound and scholarly product presented to such students a vast advantage over anything hitherto accessible. Since the publication of this work in the year 1881, there has been expended enormous research upon the textual originals of the New Testament, with a resulting wealth of critical knowledge not before at the command of scholars. There has been no displacement, however, of the monumental work of Westcott and Hort, and, whatever may be the final consummation of critical research, New Testament scholars will always acknowledge profound obligation to these two great scholars for this work.

One grateful fact resultant from Westcott's mastery in broad fields of study, and from his wide intellectual sympathies, was his ability to stand sure-footed in his own faith amid conflicting discussions and opinions which might characterize the life around him. He was too clear in his knowledge and thinking to confuse artificial ideas with vital truth. He accepted the accredited results of modern Biblical criticism without the slightest disturbance to his always devout faith. He believed that very many cherished interpretations of the Scriptures were simply the clothing of these Scriptures "in a vesture of man's device," and that in the light of new knowledge "we are coming to know the blessing which the withdrawal of old opinions discloses." He believed in the Bible as a "living Book," "as a clear mirror of eternal truth"; but he had a too profoundly critical knowledge of the Bible, a too deep spiritual insight to permit any confusion in his distinction between a divine inspiration and its earthen vehicles.

Another result of his intellectual breadth was, that he was so broad-minded as to be fair-minded. In the field of controversy he felt that the truth held by his antagonist should be duly acknowledged. He also felt that the false position of an antagonist should be assailed, not by the denunciations of authority, nor yet by the shrieks of an alarmed orthodoxy, but from the clear and sheer merits of opposing truth. For instance, when the famous "Essays and Reviews" made their appearance there was awakened against them an immense clamor of protest, in which many of the bishops, the lesser clergy, including also the laymen, joined their voices. Concerning this he says:

> I look on the assailants of the Essayists, from Bishops downwards, as likely to do far more harm to the Church and the Truth than the Essayists. The only result of such a wild clamor must be to make people believe that the voice of authority alone, and not of calm reason, can meet the theories of the Essayists, and thus to wholly give up Truth, and the love of it, to the other side. It would be impossible to find opinions more opposed to my own than those of the Essayists, and for this very reason, I am most anxious to see the error calmly and clearly pointed out, and not merely shrieked at. As far as I have seen, those who have written against the Essayists have been profoundly ignorant of the elements of the difficulties out of which the Essays have sprung.

A very chief value of Westcott's thorough scholarship and wide reading was in the liberal preparation which they furnished for the successive and increasingly difficult duties of his public career. When he was appointed Bishop of Durham he had reached the age of sixty-five. Himself one of the most modest and unassuming of men, his life had largely been passed as that of a teacher in scholastic circles. There was grave doubt in the minds of many as to whether a man of his temperament and habit could adequately meet the exacting demands of his new and conspicuous office. But room was not long left for doubt in this matter. He was far from seeking the episcopal office, but when it came he accepted it as an appointment of God, and he at once carried to its work a most opulent consecration. He conceived of his office as one which called upon him to assume the duties of a ruler and director in the large affairs of his diocese, and the modest man of the class-room stepped promptly to his throne with the confidence and becomingness of a king. He sought nothing for himself, but

in his character as bishop he insisted from the first that all the dignities and vested rights of his office should be loyally respected. His adaptive mind laid under tribute his great wealth of knowledge, and he assumed the large and varied duties of his new work as one to the manner born.

Not long after his installation as Bishop of Durham, because of an announced purpose of the mining masters to reduce the wages of operatives, there occurred a great strike which put between eighty and ninety thousand men out of work. Each party to the contest stubbornly held its ground, until the conditions became most afflictive to multitudes of the poor. This was a situation in which Bishop Westcott felt that it was a duty, clearly within the vows of his office, to offer his services as a mediator. At first it was felt by both parties that probably no good end could be served by acceptance of his proffer. In the meantime, the bishop enjoined upon all the congregations of his diocese to join in prayer that it might "please God to grant to all on whom rests the responsibility of counsel or action in regard to the matters now in dispute such a spirit of forbearance and considerate wisdom as may avert the national calamity which hangs over us."

The crisis became so acute that finally both sides consented that the bishop might attempt any offices possible to him in the situation. The position was most difficult. "Passion ran high, prejudices were rife, jealousies and suspicions were in the air. There were those on both sides who were not eager for a peaceful settlement, and who strongly resented extraneous interference. Many were skeptical of any ability on the part of the bishop to cope with the situation. What could this scholarly recluse know about industrial complications, the intricacies and difficulties of trade? On call of the bishop, however, a convention was assembled at Auckland Castle, made up of most representative men on both sides of the contest. Over the deliberations the bishop himself presided, and it was admitted on all sides that he made a great presiding officer. There sat before him men who had lifelong experience in dealing with the questions at issue, men who knew every practical detail of problems to be discussed. But if anyone there thought the bishop a mere amateur in social ques-

tions, he soon learned his mistake. In a full and accurate knowledge of the social philosophy underlying the questions at issue, he was easily master of the entire assembly. All that he needed was to have the facts in the situation set before him, and he immediately gave their proper rank and classification in the discussion. It became evident to all that the bishop sought to reach an adjustment on the basis of justice, and on grounds of high moral relationships as between men. There was something in his thought, manner, and spirit that forced to shame mere sordid considerations. And it was through this man's influence, and in direct line with his own suggestions, that this gigantic and perilous labor disturbance was finally calmed and settled. This experience gave him rank as the foremost labor pacificator in England, and probably in the world, in his day.

The point of emphasis sought in this discussion is the value of masterful knowledge. Bishop Westcott's great knowledge furnished him with marvelous resource for every emergent and difficult duty of his exceptionally responsible life. And is there not in all this a lesson of most vital importance for everyone in the Christian ministry? Surely, the last position in the world in which habits of mental indolence should be tolerated is that of the Christian preacher. Yet, frankly, it seems to be the judgment of many keen observers that the ministry is the asylum of much intellectual mediocrity. Expert knowledge of the habits of ministers in the matter of purchasing books for their own libraries, or, as in the case of too many, hardly purchasing books at all, tends unhappily to lend too much confirmation to the above observation. The books that many ministers buy are the merest tools of preaching, not books on which they can build broad and richly as foundations. Predigested food is for invalids, if for any. The minister who depends upon illustrations made ready to hand by others, and who draws for pulpit preparation upon books which furnish ready-made material for sermons, is reprehensible in his intellectual habits, and is playing in the role of a mental weakling. He wrongs himself, and the community to which he should minister. He cheapens the estimate which keen men of the world shall put upon the profession of the Christian ministry.

Great preachers are usually large devourers of great literature. Henry Ward Beecher, estimated by many as the greatest preacher of his century, was an omnivorous reader. Richard Salter Storrs, always great on great occasions, was an enormous absorber of profoundest books. A somewhat close knowledge of one who has ranked for the last decade and more as probably the most versatile and brilliant preacher of the metropolis proves him to be an astonishing reader of the best books to be obtained from all sources. If a young preacher will only rigorously hold himself to the labor of reading and studying them for himself, then, the best investment he can make is to purchase year by year a goodly number of strong books. If a diagram could be made covering the careers of all the members of an Annual Conference, it would almost infallibly appear that the men of longest service, who hold the most commanding positions, and who are most persistently sought by the stronger churches, are the students, men who force themselves to be thinkers, and who cultivate a rich and broad familiarity with fundamental thought. Such men, provided they have good discernment of human nature and ordinary adaptiveness in their work, are never failures in our ministry. In the live world of to-day men have to pay the full price of success whatever their calling. For all manifest reasons, this will be more and more true in the Christian ministry. The man who from his pulpit does not give a living, thrilling, intense, and compelling message must remain insignificant among the forces of the age.

It is one of the first duties of every young minister to make himself so intelligent, so masterful in the subjects of his teaching, as to challenge and compel for himself the intellectual respect of the community to which he ministers. But if he does this, he can be no dawdler in his work. He must be an enormous toiler. He must cultivate for himself a kind of intellectual strength which will enable him to smite as with a Thor's hammer upon the great problems of the times. A man who is not at least willing to undertake this kind of price can never hope in this age to rise to ideal efficiency in the Christian pulpit.

But, returning once more to our principal thought, it must be reëmphasized that to account for the brilliant success of Bishop

Westcott something far more and other than his richly stored intellect, or even his rugged common sense, must be considered. His real power lay in the depths of his moral character. The heart of the world is not captured by mere intellect. Intellect may flash and voice itself like the lightning, making luminous and vocal vast spaces otherwise dark and silent. But when the lightning has revealed and voiced itself, men are not changed; they go to and fro as before. It is vitalized personality, more than any other force, that puts its moving impact upon the hearts and characters of men. Westcott was a moral dynamo. By nature he was profoundly reverent. He was gifted with the spiritual insight of a seer. He did all his vast work, and in all of its details, in the spirit of a supreme religious devotion. He was not in the slightest mercenary. He had no care for money save as it met his actual and limited necessities. All his life was characterized by plain living and high thinking. He drew to himself in admiring loyalty the finest intellects of England. His life was simply royal in its wealth of lofty friendships. But he was as truly the friend of the poor and the unprivileged as of those living on the highest planes of favor and power. He had a Christlike way of not measuring men by their stations, but of rating even the poorest as the sons of God, as the rightful heirs of highest moral privilege. From the very core of his being he was charged with Christian optimism, filled with the profoundest conviction of the everlasting verities of Christ's kingdom, with the most lofty faith that, whatever else might succeed or fail, this kingdom must prevail and that at the last, under a new heavens and on a transformed earth, it would stand forth in imperishable glory as God's crowning achievement for humanity.

When his last written essay, "The Gospel of Life," was published, a reviewer gave the following estimate of Doctor Westcott:

> Bishop Westcott is a great Christian philosopher as well as expositor. He has had given to him one of the keenest minds of the nineteenth century—keen in analysis, in insight, in far-reaching vision, sweeping sometimes to the very border-lands. He has a quick apprehension of analogies and general laws, and sees at once the significance and bearing of new facts. We repeat, he is in every way one of the great intellectual forces of the day. Now no reader can put down this, or any one of his

volumes, without saying, whether he agrees with him or not, "This man believes with all his heart and soul and mind and strength." He has the surest possible confidence in the future of the Christian faith. Others may see a peradventure, like a worm i' th' bud; but he sees nothing but a new earth, the morning star, and the seventh heaven. When one of our greatest has this so boundless hope, we may take courage. For our part, in reading what he writes, we are always thankful most of all for the contagious warmth and glow of the Saviour's living touch. It gleams on every living page. Too many who discuss these things do it with the formal spirit of the mere searcher after truth. Their cold steel pierces to the dividing asunder, and they do manage to show us the true and the false, but in the process they chill our very joints and marrow. The great northern bishop never sins this sin. Long may he live, and his light shine bright and yet brighter unto the perfect day!

It so happened, and fittingly, that his last address was delivered in the Cathedral to the Durham miners. At the close of this address he makes personal reference to the resolutions which he had made when installed as Bishop of Durham:

> At the most solemn hour of my life I promised that, by the help of God, I would maintain and set forward, as far as in me lay, quietness, love, and peace among all men, and that I would show myself gentle and be merciful, for Christ's sake, to the poor and needy, the stranger and the destitute. I have endeavored, with whatever mistakes and failures, to fulfill that promise.

Never were vows more faithfully kept. It was in their spirit that he did all his work. He quietly fell asleep July 27, 1901. But when it was known that he had passed away, not only was the press of England vocal with rare eulogy upon a noble life, but the poor miners, their wives and children shed grateful tears, for it was felt by the great, the learned, and the poor alike that an apostle and saint had passed—a man whose one passion it had been to serve the kingdom of Christ and the weal of humanity.

And after all, does not this life furnish the entire secret, tell the whole story of ministerial greatness and power? Enormous toil, a consuming hunger for truth, perfect abandonment in spiritual consecration, a Christlike passion of service.

George P. Mains

Art. III.—THE DECLINE AND FALL OF ANTONY AND ROME

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men belongs to that catalogue of the world's great books consulted by all scholars, read by educated men, and whose influence extends in ever-widening circles. Our knowledge of the ancients owes more to Plutarch than to any other writer, and in the loss of his sources the "Lives" become primary authority for countless facts of history. They have been called the "food of great souls."

Life, to his thinking, is fenced in by two perpetual quantities: God and great men. Having lingered long in foreign climes and countries, he returns to Greece to affirm that, while there are cities without literature, coins, or kings, there are none, nor will be, without a temple. Religion, wistful, wonderful, is soul-blown in the race. In every life, he seems to believe, there is a glimmering of God's hand. Like a true Platonist, familiar with the vocabulary of philosophy and knowing the sciences of his day, Plutarch affirmed little, if any dogma, and made no concessions to concrete superstition. He knew the mountains of prejudice and the ancient rivers of custom, but refused to seek protection behind them. Yet he knew and avowed the fatality and futility of atheism. In the opinion of some, Christianity's one weakness in our day is too much concession to traditional dogma; excluding some detail it is sure to become the faith of the future. Plutarch's second certitude is men; not knowing that they are made in the divine image, yet feeling after God, holding their faces to the sky; puissant and eloquent as they voice the Eternal, or mean and sodden as they attempt to contradict him. Some of his men are direct descendants of the gods. The pomp and pageantry of his celebrities impress us as did Paul and Silas the Lystrans who cried out, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." From Theseus-Romulus, the two men linked together for his comparison to Alexander-Cæsar, his last, his great characters show keen discernment of what wastes and what abides. From certainty of God he leaps to godlike men; and in the long procession of

names he marks by his literary genius one feels that God is in advent, and Tennyson's lines but echo Plutarch's philosophy:

> On God and godlike men we build our trust.

Shakespeare is greatly indebted to Plutarch, and Plutarch is in turn greatly indebted to Shakespeare. Shakespeare has greatly enlarged the audience that knows Plutarch, and thousands are familiar with Plutarch who would never have heard of him but for Shakespeare. He takes him bodily; he is as audacious as Kipling:

> When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
> On things he'd seen by land and sea,
> He picked out what he might desire
> And went and took, the same as me.

Of course he fills out a description, he adds a touch in a word, puts in, as it were, the color of the eyes, the color of the hair, and in Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, and Antony and Cleopatra, follows him. The farther he progresses in the Roman plays the closer he follows Plutarch. And Shakespeare with Plutarch in his hands, poring over its pages, repicturing Egypt, Greece, and Rome, constructing from some small fragment the portrait of a hero, letting in the light upon some small life trait otherwise obscure, is one of the pictures that will not pass. From the time when he wrote his play of Julius Cæsar Plutarch was always in his hands. He laughed over it as a freshman giggles over a book of quaint sayings. Notice how his Captain Fuller of Henry V, the only successor to Falstaff, parodies Plutarch in jocose comparison of Macedon and Monmouth. He hung breathless over it like a boy over his book of adventure; sees the world halt while the Roman republic falls; feels the shock like a great liner when it takes a roller, and infers the greatness of Rome by Cæsar's departure from the scenes; but the Republic still lives in spirits like Brutus and Octavia. There are still many sound elements in the State; fresh forces are still reforming and saving, but there was no decadence of mind, no degeneracy, no ruin. The Roman virtues—industry, patience, courage, honor, resourcefulness in the presence of danger, and the habit of com-

mand—were still common and widely exercised. But Shakespeare came in his Plutrach to Marcus Antonius; he read on, at first with curiosity, then with all the myriad faculties of his attention, then with consuming emotion. In Julius Cæsar we have a glimpse of the ennobling developments that arose when sincere Romans stooped to drink of the wells of Grecian philosophy and science; here he gives dramatic cast to the contamination to the Roman state by too close proximity to Asia—Egypt is Asia—with its schools of courtiers and all the arts of servility and seduction that courts give harbor and protection to. Here was the real downfall of the Roman world. Shakespeare, in Antony and Cleopatra, is Gibbon at work two centuries before Gibbon. The legionary still keeps his camp in Dacia, Scythia, Britain, Germany, and Gaul—you can bar out the Barbarians and beat back the rim of fire that skirts the empire. This danger is no Alaric the Goth nor Attila the Hun; no Tamerlane nor Ghengis Khan; not even the folly of factions in the Circus; no foolish noble spreading his banquet of luxury before the eyes of starving clients, but it is the might of Rome, stern, austere, shivered before the touch of Eastern voluptuousness. Insidious as rust that gnaws through the steel keel of a warship, as corrosive as the saline particles which make the desert, as the ants which eat out the heart of a library, or the noblest works of men's hands, so the great virtues, work, home, faith, honor, were seared over by vice, bribery, indolence, gluttony, lust, and drunkenness that proclaimed beyond challenge that Rome was dead. It was what Gibbon called a "sinking world." Everything fell; character, will, dominion, principalities, legions, men, women—everything was worm-eaten, serpent-bitten, poisoned by sensuality.

Antony and Cleopatra is the quintessence of tragedy. No jester or king's fool lifts for one moment its murky gloom. There is no laughter in it as in Hamlet, and no young Fortinbras to suggest that brighter days are just ahead. Instead of a clown there is a soothsayer. Clowns are not always admirable. With their painted faces and their distorted bodies they quite as often offend as please—except the small boy. But as compared to a soothsayer they are adorable. Clairvoyants and kindred frauds stir

us to wrath. This soothsayer is like others of his class, smart, covetous, scheming. He says of himself:

> "In nature's infinite book of secrecy
> A little I can read,"

and then, having contracted with both parties, sneaks away with his omens of cards, dice, palms, and stars, to excite fear in the mind of Antony. To say that he can read in nature's infinite book of secrecy is itself a tragedy. Every embodiment of thought, passion, or will that passes beyond the normal has potentially the element of tragedy in it. If it falls below normal it is comedy. What do we laugh at? At the characteristics that are petty, squeaky, and that parody great qualities. How could you fail to laugh at Malvolio, instructed as a sign of affection to always "smile and wear cross-gartered yellow stockings"? Of course we smile "as he smiles his face into more lines than there are in the new map—of 1598—with the augmentation of the Indies." Shakespeare is full of laughter; Falstaff, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, Slender, Shallow, and Mouldy, and Feeble are all comical save when they reach up into tragedy. Romeo is beyond the normal; love has grown supremely great with him and wrecked his life. Hamlet is a tragedy because thought has developed out of proportion to action. Richard III is tragic because he is never satisfied with victory. This drama is tragedy because it attains the abnormal in the seven deadly sins. In King Henry V "there is some soul of goodness in things evil." This is utter malignity. It is the story of a crazed man, like King Lear, giving away his kingdom; not to his daughters, but a largess of one third the world to a Circe, passed on from Pompey to Cæsar, and thence by many lovers to Antony. This is a case of a woman strangling, not strangled, as Desdemona; stabbing, not stabbed, as Cordelia. It is a story of degeneracy, like the Stuarts' on the throne of England; like the Capets' with their De Maintenons and Pompadours; like the chorus girl and Harry Thaw in our day. It is a poison story like Macbeth; the evil virus of sensuality has dropped into the veins of a man. Tragic figures glide before our vision like the apparitions before Macbeth in the witches' cavern, and the princely Antony becomes bloated and gangrened, like Hamlet

resolves and re-resolves; and is, like Samson, foredoomed to betrayal and self-destruction.

Tragedies, like modern stories, have a few common bases; such as murder, illicit love, loss of love through ambition, loss of ambition through love. There are twenty-six letters of the alphabet out of which all literatures are made. There are twelve notes in the musical scale, doubled and trebled above and below, and in despair of composing anything new musicians turn to effects in modes of expression. Composers find it difficult to get away from old tunes, and dramatists find it hard to get away from the old bases of tragedy. Moreover, each man has racial attributes of taste in music, literature, romance, conquest. This tragedy of Antony conforms to type. He has the illicit love and the loss of ambition through love. He has the basic Roman luxury—prodigality, oppression, and conquest. He is girt round by adulation, is feared and envied, his vices are fed and his revels would bankrupt a province; but reveling or raging, idling away opportunity, grasping his balance of power by subtle interviews with Octavius, and his marriage with Octavia, or blindly rushing on fate, praising in stately similes the vampire who sucks his life, or in fatuous oblivion of his better self, he is a tragedy, and one can only think of the old crones who used to tell how the devil looked, and Bishop Hall's description, so often quoted, "He looked like majesty in ruins."

There are five stages in this world drama of degeneracy. First, there is luxury, which combines ostentatious pride, envy of those who possess wealth and equipage, and rage to the level of murder to obtain it. There is Oriental opulence throughout. The scenes repicture Belshazzar's feast:

> The gorgeous east with liberal hand
> Showers on its kings barbaric pearl and gold.

Antony lays the kingdoms of the East, his region of rule and sway, at her feet; she lavishes with reckless prodigality the wealth of Africa on the feasts she holds in his honor. There are swarms of slaves, eunuchs, plate, golden chalices thick set with pearls and diamonds, jewels, barges, rich tapestries, velvet hangings, and one seems all but smothered by the oozing plethora of food, and drink,

and luxury. Plutarch describes Antony as a bluff, hearty soldier, somewhat a braggart, not lacking sagacity, able to command his legions and his household. How the pendulum of fortune has swung for Antony is recounted by Augustus when, in Act I, scene iv, he utters the high compliment of Antony's conduct under stress as reported by Plutarch.

> Antony,
> Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
> Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slewest
> Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
> Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
> Though daintily brought up, with patience more
> Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
> The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
> Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did deign
> The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
> Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
> The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps
> It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
> Which some did die to look on: and all this—
> It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—
> Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
> So much as lank'd not.

But we shall miss the larger meaning if we fail for even an instant to keep in mind that this is a world tragedy; Cleopatra is the enervating and corrupting East; Antony is Rome. In the gauds she wears to deck out her effeminacy, and with which Antony's ambition is lulled and stupefied, we see Folly, personified as a woman, seducing the Roman state. Like Antony, Rome is immersed in luxury, and, though Cæsar reprobates the change in Antony, in effect he is heaping up reproaches on the Roman legionary whose virility is choked and sapped by the very price luxury offers for its own protection. Then follows loss of energy and purpose. It is called Indolence in the list of the Seven Deadly Sins. Idleness is thought to be wrong in an easy, negative sort of way. Not so. The mischief with water is not that it does not run and turn the mill, but that, not running, it corrupts, feeds poisonous miasma, and gathers scum, the breeding place for fevers and flies. There is health in work; in the sweat of your face you shall earn your bread and live long. Work purifies the blood and

keeps the sewers of the body clean. The shame of indolence is not that it neglects the use of powers and fails to improve opportunities, but that it begets lassitude and a morbid condition in every part of the soul. It is like the moth, which carries no sting, has no scraping like the locust, no hum of warning like the mosquito, does not nibble like the mouse nor gnaw like the rat, nor overrun your food like roaches. In some unoccupied room, seldom swept or dusted, the moth miller deposits its progeny to grow undisturbed; they breed in old garments, woolen is high living for them, feathers and furs are a luxury. This man Antony is moth eaten; he is not eagle eaten, nor kicked to death by an ass, nor slain by a serpent. He is indolence eaten; he could not be lion eaten. Hitherto ambition determined his relation to the world. Toil and tumult, the sweat, and dust, and heat of marches, and battles, saved him from ostentation, prodigality, lust. Now the droning indolence which binds him to the Egyptian queen has lost him all that his ambition gained for him. In a tragedy like Goethe's Clavigo ambition plays the part of tempter, winning the hero from love, the chief good and the legitimate purpose. Here love, bound up with ease and idleness, is reprehensible. Love, unless it be the reward of toil, and kept clean by service, is shameful. In this play, following ambition is proclaimed to be the great man's vocation and duty.

And drunkenness, twin to gluttony, and parasite to both luxury and indolence, must also have its place in the decline and fall of Antony and Rome. Among all the revels that the literature of book and stage has preserved for us, none are comparable to that recounted in this play, as occurring on the galley of Pompey off Misenum. Rip Van Winkle's drunkenness is a comedy. He is worthless, and we can afford to laugh at worthlessness. He is quite as useful up in the Catskills sleeping off a debauch and snoring, or down by the brook fishing, as sitting in the village smoking. The Twelfth Night drinking bout is a comedy; Sir Andrew is thin, and Sir Toby is big of girth and of small account in the world, so we laugh. Shakespeare can be complimented only by comparing him with himself, and this night on the galley is a tragedy and is high tide in the literature of all

such scenes. At this revel are gathered the lords of the earth, and, commensurate with their greatness, it is the most magnificently painted orgy ever set down on paper. Each reveler has his happy characterization. Lepidus grows solemnly dull under the toasts with which he is plied; Octavius's cold equanimity is submerged in wine; Pompey grows maudlin; Enobarbus sings like a sailor, and only the seasoned head of Mark Antony remains untouched by the cups. Menas, friend to Pompey, beckons him apart. "Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?" he asks. "Show me which way," says Pompey, and then Menas replies:

> "These three world-sharers, these competitors,
> Are in thy vessel; let me cut the cable;
> And, when we are put off, fall to their throats."

No mirth surely in that. Enobarbus remarks, as a slave carries Lepidus away drunk:

> "There's a strong fellow."
> MENAS: "Why?"
> ENOBARBUS: "He bears the third part of the world, man!"
> MENAS: "The third part, then, is drunk!"

Even at that stage they pause to discuss that it is not yet an Alexandrian revel, but Antony allows that it approaches one and ripens toward it, and, joining hands, the two Triumvirs, and Pompey, and the slaves sing,

> "Cup us till the world go round."

Notice once more that this is a world tragedy. These men succeed to Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, the first Triumvirate; and the second Triumvirs—Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus—are in one galley drunk. Lepidus has been carried away to bed; the second, the great Augustus, who is cold-blooded, and beyond the enticements of women, who knows how to wait and when to strike, as he lurches down the steps, says,

> "Gentle lords, let us part;
> You see we have burnt our cheeks";

and Antony, the third, the ruler of the third part of the world—has Antony really been sober in twelve years? This is a world drama; it is the Decline and Fall of Antony and Rome, and the country, like the man, is reeling forward and staggering, at the

mercy of any slave who will strike, or in the hands of the triumvir who will first recover from the carouse.

And lust, the last of the evil group of sins, purple-lipped, leering, lecherous, is certain to rise to your minds before the play is finished. Gluttony, *that* is greed of food, and drunkenness is greed of drink; avarice is greed of money, and lust, *that* is greed of sex. They are fourfold expressions of a common vice—*greed.* The only extenuation for Antony is that prodigality with him takes the place of avarice. Luxury accounts for three of the seven sins; then indolence carries with it, in the catechism and in Antony, prodigality as wanton as the woman who divides the name of the play with Antony; and here are gluttony and lust, last of the group. Shakespeare calls the play, with much felicity of phrase, Antony and Cleopatra; this title calls it the Decline and Fall of Antony and Rome. It might well be named the tragedy of the Seven Deadly Sins.

We know without being told that Antony's defeat follows. He sat too many hours at table. The play pauses to recount how the messengers of Octavius, now pitted against him, reported hourly the state of his empire, while Antony received letters only from Cleopatra. He showed himself drunk on the public streets, and, devoid of all sense of decency, his friends fall away from him, and his enemies confederate against him. The play opens with the monologue by Philo, his friend, portentous of disaster:

> "Nay, but this dotage of our general's
> O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
> That o'er the files and musters of the war
> Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
> The office and devotion of their view
> Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
> Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
> The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
> And is become the bellows and the fan,
> To cool a gypsy's lust."

Then he grows bewildered by the woman's presence, who insists on following him to Actium. Enobarbus dares her wrath and protests:

> "Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,
> Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time
> What should not then be spared. He is already
> Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
> That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids
> Manage this war."

But Antony cannot say "no" to the woman's coming, nor in any other way, and so, against the advices of his captains, brings on the fight by sea. When Cleopatra flies he contemptibly follows. Her flight, though not so reported in the play, might have been tactical and prompted by judicious motives, but he was in honor bound to stay. He could still win by land, but he follows the sorceress from utter inability to stay where she is not, and forthwith,

> Claps on the sea wing and, like a doting mallard,
> Leaving the fight in height flies after her.

He leaves an army of one hundred and twelve thousand men, and four hundred and fifty ships without leader or commander. "Nine days did his troops await his return, rejecting every proposal of the enemy, incapable of believing in the desertion and flight of a general they admired and trusted. When they could no longer resist the conviction that he had sunk his soldiers' honor in shame they went over to Octavius." Was ever a more fatuous oblivion of his better self than shows in him as he puts his reputation and world-wide dominion in jeopardy for the gross love of passion and appetite!

There is a last leaping flame of success for Antony in the first day's battle at Alexandria. But fate is closing in upon him and, like a man condemned to execution, he struggles to have one more night of pleasure. It is at that hour we become fully aware of the gross, mean, and disorderly womanhood of Cleopatra. She keeps her snake-like motion to the end and, by contrast, we gather volumes of reproof in the patience, modesty, and silence of Octavia. Cleopatra is already encouraging the messenger of Cæsar; her entertainment of Thyreus is a salient insincerity. Her ships will surrender to the enemy without a struggle; faithless to all the world, she will be faithless to Antony. "Vilest things become her." Only when she learns that Octavius will not be

moved by her beauty nor forget her history; that he never had the power which passion supplies, nor will he lose the power which passion withdraws and dissipates, does she conclude to escape his triumph by death. Antony gains our sympathy at the last, facing what he knows to be invincible foes and fighting to the very end. In every moment of the play we mark the decline of a lordly nature, but in the moment of catastrophe we catch the antistrophe of the Proverbs:

> But he knoweth not that the dead are there,
> That her guests are in the depths of hell.

Cleopatra is the Orient, and Antony is parable for Rome and his defeat is parallel for the empire. It is possible to comprehend in one sentence the defeat of Rome in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and on the Egyptian coast, and to compress into one terse statement the fifth stage of the decline and fall of Antony and Rome: luxury, indolence, drunkenness, defeat, then suicide.

It is said that the figures of Dawn and Night in Florence fill young artists with either hope or despair. This drama inspires like sentiments, according to the answering attitude of the mind and heart to which the appeal is addressed. Decadence is not a pleasant subject, especially the degeneracy of a whole nation. In this case there is an added repugnance to focusing attention upon the Occident and Orient in the guise of a man like Antony and a woman like Cleopatra. Jack London has aroused less antagonism by discussing the degeneracy of a dog. The world has traveled far since the Second Triumvirate, or indeed since Shakespeare wrote this drama of the corruption of the West by the East. Preachers still herald the stern warning which history, with its many-voiced trumpet, sounds across the centuries, declaring that it is well with the righteous and ill with the wicked. Social reformers still find inductions for the trend of modern movements in this drama, with its age-long teaching. Perhaps it is only subjective optimism that helps us, as we rise from the melancholy reading of this play, to feel that the world is growing better, yet such is the belief. The only progress worth making is moral progress, and it would be an impertinence to attempt to argue progress in manhood by material changes and betterments. Some things

give us pause; for example, we shall all agree that Antony is high-souled by comparison with the human brute who gains a living by ruining young girls. But that is individualistic, not ethnic nor national. There is no such bestial luxury in our country or generation as conspired for Antony's downfall; men who are many times millionaires live as simply as the humble laborers who forge rivets and grind plowshares; and the gospel of work is better preached and lived than ever before in the history of the world. It is a grave mistake to suppose that a moral issue can be settled by economics, but they are helping us to settle the drink problem; surely total abstinence is making rapid way, and the state control of the liquor traffic has gone forward so fast that national prohibition, along with initiative, referendum, and recall, must have serious consideration. The question of some stories that come out of the mediæval blackness is not whether they are true, but what must have been the pruriency of an age that could even imagine them. So the challenge of our progress to pessimists is not how immediate are universal work, temperance, purity, and peace, but how indescribably elevated are the times that can even propose and discuss them. Thus glancing back to the level of this world drama, facing the morbid anatomy of life there disclosed, without shirking disagreeable facts, we discover the high altitude of temperance and purity held as an ideal in our day.

Edwin A. Schell.

Art. IV.—WHERE DID WE GET OUR LORD'S SUPPER SERVICE?

We would give a good deal to know exactly what was *said* at the primitive Eucharists, and it is only with that that this article has to do. The New Testament gives us no light. In fact outside of 1 Corinthians the Testament leaves the Supper alone, except mentioning in Acts two or three times the fact of the fellowship meals. In 1 Corinthians it is evident that no ritual whatever, in the modern sense, was used (no doubt a blessing was asked), for the excesses at the Supper there presuppose a minimum of religious service. Nor did Paul prescribe any such service for these excesses, nor any elimination of the banquet feature of the Supper, but only forbade gluttony and drunkenness and a too hasty grabbing of the eatables. It is evident that the Christians of Corinth did not follow, in their method of celebrating, the example of the Passover, but, as was natural, that of the heathen fraternity feasts around them.[1] The first notice of any prayer or ritual at the Supper is in the Didache, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles (perhaps about A.D. 125), which gives these directions:

> Now concerning the Eucharist, thus give thanks. First concerning the cup. We thank thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David thy son which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy Son. To thee be the glory forever. And concerning the broken bread (κλάσματος). We thank thee, our Father, for the life and the knowledge which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy Son. To thee be the glory forever. Just as this broken bread was scattered over the hills and having been gathered together became one, so let thy church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into thy kingdom. For thine is the glory and power through Jesus Christ forever. But let no one eat or drink of your Eucharist except those baptized into the name of the Lord. For in regard to this the Lord hath said, Give not that which is holy to the dogs.
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> Now, after ye are filled thus do ye give thanks. We thank thee, holy Father for thy holy name which thou hast caused to dwell in our hearts, and for the knowledge and faith and immortality which thou hast made known to us through Jesus thy Son. To thee be the glory forever. Thou, Master Almighty, didst create all things for thy name's sake. Both food and drink thou didst give to men for enjoyment in order that they might

[1] See Heinrici in Z.wiss. Th., 1876, 509–11, and his Kom. 1 Kor., 1880, 1.341–5.

give thanks to thee; but to us thou hast graciously given spiritual food and drink and eternal life through thy Son. Before all things we thank thee that thou art mighty. To thee be the glory forever. Remember, Lord, thy church, to deliver it from every evil and to make it perfect in thy love, and gather it from the four winds, it the sanctified, into thy kingdom which thou hast prepared for it. For thine is the power and the glory forever. Let peace come and let this world pass away. Hosanna to the Son of David. Whoever is holy, let him come; whoever is not, let him repent. Maranatha (The Lord comes; or, The Lord has come). Amen. But permit the prophets to give thanks as much as they like.[1]

From the above prayers it is evident how free and joyful was the Supper in the circles for which the Didache was intended, how absolutely lacking the somberness and sacramentarian tone of the first liturgies when they meet us in the fourth century. It is doubtful how far the writer intended these prayers to be followed. He does not say, "In these words give thanks," but, "Thus, οὕτως, give thanks," as though he were giving a general model rather than a form to be strictly copied. In any case he recognizes the right of the prophets to have no regard whatever to his prayers. It is not surprising that with the growth of sacramentarian materialism in the church the model furnished by the Didache was left out in the cold.

The next reference to the Supper is in Justin Martyr's first Apology (about 140), but no light is thrown on the words of the service, but only on its tenor, which was still that of joyful thanksgiving:

There is then (after the prayers and the kiss) brought to the presiding brother bread and a cup of water and of mixed wine; and he taking them gives praise and glory to the Father of the universe through the name of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and offers thanks at considerable length for being counted worthy of receiving these things at his hands. And when he has finished the prayers and thanksgivings all the people assent by saying, Amen (chapter 65).

As to the parts of the Supper service itself, these, according to Justin, are as follows: 1. The kiss of peace. 2. The bringing forward by the people of their offerings of bread, wine, etc. (called later the προσφορά, oblatio). 3. The Eucharistic or thanksgiving prayer of the presiding brother. 4. The Amen by the people.

[1] Did., cc. 9 and 10. I have used Hitchcock and Brown's trans., new ed., 1885, 17–20, with changes.

5. The passing of the food by the deacons to those present. 6. Contributions for the poor.

If we take the view of Hans Achelis[1] that the so-called Canons of Hippolytus are genuine—or at least the greater part of them—as they are given in the old Arabic version by the Coptic canonists of the Middle Ages, canons which we know now were worked over in the old Egyptian Church Order and thus also taken up in the eighth book of the so-called Apostolical Constitutions, then the next witness to what was said and done at the Eucharist is that great Church Father (say 225-240). From the revised Latin translation from the Arabic which Achelis secured it appears that the deacon brings forth the oblations, the bishop with the presbyters places his hand over them, saying: "The Lord be with you all." Then the people respond: "And with thy spirit." The bishop says: "Up with your hearts." The people: "We direct them to the Lord." Bishop: "Let us give thanks to the Lord." People: "It is worthy and just." After that he says a prayer and makes the offering (that is, administers the Eucharist, §§ 20-27). We also learn that the presbyters bring other cups of milk and honey, as though they would teach those who communicate that they are born again as children (§ 145). Then the bishop reaches forth to them and says concerning the body of Christ: "This is my body." They reply: "Amen," and he reaches forth the cup, saying: "This is the blood of Christ." They reply: "Amen." Then they consume the milk and the honey in memory of the future ages and the sweetness of the blessings which are his (Christ's) care, who returns not for bitterness, nor shall these blessings be dissipated (§§ 146-8).

The great Father Tertullian (200 ff) gives us no light on what was said at the Eucharist, though a little on some practices in connection with it;[2] nor does his admirer Cyprian (250), though the latter witnesses to the use of the Sursum Corda as a preface to the church prayers.[3] Perhaps the earliest Eucharistic prayer in the spirit of the later liturgies is that which occurs in the Ethiopian version of the Old Egyptian Church Order (perhaps the

[1] See his admirable Die Canones Hippolyti, Leipz., 1891.
[2] De Cor. 3. [3] De Orat. Dom. 31 (see my Cyprian, 1906, p. 145).

first part of the fourth century) which Ludolph first translated into Latin in 1691, but which Bachmann much better translated into German for Achelis in 1891.[1] According to this translation, after the sentences given above from the Canons of Hippolytus, the congregation follows the bishops in this which the Order calls the "Eucharistic Prayer":

We thank thee, Lord, through thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent in these last times as Redeemer and Releaser, the Messenger of thy counsel. He is the Word which (went out) from thee, by whom thou didst make all through thy will. And thou hast sent him down from heaven in the body of a Virgin. He became flesh and was borne in his mother's body. And thy Son is proclaimed by the Holy Spirit to fulfill thy will and to prepare for thee a people, in that thou spreadest out his hands. He has suffered to free the suffering which believe in thee. He freely gave himself to suffering that he might take away death, break the bonds of Satan, tread Sheol under foot, lead out the saints, found doctrines, and give hopes for a resurrection. Then he (the bishop) took the bread, gave thanks and spake: Take this, eat, this is my body which was broken for you. And also the cup and said: This is my blood which was poured out for you; as often as ye do this you do it in my remembrance. As we think of his death and resurrection we bring to thee this bread and this cup, as we thank thee that thou hast made us worthy to stand before thee and to serve thee as priests. And we pray earnestly that thou shouldst send thy Holy Spirit to the offering of this Christian Church. And then he (the leader) gave to all, who took (the Eucharist), that (it might be for them) for holiness and for filling with the Holy Spirit, and for increase of faith and truth, that they might praise thee and thy Son, Jesus Christ, in whom there might be for thee praise and power in the holy Christian Church now and forever.[2]

Other prayers, etc., are said after the reception, at the close of the Supper service, prayers which are interesting and unlike ours, but we have not space for them here.

There is a long and discursive prayer, or rather address to God, in the eighth book (chapter 12) of the so-called Apostolical Constitutions (perhaps the last part of the fourth century) apparently to be used in connection with the Supper, but whether it was so used we do not know. But in chapter 13 there are prayers which were used at the Supper or were intended to be used:

Let us stand up and dedicate ourselves to God through his Christ. And let the bishop say: O God, who art great and whose name is great, who art great in counsel and mighty in works, the God of thy holy child

[1] Achelis, as above, 39ff.

[2] Achelis, 51–5.

Jesus, our Saviour, look down upon us and upon this thy flock, which thou hast chosen by him to the glory of thy name; sanctify our body and soul, and grant us thy favor to be made pure from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and may obtain the good things laid up for us, and do not account any of us unworthy; but be thou our comforter, helper, and protector, through thy Christ, with whom glory, honor, praise, doxology, and thanksgiving be to Thee and to the Holy Spirit forever. Amen. And after that all have said Amen, let the deacons say, Let us attend. And let the bishop speak thus to the people: Holy things for holy persons. And let the people answer: There is one that is holy; there is one Lord, one Jesus Christ, blessed forever to the glory of God the Father. Amen. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will among men. Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord, being the Lord God who appeared to us. Hosanna in the highest. And after that let the bishop partake, then the presbyters, and deacons and subdeacons, and the readers and singers and ascetics, then of the women the deaconesses, the virgins and the widows, then the children; then all the people in order, with reverence and godly fear, without tumult. And let the bishop give the oblation, saying: The body of Christ. And let him that receiveth say, Amen. And let the deacons take the cup, and when he gives it say: The blood of Christ, the cup of life. Let him that drinketh say, Amen. And let the thirty-third (our thirty-fourth) psalm be said while the rest are partaking. (The Coptic version has: and let them sing psalms during the distribution until the whole congregation has received it.) And when all, both men and women, have partaken, let the deacon carry what remains into the vestry.[1]

Then follow other prayers, also unlike those with which we are familiar.

The above must suffice for the Supper ritual of the early centuries, so far as its words have come down to us. It would be interesting to follow the Roman mass until it is fixed in its general outlines in the great liturgies of the Middle Ages, but we have not space, and besides its early history is in the dark. What it came to be will come out as we proceed now to our own liturgy.

The first thing that meets us is the Collection for the Poor, with scriptural sentences to accompany it read by the minister. This is a survival of the old custom of the people bringing their gifts in kind to be used both for the Supper and for the poor. Its being placed at the beginning of the service is an unconscious return to the primitive practice, for evidently the officers could

[1] Donaldson's Whiston's trans., in Ante-Nicene Fathers, vii, 490–1.

not distribute what they did not have. But it soon became customary to retain for the next service enough wine and bread, so that these offerings were made even in the second century toward the close of the service. In the twelfth century they ceased altogether, when the wafer lozenge took the place of bread and the wine was used only by the officiating priest. In our service the sentences have been reduced in number, we having fifteen, while the English Office from which we borrowed has in all its editions, from 1549 to 1662, five more, including two from the Book of Tobit.

The Invitation follows. The first paragraph of it ("If any man sin . . . sins of the whole world") is peculiar in its present position to our book, the Anglican ritual having here long preliminary warnings and invitations. The Scripture passage thus quoted (1 John 2. 1) is taken from the Comfortable Words of Scripture placed a little farther along in the service in the Prayer Book of 1552 and retained in all later editions, these, however, also quoting Matt. 11. 28; John 3. 16; and 1 Tim. 1. 15, and introducing them with the words: "Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith unto all that truly turn to him." The Comfortable Words first appear in Hermann's Consultation, a book drawn up largely by the reformer Bucer on the basis of the Church Order of Nürnberg, revised by the Archbishop of Cologne, Hermann of Wied, and published first in German in 1543, then (altered) in Latin in 1545, in English in 1547, and much revised in 1548. It was this English edition (A simple and religious Consultation of us, Hermann, etc.) which was in the hands of the men set to draw up first an English Supper service (published in 1548), and then an English Prayer Book (1549, 1552, 1559, 1604, 1662), and they used it more or less in various parts of their work.

The Invitation itself ("Ye that do truly . . . make your humble confession to Almighty God"), original in the English books, as nothing like it occurs in the mediæval times, appears first in the Office of 1548, with the addition only that the confession is to be made not only to God but "to his holy church here gathered together in his name." It is interesting that the High Church or "Catholic" men of 1549 would not use it at all in their (the first)

edition of the Prayer Book, but it was brought in again in 1552 and has remained ever since. As I said, the English Order has long exhortations and sentences before this Invitation is reached, but they were wisely omitted in 1784 by Wesley when he prepared this Communion Service for the American churches.

The General Confession ("Almighty God, Father of our Lord," etc.) is also peculiar to the Protestant services (1548, 1552 ff.), and was probably composed by Cranmer, who had a perfect genius for writing prayers in the most fitting language and thought, but with two or three echoes of old Latin forms and of Hermann's Consultation.[1] One might almost use the word majestic in describing this grand Confession.

The next piece in our Eucharistic program is one of the most interesting evidences of the Protestantizing of a Catholic form that I know of. Let me place side by side the absolution words of the mediæval mass, the Anglican form, and our transformation.

SARUM.	ANGLICAN.	PROTESTANT.
The Almighty God have mercy upon you, pardon all your sins, deliver you from all evil, preserve and confirm you in goodness, and lead you to everlasting life. The priest adds: Absolution and remission of all your sins . . . the Almighty and merciful God grant to you.	Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto him; have mercy upon you, pardon and deliver you from all your sins; confirm and strengthen you in all goodness; and bring you to everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord.	(The same as the Anglican, except that it is a direct address to God, and not to the people [which makes it an absolution] and, therefore, "his" and "him" are turned to "thy" and "thee," and "you" and "your" are turned to "us" and "our.")

Of course this is not the absolution given in secret confessional, but it is the regular Catholic form of the pre-Reformation service, and eventuated in forgiveness, without which it would have been sacrilege to receive the body and blood of Christ. Some Protestants are ignorant of the fact that the Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Churches retain priestly absolution, but

[1] See Procter and Frere, A New Hist. of the Book of Common Prayer, 1901, 488, who give the sentences taken from each.

if they will spend a little time with the Prayer Book (ordination service, communion service, visitation of sick service, etc.) they will inform themselves. If it be said that absolution is only on ground of repentance and faith, so it is also in Catholicism. No priest can forgive an impenitent man. The real difference is that in one case absolution is prayed for to God for man, in the other it is pronounced by the Roman or Anglican priest from God on man. For this reason, after the priest has prayed the General Confession on his knees, he is told in the Anglican service to "stand up, and turning himself to the people, pronounce this absolution."

The Collect which now follows ("Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open," etc.) is a literal translation from the old Sarum (Salisbury) liturgy, where it is placed at the beginning of the service right after the Veni Creator Spiritus.[1] It is also placed at the beginning in all the Anglican Eucharistic services after the first Lord's Prayer. It is apparently an English prayer, as it does not occur in the Roman mass, nor in Continental rites. (A Collect is a short prayer for one chief blessing, immediately preceding the Epistle or Gospel of the day or the special service at which it is used, and is so called either because it collects or sums up their teaching or prepares for it, or because it is to be said in common by the whole collected assembly.)

After this Collect in the service as sent over by Wesley there appeared the following parts of the Anglican Book; namely, the Ten Commandments with the responses, the Collect beginning, "Almighty and everlasting God, we are taught by thy holy Word," with the exception that the words "hearts of kings" were changed to "hearts of the princes of the earth," and "George, thy servant and king and governor" to "the supreme rulers of these United States, our governors." The rubrics directing concerning the Epistle and Gospel of the day were also retained, the words, "Then shall follow sermon," and the noble prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church Militant here on Earth, with the changes

[1] See the text of the old English services (in Latin) in Maskell, The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England, 1846; this Collect on p. 4. For translations of the main part of the Sarum liturgy see Blakeney, The Book of Common Prayer; its History and Interpretation. 1865, 3rd ed. rev. and enl., 1870, 412–9, and Procter and Frere, 450–8.

to adapt it to the United States, and with the words "bishops and curates" altered to "ministers of the gospel." The Collect just mentioned was composed by the revisers of 1549, and with the other Collect for the king, also composed by them, has been retained in all editions. The prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church was composed by the revisers of 1552, and has also remained a permanent part of the liturgy. All this part of the English Book was omitted by Coke and Asbury in their revision of 1792. Just how far the General Conference of that year was behind the revision I do not know. Did it pass specifically on each change?

Then follows the Prayer of Humble Access ("We do not presume," etc.) first composed for the Order of the Communion of 1548 "by sundry of his Majesty's most grave and well-learned prelates and other learned men in the Scripture," and has appeared in all editions of the Prayer Book since. Wesley sent over this prayer exactly as it was in the English Book, but Coke and Asbury, in 1792, changed "that our sinful bodies may be made clean by his body, and our souls washed by his most precious blood" to "that our sinful souls and bodies may be made clean by his death and washed through his most precious blood," and these last words in their turn were changed, in 1864, into "that we may live and grow thereby; and that being washed through his most precious blood."

Following this, Wesley retained the Comfortable Words, the Sursum Corda, and the prefaces of his mother Church's Book (though displacing them), also omitted in 1792.

We now come to what in the Catholic mind is the heart and soul of the liturgy; that is, the Prayer of Consecration, which was supposed to make the elements whatever your theory calls for: the actual body and blood of Christ, or fitting representatives or memorials of the body, or spiritually equivalent for faith to the body, or, finally, the real sacramental body. The first part of this prayer (to the words, "We most humbly beseech thee") was taken from the Book of 1549, very slightly changed, and the remaining part was taken from the Books of 1552 to 1662. The first Book after "beseech thee" followed the Roman mass, whereas the later

Books substituted this noble ending with which we are familiar. What was it in the liturgy which in the minds of Christians made this actual or sacramental change from bread and wine to body and blood? In the English Prayer Book it is the recitation of the Words of Institution, as they are called. In all the ancient Eastern liturgies (fourth or fifth centuries), used more or less by the Eastern Churches, who are tenacious of ritual—liturgies such as those so called of Saint James, Saint Mark, Saint Chrysostom, and Saint Basil—the consecrating moment is the Epiklesis, or Invocation of the Holy Spirit to make the elements the body and blood of Christ. The priest has already recited the account of the institution in the gospels, but it is not this but the prayer some time after which works the transformation. In the liturgy of Saint James it reads: "This thine all-Holy Spirit send down, O Lord, upon us and upon these offered holy gifts, that coming, by his holy and good and glorious appearing, he may sanctify this bread, and make it the body of thy Christ, and this cup the precious blood of thy Christ."[1] In the liturgy of Saint Mark: "Send down upon us also, and upon this bread and upon these chalices thy Holy Spirit that he by his all-powerful and divine influence may sanctify and consecrate them, and make this bread the body and this cup the blood of the new testament, of the very Lord and God and Saviour and universal king Christ Jesus."[2] In the liturgy of Saint Chrysostom: "Send down thy Holy Spirit upon us and upon these laid out gifts. Bless, Master, the holy bread, and make it the precious body of thy Christ, and that which is in this chalice the precious blood of thy Christ. Bless, Master, both, transmuting (*μεταβαλὼν*) them by thy Holy Spirit."[3] Saint Basil is the same. By the position of the words of institution in these liturgies it is evident that they formed no part in the transforming function, which was played by the invocation alone. This is true of all the ancient services of which we have any account whatever, from Justin Martyr on. There is not one in which the recitation of the words of institution, with or without

[1] Ante-Nicene Fathers, vii. 545. [2] Ibid., 558.
[3] J. N. W. B. Robertson, Divine and Sacred Liturgies, etc. Lond.: Nutt, 1886, 113 (Greek text and Engl. tr.).

a prayer attached to them, has anything to do with the actual consecration of the elements, which, it must also be remembered, were not thought of as undergoing a transubstantiation (compare the words used of the consecration: *εὐλογεῖν, εὐχαριστεῖν, ἁγιάζειν, τελεῖν, ἐπιτελεῖν, benedicere, sanctificare, consecrare*). The late Dean Stanley, in his wonderfully fresh and suggestive articles on the Eucharist, makes the point that the consecrating thing in the ancient Supper was really the repetition of the Lord's Prayer,[1] a use which perished long since. He refers to the familiar words of Justin about the "food which is blessed by the prayer of his (Christ's) word," *ἡ δι' εὐχῆς λόγον του παρ' αὐτοῦ ευχαριστηθεισα τροφή* (1 *Ap.* 66). It would be pleasant to agree with so learned a scholar and so beautiful a spirit. But I fear it is impossible, at least not at all with the assurance with which he speaks. We don't know to what Justin refers: probably neither to the Lord's Prayer nor to the words of institution, as both are absent in all ancient formulas of consecration. He may mean simply a prayer which invokes Christ's name and adduces his word.[2] Stanley also refers to the words of Jerome (about 400) to the effect that the "apostles were accustomed to say daily the Lord's Prayer,"[3] but as what Jerome says is not true we may dismiss him. It would appear, however, that Gregory the Great (598) introduced the Lord's Prayer in the Supper ritual in connection with the consecration on the false supposition that the apostles used it for that purpose. "We say the Lord's Prayer," he says, "soon after the prayer (of consecration), because it was the custom of the apostles to consecrate the host of the oblation to this prayer alone. And it seems to be quite unbecoming to say a prayer which some scholastic has composed over the oblation rather than to say the tradition itself over his body and blood (*traditionem*, probably a misreading for *orationem*, prayer) which the Redeemer himself composed. For the Lord's Prayer is said among the Greeks by all the people, among us by the priests alone."[4] This is a very interesting passage, because it shows not that the apostles used the

[1] Chr. Inst. (1881), ch. iii, p. 56 Harper's ed., p. 69 Scribner's ed.
[2] See discussion with references to literature in Rietschel, Liturgik I, 1900, 255–6.
[3] Adv. Pel. 3. [4] Ep. 8: 64.

Lord's Prayer, only that Gregory believed they did; that this great Father thought that that prayer alone was ample for the consecration of the elements, which fact supports not Stanley's particular thesis but his general one. It is not meant, of course, that the Lord's Prayer did not then form a part of all liturgies, East and West, for it did, but that it was not a part of the consecrating ceremony in Rome, or anywhere else, and that Gregory made it such.

But his action did not rule Western practice, as we find in the later Western liturgies that the consecrating function was really the repetition of the words of institution, as in the Anglican and our service. Both the Roman and the Sarum masses, the latter of which was the immediate model of the Anglican rite, give: "Which oblation we beseech thee, Almighty God, do thou vouchsafe altogether to render blessed, approved, ratified, reasonable, and acceptable, that it may be made unto us the body and blood of thy most dearly beloved Son and Lord Jesus Christ. Who on the day before he suffered took bread into his holy and venerable hands, and with his eyes uplifted toward heaven, unto thee, O God, his Almighty Father, giving thanks to thee, he blessed, brake and gave to his disciples, saying: 'Take and eat ye all of this, for this is my body.' Likewise after supper, taking also this excellent cup into his holy and venerable hands, again giving thanks unto thee, he blessed and gave to his disciples, saying: 'Take and drink ye all of this, for this is the cup of my blood of the new and everlasting testament, the mystery of faith, which shall be shed for many for remission of sins. As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of me.' " [1]

The rubrics of these mediæval services say distinctly that the words, "This is my body, This is my blood," are the words of consecration. Now, it is an interesting fact that this departure from the ancient practice of making the main Eucharistic or Thanksgiving Prayer, with or without the Epiklesis, the chief thing of the Supper, its dedicating part, was felt by Laud and his divines in preparing a Prayer Book for Scotland in 1637, so that they supplied the Invocation of the Spirit along with the

[1] Lat. in Maskell, lib. cit. 90–1, Eng. in Procter and Frere, 454–5.

words of institution, and this Book, as revised by the Nonjuring divines who went up into Scotland in the eighteenth century, is thought by Anglican liturgists, the most of whom are of the Catholic or High Church school, to be the best Book of the kind in the world, as it was also followed in this and other respects by the American Episcopalians when they revised the English Book for their own churches in 1789-90. The Scotch Book prays: "Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify with thy word and Holy Spirit these thy gifts and creatures of bread and wine, that they may be unto us the body and blood of thy most dearly beloved Son, so that we receiving them . . . may be partakers of the same his most precious body and blood," etc., as in the English Book. The same prayer almost word for word is in the Protestant Episcopal Book.

We have now another instance of Wesley's dislocating the service. The Bounden Duty passage ("It is very meet, right," etc.) and *Ter Sanctus* ("Therefore, with angels," etc.) was transferred from before the Prefaces, Prayer of Humble Access, and Consecrating Prayer, where it rightly belongs (for it is reasonable that praises for God's gifts should precede the partaking of them, and they always did in the liturgies) and placed after the Prayer of Consecration between the reception by the ministers and the reception by the people—a most inappropriate position. If these thanksgiving passages are taken out of their historic place at all they should be put after the reception by all, and not arbitrarily divide ministers from people. The Bounden Duty passage is an echo of the response of the oldest liturgies, and in this form was taken from the Latin mass by the Prayer Book makers of 1549, placed by them among the Prefaces for the Feast of Trinity, attaching to it a statement of the doctrine of the Trinity, and as such was used in all the editions up to and including 1604. In 1662 a division was made in the passage, the last or doctrinal part being used for the Feast of Trinity only, and the first part—that with which we are familiar —being placed where we now find it in the English Book. The *Ter Sanctus* is found in one form or another in all the Eastern and Western liturgies, and was transferred in 1549 from the

Latin service, the revisers of 1552 ff. writing the Hosanna (Hosanna in the Highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord").

We now come to the formula used in the giving of the bread and wine to the communicants ("The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee," etc.). In the early church no such formula was used. The earliest is that given in Canons of Hippolytus (see above): "Then the bishop reaches out to them the body of Christ saying: This is the body of Christ." They say: "Amen" (§ 146). The same with the cup. In the Old Egyptian Church order: "This is the bread of heaven, the body of Jesus Christ," and "This is the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord." [1] In the Apostolical Constitutions: "The body of Christ; the blood of Christ, the cup of life" (8. 13, 4). In Gaul in the seventh century: "The body of the Lord and his blood be useful for thee for the remission of sins and for eternal life." [2] The Liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom: "The precious and all holy body of our Lord, and God, and Saviour Jesus Christ is imparted to me, priest, unto remission of my sins and into life eternal." The same formula is used for all, with the necessary change of person, the words being always in the third person, thus: "The servant of God (name) partaketh of the precious," [3] etc. In the liturgies of Saint Basil and Saint James I can find no formula, but in the former previous to reception the priest prays, "To be made worthy by thy grace without condemnation to partake of thy holy body and precious blood, for the remission of sins and life everlasting."[4] The liturgy of Saint Mark has also no formula, except when communicating the people the priest says, "The Lord will bless and help you through his great mercy," and when communicating the clergy he says, "The holy body," "The precious blood of our Lord, and God, and Saviour." [5] None of these, however, as can readily be seen, are the origin of our words, which go back to the Latin mass, which in the Roman rite reads: "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul and body unto eternal life," which was the form also in the mediæval use of

[1] Achelis, lib. cit., p. 101.
[2] See Drews in Herzog-Hauck. 3 Aufl. V. 567.
[3] Robertson's ed., 134–7.
[4] Ante Nic. Fathers, vii, 548.
[5] Ibid., 559.

Hereford and York, while Salisbury had a special form: "All hail forever, celestial drink, for me the highest sweetness before everything and beyond everything. The body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ be profitable to thee a sinner for an everlasting medicine unto eternal life." [1] In the first Communion Office in English in 1548 the words were: "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body unto everlasting life." The same for the blood, except "soul" took the place of "body." In the Prayer Book of 1549: "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, who was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life," and the same for the blood, which was also the form of the Scotch Book of 1637. The more Protestant divines of 1552 omitted these words, and, taking their cue from Hermann's Consultation ("Take, and eat to thy health the body of the Lord, which was delivered for thy sins. Take, and drink to thy health the blood of the Lord, which was shed for thy sin" [2]), said simply: "Take, and eat this, in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." "Drink this, in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful." In the Book of 1559, and all later Books, including our own, these two sentences were combined, with the true instinct of Anglican comprehensiveness, taking in both Catholic and Protestant.

I might add that it was not till the Book of 1662 that our rubric was added that, in case the consecrated elements are exhausted before all have partaken, more may be provided by repeating the same form beginning with, "Christ who in the same night in which he was betrayed." This was in accordance with the mediæval practice, though in the earlier Middle Ages it was deemed sufficient to bring the unconsecrated elements into contact with the consecrated.

It is a striking fact that the direction about receiving the elements kneeling, though a part of the English service, was not in our Discipline until 1868, which was modified, however, in 1892 by the permission to any to receive them sitting or standing if they desired. In the early church the Supper was celebrated

[1] Maskell, 122–5.

[2] Procter and Frere, 494, note 3.

reclining or sitting. But in the process of Catholicizing the event, which was going on in the second, third, and following centuries, the custom was changed to standing or kneeling in reverence to the body and blood of Christ on the altar and his awful presence in the sacrament. The more Protestant of the Reformers restored the original custom of sitting, and of passing the elements around. Stanley, with his love of historical parallels and reminiscence, calls attention to the fact that the Pope used to receive sitting, and still receives in a posture half sitting, half kneeling.[1]

The Lord's Prayer was always recited, as I have said, somewhere in the ancient liturgies, and in the Gallican and Eastern—not in the later Roman—was always recited in concert by people and priest.

The Prayer of Oblation ("O Lord our heavenly Father, we thy humble servants desire," etc.) first appeared in the Prayer Book of 1552 and has remained ever since. I wonder if we hear the voice of Cranmer in its marvelous perfection of word and thought. Then follows the *Gloria in Exelsis* ("Glory be to God on high,") which ought always to be sung, also Book of 1552 ff., into the history of which I have not the space to go. The Benediction or Blessing ("The peace of God," etc.) which closes the service has been used in its present form since 1549. The first part is from Phil. 4. 7, and was prescribed to close the service in the Order of Communion of 1548. The second part ("And the blessing of God Almighty," etc.) was that usually given by mediæval bishops when they officiated, and, in fact, was said to have been the customary blessing at the end of the mass.[2]

It will be seen, then, that great changes have taken place in the long evolution of the Supper ritual. First, the banquet or actual Supper, with no ritual except a blessing, has gone. Second, the kiss—considered absolutely indispensable in ancient times—has gone. Third, the Epiklesis or Invocation of the ancient Eastern

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[1] Lib. cit., 185, Scr. ed. 223.

[2] See references in Procter-Frere, 497, notes 3 and 4. The best book for the comparison of the different editions of the Prayer Book is Keeling, Liturgiæ Britannicæ, or the Several Editions of the Book of Common Prayer, 1842, second ed. 1851. The best book for the comparison of the Latin liturgies used in England in the Middle Ages with each other and with the modern Roman is Maskell's (see above).

liturgies has disappeared in the West for the recitation of words of institution. Fourth, various customs in connection with the service, such as the *oblatio,* or bringing forward of gifts in kind, have gone. Certainly the Supper has suffered a sea-change. It will be seen also that our own ritual has come to us from Catholic and Protestant sources fused by the wonderful liturgical genius of the English Reformers, of whom Cranmer, in this respect, was chief. Wesley abridged it and somewhat dislocated its parts. Coke and Asbury abridged it further, as it was evidently used by the early Methodists at the close of a regular preaching service. It still bears the Catholic-Protestant stamp of Anglicanism. In my judgment it might be still further shortened and Protestantized, that is Christianized, to advantage.

Art. V.—THE PLACE OF THE LAITY IN THE CHURCH

Jesus of Nazareth was the greatest layman that ever graced the planet. He received no ordination except at the hands of Almighty God. He was not of the priestly caste, nor of the tribe of Levi, nor was he trained in the narrow and cramped conceptions of the professional religionists of his time. He was the beloved Son of God, in whom he was well pleased. If one would discover the exalted place in the Church and Kingdom the laymen should occupy, or if one is tempted to unduly emphasize the superiority of the ordained ministry, let him look to Jesus of Nazareth and meditate anew upon the profound significance of that mighty Life.

Laymen in Scripture. It is simply amazing to note how God has, throughout the recorded history of his kingdom, chosen laymen to bear his message "like a torch in flame" to the people sitting in darkness. It was only necessary that they should permit their souls to become the instruments of a divine passion for men and a holy enthusiasm for God, which characteristics are but evidences of the Spirit of "God breaking into glory through a human life." There was the first great layman, Abraham, the founder and father of the Hebrew nation; Moses, who, though never ordained by priestly rite or hand, was elected by God to be the religious lawgiver of the race, was a layman; David also, who in early life met the test of poverty and obscurity, was at length victorious over the temptations of prosperity and power, finally overcame the handicap of riches and royalty, was a kingly layman, chosen of God to be the sweet singer of Israel and the religious psalmodist of the race. Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, the first of the mighty rather than the minor prophets, who cried aloud the inspired indignation of the Almighty against a formal but degenerate religion, says of himself: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: And the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said unto me, 'Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.'" The New Testament is equally rich in illustrations of the great role played by laymen, their only

ordination having been that they were "a band of men whose hearts God had touched." "There was a man sent from God [none else] whose name was John" (John 1.6), destined to become the forerunner of the Messiah. Stephen, the first martyr, was a layman whose noble qualifications for magnificent service were that he was "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost"; while Philip, surnamed the evangelist, was a layman whose lay preaching turned Samaria upside down. Following his evangelistic and missionary efforts "there was great joy in that city."

It is plain from a study of the Apostolic Church that attention to secular concerns as well as participation in the more spiritual work thereof was a special province of the laity. "The twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them and said: It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministering of the word" (Acts 6. 2-4). Three things stand out strikingly in this New Testament reference: (1) The desire and necessity of the apostolic office of the ministry to be freed as far as possible from purely secular duties and responsibilities. The minister ought to be as a prophet of God to his people, with time for communion, study, meditation, and prayer. The minister of the gospel ought never to be compelled to worry and fret over personal or church finances. The people will not generally rise higher than their ministry. The secular offices furnish a splendid opportunity for lay coöperation in the ministry of the gospel to the multitude: (2) the democratic method of selecting the lay helpers, and (3) the spiritual qualifications these laymen possessed. The wisdom of their selection was later demonstrated in the magnificent way in which such laymen as Stephen and Philip coöperated in the evangelistic and missionary propaganda of the early church and assisted in its secular ministrations.

I would rather have one layman on fire for God, with vision and consecration, one who hasn't lost the secret of spiritual buoyancy or of a genuine experience or of freshness in religious speech, than a score of priests whose only qualifications are forms and

frills, or a dozen ministers who deliver their message and perform their ministry "as the hireling serveth."

Sacredness of the Laymen's Calling. It is erroneous to consider the ministry a sacred calling and that of the layman purely secular. There may be a "sacramental spirituality in the common acts of life." Laymen are as truly doing God's will and performing sacred duties in business, in trade, and in professional life, as the preacher behind the sacred desk. The calling of the merchant is a divine one as well as that of the minister, the mechanic's as well as that of the missionary, the sewer expert as well as the physician, and the milk inspector as well as the deaconess and the nurse. A city's department of health or of public works may be as important in its way as a rescue mission and a church. We believe some men are as truly called to undertake this work in the name of the Most High as is the minister called to the ministry, though we may be charged with heresy for so declaring.

The Laymen's Day. This is the laymen's day. In times past one branch of the Christian Church made a profound distinction between those who were ordained and the general body of laity, claiming for the one a supernatural, sometimes a magical, bestowal of divine grace and wisdom to teach and govern the other under a claim of special authority. For many that day has forever passed. It will pass for all. It has never been the Protestant conception. Not by external and mechanical, but by spiritual and divine authority is the ministry to instruct and lead the laity hereafter. Not by miracle and magic, but by reality and genuineness are the modern prophets to lead the people to right living and thinking. If in the middle ages the laity had had a larger and more enlightened share in the affairs of the church those ages would not have been so dark. Where the clergy arrogates to itself all the authority and wisdom vouchsafed to the Christian Church then woe to the church. Perhaps, had the laymen been consulted in those dark days, simony would not have become so prevalent. A few lusty strokes from their hand might have killed the goose that laid those golden eggs for the benefit of the clergy.

Coöperation of Ministry and Laity. Laity and ministry in the church should be like the integral parts of a perfect mechanism

working in absolute harmony. The ministry and the laity each have their well-defined spheres of Christian activity. The minister must be a spiritual leader. His duty is to inspire and save his people. A sermon has been well defined as "little drops of blood shed by the servant of the Lord for the redemption of his people." But the laymen can and should play a large role in all the activities of the church, whether spiritual or secular, local or general. It is taken for granted without debate, and would be considered superfluous for one to suggest, that the religious education and training of the young in our Bible schools should be undertaken largely by the laity. It is not so general to ask and expect the active coöperation of both laymen and laywomen in the prayer meetings and other religious services. But our pastoral experience has been that such a course is stimulating to minister and people alike. We have adopted the practice in our work with telling results. The voice and vote of laymen were long since admitted to the general conferences of various denominations, and in many the laymen have a share, as they should have, in the selection of the highest officials of the church and the election of candidates to the ministry. This is well. It is democratic, it is American; it is scriptural, as we have already pointed out.

Obstructionists. Some men conceive it to be their foreordained duty to play the part of the obstructionist in the church. Every forward movement, each change of the old order, any adventure of faith, is sure to confront the opposition of these everlasting conservatives who have made a fine art of being critics and pessimists. We are reminded of our friend the doctor's remark, who said that his father had an old horse on the farm who wore out four pairs of breeching to one pair of tugs. The church needs laymen who know more about pulling heavy loads than forever holding back.

Church Finances. A proof of the divine origin of the church is the manner in which it has managed to keep from being drowned in the depth of decay and degradation by the millstones of a fickle, finicky, fastidious, and foolish membership who have no heart in the greatest enterprises that ever engaged the thought of man. How much heartbreak it would spare "the saving remnant" if they were not compelled, Atlas-like, to bear so many of the burdens

of the world and the work of God on their own shoulders. The church ought not to be conceived as a nursery in which to coddle people—it is a training ground where they may receive discipline for the eternal conflict; it is not a hospital, but an army in action; not a dress parade, but the heart of Christ incarnate in a Christian brotherhood bent on saving the world. Some ministers have to spend so much time nursing wounded laymen that they have neither time nor spirit to lead a charge on the breastworks of evil. The big laymen will not need petting, coddling, or apology. The ideal laymen will always assist and encourage, never cripple and thwart the men of lofty visions and holy dreams. They believe absolutely in the coming triumph of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In the region of finances the layman has a golden opportunity. It does not detract from the general financial ability of the ministers (and there are men in the ministry who could make a notable success in the financial world were they to devote their remarkable talents to that sphere) to say that the laymen can shine in this realm. Church finances have not always been a conspicuous success, simply because business methods have not been adopted and adapted to the church's needs. It is said that one "proof of the reality of religion is that the church still survives the lax methods of finances it has suffered." What possibilities there are before the church when all laymen shall reach up to more generous and systematic methods of giving. If genius be defined as "a capacity for taking infinite pains," then a genius at giving is one who takes infinite pains in distributing the proportion of his income which he devotes to God's work.

The example of the noble layman, whose story is told in the adjoined clipping from World-Wide Missions, illustrates the princely possibilities in this sphere of Christian consecration:

THE TITHE AND BETTER

A Methodist layman in the Middle West is following so high an ideal of stewardship that he does not stop at tithing, but increases the percentage of income given to Christian work as he is prospered in business. His plan in detail has been as follows: When his income reached $2,000 he began to increase the proportion given to Christian work one per cent for each $200 addition to his income, so that this percentage has always equaled one half the number of hundred dollars of his total

income. The scheme further contemplates giving according to this schedule until his income may reach $10,000 per year, which would then make his stewardship fund 50 per cent or $5,000, after which, so long as his income shall be $10,000 or more per year, he purposes to give all over and above $5,000 of said income for the extension of the kingdom of God. Here is his story in his own words:

"I left college seven years ago, in debt $1,200, and started to work at $50 per month. I began at that time to set aside one tenth of my income each month into a separate bank account under my name, as trustee. I have been steadily advanced, slowly, of course, at first, until I am this year drawing a salary of $3,000 from the bank and $300 from the Clearing House. My debt has been wiped out, I have married, bought a home, paid for it and furnished it. The past two years I have been 'let into' a couple of investments without the necessity of putting up any capital except my note. The returns have been large and last year my income was $4,300, and this year promises to be at least $4,800.

"I give you these figures to make my case in favor of the increasing percentage plan. I adopted this plan a year ago last January and wouldn't give it up for anything. The joy and satisfaction of being able to help largely in advancing the kingdom is many fold greater than could possibly come from using the money in any other way. Now, here's where this plan means much to the kingdom in dollars and cents. A tenth of my income last year would have been $430, but 21½ per cent of $4,300 is $930, the amount that went to my trustee account, or more than double—just $500 additional. Ten per cent of $4,800 (probable income for this year) would be $480, while 24 per cent of $4,800 is $1,152, or $672 additional.

"I was able to subscribe $1,000 to our new church (only three individual subscriptions were larger) and $500 toward the new endowment for my college. Wife and I are supporting a native worker in Korea, in addition to about $100 for missions through the regular channels of the church. To stimulate mission giving in the Sunday school I have for the past three years offered to all except the larger adult class $1 additional for each $5 given by the class. Two years ago our Easter offering was over $600; last year and this it was over $700. With the new church and college subscriptions taken care of our giving will be much more largely for missions."

No Double Standard. We do not believe in the double standard as regards consecration, sacrifices, discipline, or conduct on the part of ministry and laity. We do not find any rule or law, any command or call, any promise or prophecy in Scripture that has the ministerial tag on it. The great principles of the gospel, the biblical motives for the missionary propaganda and the spread of the gospel, the exhortation to live and to witness for Christ, the obligation to deny self and renounce sin, to live the

vicarious life; and, dying to the lower, to become alive unto the higher, were not designed for the ministry more than the laity. The former cannot be blamed for chafing under unpopular restraints if all the renunciation and discipline and "hilarious giving" and vicarious sacrifice are left to them. "Wanted—Some one to die for the kingdom!" is written over the portals of all Time. Those who volunteer may just as well be laymen as ministers. Some of us have a suspicion that we have fallen on soft and easy times and that there are too many sleek and well-fed Christians "cavorting" over the green pastures of the world. At any rate there is no scriptural or logical authority for a double standard of consecration for ministers or laymen.

Possibilities. The spiritual and religious work of the church, including its missionary propaganda and its evangelistic endeavor, should not be left to the overburdened and agonized heart of the minister. He is only a leader, and must have soldiers to lead, or the battle is lost. How the religious fires would be fanned into new life if all the laymen of the church coöperated in this specific work, and were not afraid, or ashamed, too busy, or too absorbed in their own concerns, to plead personally with men to give themselves to the Lord. We need to take up, in America, that unique kind of collection by which the Korean laymen have wrought such miracles in the winning of converts—"a day offering," in accordance with which men have sacrificed their time, income, and strength to carry the "good news" to others individually. The layman was not designed simply to say "amen" with unction and gusto, but to "start something" and keep it going. There are some laymen and some ministers with whom it is simply impossible to coöperate. I have a layman in my church who thus describes his endeavors to coöperate, when a boy on the farm, in sawing wood: "When I was a boy on the farm my father used to provide the summer wood by cutting it up with a crosscut saw, and in doing that work there were two members of the family I could not very well coöperate with. One was my father, who, from sympathy for my frailty or contempt for my stupidity, would both push and pull the saw, and leave nothing for me to do but get awfully tired hanging on; and then there was a brother who neither pushed nor

pulled, and very little was accomplished except some very forceful arguments over methods that didn't cut much wood." But the co-partnership of minister and laymen with God produces results.

The Toilers. The touch of the church upon the toiler is altogether too intermittent and unsatisfactory. The toilers sometimes aver that they would not touch the church with a ten-foot pole. The church is sometimes a thousand miles from the heart of the toiler. The Christian layman can and must supply the link that will bind the two together. He can at least exhibit the altruism of the Christian brotherhood in the great world. This will do much to solve its social and economic problems.

Young Men. There are in the young men unutilized possibilities of a tremendous potentiality that the leaders in the laymen's movement should capture for the kingdom of Christ. It was "young men with fire in their blood, not old men with feathers in their hats," that saved the Union in the sixties. The new generation is the one that will capture or lose the world for Christ.

Big Ideas and Ideals. If the strong man is to make the most of his life it must be related to a big idea, a big ideal, a big program and a big personal representative of each. If the Christian layman is to magnify his lofty calling as a layman let him relate himself to the big ideas, the mighty ideals, the great program and the divine Person of Christianity. Every great life is built like a palace around some great principle, and reared in accordance with some magnificent ideal. It is designed to serve some great purpose and to be the home of the person who glorifies it all. There seem absolutely no limits to the extent in which the sacred office of a layman may be magnified in the church. All problems of the masses and the classes will find their solution in the popular practice of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Eugene M. Austrian

Art. VI.—THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN BIBLE STUDY

The history of Bible study may be divided into two periods —the age of tradition and the age of criticism. Between these periods there is no sharp line of demarcation. The two overlap each other. Indeed, the transition from the one to the other has not yet been completely effected. Still it is proper to designate the period down to the Reformation as in a special sense the age of tradition. For it was at the Reformation that the first serious revolt against the authority of tradition took place.

During this period of tradition biblical study was dominated by three assumptions: the infallibility of Scripture, the allegorical method of interpretation, and the principle of ecclesiastical authority. And these in turn were bound up with a dualistic metaphysics and an empiricistic theory of thought. These different ideas were not deduced one from the other. Some were Jewish in their origin and some Greek. Nevertheless, they tended to form a logical system; and that system controlled the thought of men during most of the early and mediæval periods of the church's history. In order to understand this system it will be necessary to consider briefly each of its component parts. We begin with its philosophic background.

In philosophy there are two fundamental questions. The first is metaphysical. It relates to the nature of the ultimate reality. Is this reality single or double? If we take the former view, we are monists; if the latter, dualists. In ancient times the tendency in philosophy was strongly dualistic. A spiritual principle, to be identified with God, was asserted, but opposed to this was a material principle underlying the world of nature. Whatever relation these two principles may have originally sustained to each other, at present they were independent. Indeed, they stood in antitheses to one another. What was natural was not divine, and what was divine was not natural. Hence if God was to speak to men, it could be only in a miraculous way. The Bible, therefore, as his word, could not have been written as other books

are. It must have been dictated by God himself, and must consequently be absolutely infallible. It must in a word be all divine, or not divine at all. The idea of the infallibility of Scripture was not deduced in this way from a dualistic metaphysics. It grew up to a large extent independently of it. But the dualistic philosophy furnished a logical basis for it and fostered it. The same is also to be said of the attitude taken in ancient times toward the second of the two fundamental questions of philosophy. This question is epistemological. It has to do with thought and knowledge. In the process of thought is the human mind active or passive? If we take the latter view, we are empiricists. And that was the view dominant in the ancient world. The mind was looked upon as simply "the recipient of a ready-made knowledge." It merely reproduced what was given it from without. Especially was this thought to be the case with the diviner or prophet, when he received his communications from the deity. "Inspired or true divination," said Plato, "is not attained by anyone in his full senses, but only when the power of thought is fettered by sleep, or disease, or some paroxysm of frenzy." The human mind as over against the divine was thus looked upon as merely a *tabula rasa,* a blank tablet, on which the divine spirit wrote its message. What the prophet or inspired writer did, was simply to receive and transmit the divine word. He contributed nothing whatsoever of his own to it. Inspiration, therefore, was conceived of under the form of dictation; and this conception of inspiration, of course, carried with it the idea of absolute infallibility. It is thus clear that the dualistic and empiricistic tendencies in ancient philosophy furnished a natural basis for the theory of verbal inspiration and strict inerrancy.

The doctrine of biblical infallibility itself was inherited from the Jews. It grew up among them during the latter part of the Old Testament period. It is a view into which uncritical thought naturally falls. If the Scriptures are authoritative, the simplest way to ground their authority is to assert that they are verbally inspired, and, therefore, infallible. There is much, it is true, in the practice of early Jewish and Christian writers that seems inconsistent with this conception of Scripture. They are inac-

curate in their quotations; they use translations instead of the original text, and they distinguish different degrees of inspiration. But these facts are simply evidence that they had not worked out their theory of infallibility in a thoroughgoing way. The theory itself they accepted and frequently asserted. It was this theory also that led to the allegorical method of interpretation. This method had been employed by the Greeks in their interpretation of Homer and Hesiod, in order to bring the teaching of these sacred poets into harmony with themselves and with later philosophy. And for a similar reason the Jews applied it to their Scriptures, when they came into contact with Greek thought in Alexandria and elsewhere. The most notable instance of this was furnished by Philo, who thus read back into the law of Moses practically the whole Platonic philosophy. The Jewish scholars in Palestine used the allegorical method more sparingly. But they too held to the principle underlying this method, namely, that Scripture is full of hidden meanings which can be extracted only by fanciful devices of one kind or another. This, then, was the exegetical method in vogue when Christianity came upon the scene. Christian teachers, therefore, naturally adopted it. It enabled them to find everywhere in the Old Testament predictions of the coming of Christ, and to read back into the Hebrew Scriptures their own distinctive Christian ideas. Of course, this was all sincerely done. Indeed, on the theory of strict infallibility some such method of interpretation was the only one possible. For only in this way could the whole Old Testament be brought into harmony with later Christian thought. Only in this way could the obsolete features of ancient Hebrew practice and belief be made applicable to later times. The allegorical method of exegesis, then, or something akin thereto, followed inevitably from the doctrine of biblical infallibility.

There is, however, one serious difficulty with allegorical interpretation. It has no fixed principles. It leaves everything to the taste and whim of the individual. With such a method it is quite as easy to find a support in Scripture for heretical ideas as for the true faith. And this the early Christians soon discovered. Having, then, no sounder exegetical method with which to meet

the biblical arguments of the heretics, they found it necessary to appeal to tradition and the strong arm of authority. Only such interpretations of Scripture were to be accepted as agreed with the traditional teaching of the church. And what that teaching was, was to be determined by the hierarchy. It was in this way that the principle of ecclesiastical authority arose. The conditions of the time demanded it. Without it the church would have been unable to deal in an effective way with the heretics, such as the Gnostics. And without it, also, it would have been impossible for the church to bring the barbarians from the North under the sway of Christian teaching. Both the mental immaturity of the people, and the current allegorical method of interpretation, required that there should be some recognized authority to which people might appeal for the true interpretation of Scripture. Without such an authority it would have been impossible to maintain unity of faith and efficiency of action.

Such, then, were the conditions under which Bible study was carried on down to the time of the Reformation. The Bible was regarded as infallible, but it was thought to be a book of mysteries. Hence to be rightly understood it must be interpreted allegorically. But allegorical interpretation has no commonly accepted principles. Hence an authoritative interpreter was necessary. And this was naturally found in the recognized leaders of the church. This attitude toward and conception of Scripture was, as we have seen, no mere accident of Christian history. It grew out of the mental habits and practical needs of the time.

It is possible to conceive of conditions under which the free critical study of the Bible might have flourished from the outset. But those conditions did not exist. The needs of the time were predominantly practical and did not demand it. And the intellectual equipment of the day did not permit of it. A beginning in the direction of a grammatical-historical exegesis was indeed made by the Antiochian school, but it led to nothing. The dogmatic and practical interests of the time could make no use of it. And a properly scientific spirit did not exist. Before a strictly critical study of the Bible was possible it was necessary that a new kind of intellectual interest be awakened, and that a new philosophi-

cal and theological viewpoint be introduced. And this in the nature of the case could be brought about only in the course of centuries.

Ultimately, however, it was inevitable that this change should take place. Forces both within and without the church contributed toward it. In the process by which it was at length effected we may distinguish three stages: (1) certain pre-Reformation tendencies hostile to the established system, (2) the Protestant Reformation, and (3) the abandonment of the doctrine of biblical infallibility. Of the pre-Reformation tendencies antagonistic to the traditional practice and belief three may be mentioned; and these are all distinctly Christian ideas. First, there was the principle of democracy. In the government of the mediæval church the laity had no voice. Between them and the Bible, between them and salvation, between them and God, stood the priesthood. They had no right to the independent use and interpretation of Scripture. It was incumbent on them to receive what the priests gave them. And the individual priests in turn were bound in their use of the Bible by tradition and the authority of the church. Such a system of priestly domination as this was manifestly out of harmony with the earliest Christian teaching. The New Testament—and the Old Testament, for that matter—was thoroughly democratic. No idea was more deeply imbedded in the primitive Christian consciousness than that of the perfectly free relation of the individual soul to God. This idea was fundamental in the teaching of Jesus, and formed the basal contention of Paul in his long struggle with Pharisaism, both within and without the church. Obscured though it was in subsequent ages, it was never completely obliterated, but remained in the church as a constant protest against ecclesiastical tyranny.

In the second place there was the idea of the supreme authority of Scripture. This idea was nominally accepted by the church. It was involved in the official doctrine of biblical infallibility. But in practice the church, as we have seen, displaced the Bible. It was the voice of the church, and not that of the Scriptures, which was supreme during the Middle Ages. Conditions for a time seemed to make this necessary. Still in theory the supreme authority of the Bible was acknowledged. And, as the church

grew corrupt, and people began to lose confidence in the priesthood, there arose a desire on the part of many to know what the actual teaching of Scripture was. Had the church correctly represented it? they began to ask. And in any case they felt that, if the Bible was theoretically the last court of appeal, it ought to be actually such. The heart claimed that as its right.

Then, in the third place, there was the idea of the divine immanence. God is in the world, is near men, and is near all men. In him we live, and move, and have our being. This idea was not so conspicuous as the other two. But it was clearly taught in Scripture, and received frequent expression among the church fathers. It stood opposed to the dualistic thought of the times; and, in so far as it was understood, tended to moderate the prevailing sharp antitheses between the natural and the supernatural, the human and the divine, the laity and the priesthood, the secular and the religious. Thus, it prepared the way for reorganization of the church and a less rigid view of inspiration.

But these three ideas—the principle of democracy, the conception of the supreme authority of Scripture, and the idea of the divine immanence—while operative in the mediæval period, did not become truly militant until the time of the Reformation. The keystone in the traditional system of thought was the principle of ecclesiastical authority. Against it, therefore, the Reformers first directed their attack. In its origin this principle was a sound and beneficent one. It grew out of the double necessity which confronted the early church of guarding the purity of the faith against the encroachments of heresy and of bringing and keeping masses of undisciplined minds under the sway of Christian teaching. So far as we can see, these two extremely important results could not have been brought about without this principle of authority. The people as a whole were not ready for the private and individual interpretation of the Scriptures; and, if they had been, the allegorical method then in vogue would have rendered it impracticable. Insistence, then, on the authority of the church grew naturally out of the conditions of the time. But like other principles which have been beneficent in their origin, it became later a source of oppression. It put barriers

in the way of the natural development of the human mind. It interposed obstacles between the individual soul and God. It withheld the Bible from the laity. It sought to keep men subject to an obsolete system of thought. In these and other ways it suppressed the rights of the individual. Nothing, therefore, remained for the progressive forces of the church, those who believed in democracy and in the supreme authority of the Scriptures, but utterly to repudiate the authority of Pope and councils.

This was the first step in the overthrow of the traditional view of the Bible. The second was the rejection of the allegorical method of interpretation. This followed necessarily from the first. So long as there was an authoritative interpreter of Scripture, it was possible to control the allegorist, at least to the extent of keeping him within the bounds of orthodoxy. But when the idea of an authoritative interpreter was repudiated, as it was by the Reformers, and when the right of the individual to interpret the Bible according to his own private judgment was asserted, there was no way of restraining him. The bars were all down; and it was possible for each one to read into Scripture whatever he chose. If then Protestant thought was to be saved from utter confusion, it could be only by rejecting the allegorical method of interpretation, and adopting a method based on scientific principles, one that was content to accept the natural meaning of the text, and that was willing to take the words of the Bible at their face value. Fortunately the way for this grammatical-historical method had already been prepared by the humanistic studies of the preceding century; and all that remained for Protestant scholars was to apply it to the study of the Scriptures.

In insisting on this principle of the literal and natural interpretation of the Bible, and in rejecting the principle of ecclesiastical authority, the Reformers made contributions of the utmost importance to the evolution of our modern Bible study. But the evolution was not yet complete. Another stage remained. And this we have been passing through during the past century. The fundamental characteristic of this transition-period has been the abandonment by the church of the doctrine of biblical infallibility. This doctrine the Reformers accepted from the past. And not

only did they accept it; they gave to it a degree of emphasis which it had never before received. The reason for this is evident. They felt the need of an absolute objective authority to oppose to that of the church. The church claimed for itself infallibility, and hence they felt the necessity of making a similar claim for the Bible. In so far as they meant by this simply to oppose the authority of the Bible to that of the church, they were guided by a perfectly sound instinct. But when they identified the idea of the supreme authority of Scripture with that of complete inerrancy, they went beyond what the Christian faith required and beyond what the facts warranted. This they, of course, did not themselves see. The time was not ripe for it. To them divine authority and inerrancy were correlative terms. One implied the other. This was with them a profound conviction, and it sank deep into Protestant thought, dominating for full three centuries the study of the Bible. It created, however, serious difficulties for the interpreter of Scripture. It imposed upon him the task of harmonizing every passage with every other, and also with our modern thought. This, as we now know, was an impossible undertaking. Genesis cannot be harmonized with geology, nor the Bible as a whole with our modern science. But the doctrine of biblical infallibility seemed to require that it should be done. Hence exegetes resorted to all manner of forced and unnatural interpretations, and to harmonistic devices that would have done credit to a mediæval allegorist. But this was a method which in the nature of the case could not hope permanently to maintain itself. The constant growth of knowledge rendered it increasingly difficult and unsatisfactory; until finally, in the world of biblical scholarship, the scientific spirit triumphed, and the dogma of infallibility was surrendered.

We are not, however, to suppose that this result was brought about simply by the "logic of facts." Mere "facts" have no such power as this. For not only is the interpretation put upon facts to a large degree determined by one's world view; the very sense of fact itself is in no small measure affected by it. What for us is fact in Scripture and what not depends to no slight extent upon our philosophy and our theology. That we to-day reject many

things which were accepted as facts in the past, is not necessarily due to any greater love of truth on our part, nor even to an increase of knowledge. It may simply be due to a change of world view which has altered the criteria of factuality. What, then, may seem to be fact to one mind may make a very different impression on another. Many of the facts, to which we attribute the change from the old to the new view of the Bible, would not to people of an earlier age have borne the stamp of actuality. They would have been rejected as inconsistent with the Christian view of the world, and therefore as unreal. That they have now come to be accepted is due to a change of philosophy quite as much as to any compelling force within the facts themselves. Indeed, they would never have been accepted by the Christian Church had it not been possible to adjust Christian thought to them so as to preserve the ancient reverence for Scripture.

Several changes or developments in modern philosophy have brought about this adjustment. First and foremost is the idea of the divine immanence. This, as we have seen, was implicit in the earliest Christian teaching. But not until comparatively recently did it come to be made a basic principle in philosophy. Theological thinking throughout the most of Christian history was governed by a sharp antithesis between the natural and the supernatural. This antithesis has now been removed. It is now seen that God may reveal himself through natural processes as well as through the miraculous. Inspiration, therefore, does not necessarily imply a miracle. The human mind, in its natural state, with its natural limitations and imperfections, may serve as a medium of divine truth. Infallibility consequently does not necessarily inhere in the idea of revelation. God may speak to men, even though much that is transient and imperfect is bound up with the transmission of his word.

Another important development in modern philosophy is the Kantian doctrine of the constitutive or creative activity of the human mind. This stands opposed to the old empiricistic theory of thought. It holds that the human mind does not passively mirror the objective order. It receives certain stimuli from without, and then builds up for itself its own world. This is charac-

teristic of all its activity. When, then, it receives impulses from the divine spirit, it does not simply transmit them unchanged to the world. It assimilates them to its own nature, transmutes them into its own forms, colors them by its own atmosphere, and then communicates them to men. We are not, then, to expect that the messages which come to us through the prophets will prove to be in every regard inerrant. There is nothing in the process of inspiration that requires it, or even renders it probable.

A third significant element in our modern thought is the idea of evolution. This term is generally associated with the name of Darwin; and he did a great deal to popularize it. But the conception is much older than his time, and also much broader in its application than he made it. He was concerned almost exclusively with its application to biology. Before his day it had already been applied by Hegel and his disciples to history; and it is this application of it which naturally interests us most. History, so it is now commonly held, everywhere reveals development. The people of Israel, like every other nation, developed from a lower to a higher state. It is not, then, to be expected that the revelation made to them in their earlier history would represent the same high standard as that found in later times. For a revelation, if it is to be effective, must be adjusted to the mental development of its recipients. Hence we must assume that there were different stages in God's revelation of himself, of which the earlier were less perfect than the later. And if so, the idea of inerrancy is manifestly no necessary element in our conception of Scripture. Indeed, the very thought of a progressive revelation carries with it a free and fluid conception both of inspiration and revelation. Revelation from this point of view does not consist in detached statements. It is an organic movement covering centuries of time. And as such the important thing connected with it is its outcome. What its preparatory stages were is a matter of subordinate concern. We need not, then, be disturbed, if we find in the earlier parts of the Bible crude and imperfect ideas.

Still another important development in modern thought has aided in the adjustment of the Christian faith to the free critical study of the Bible. This is the new test of truth introduced by

the pragmatic philosophy. The old view was that in order to be believed a proposition must either be logically demonstrated or be certified to by some absolute objective authority. In religion the latter was thought to be the one source of certainty. And so the Protestant believer held to the complete inerrancy of the Bible. Nothing short of this would suffice. For if there were human and fallible elements in Scripture, how would we be able to distinguish between what is reliable and what not? We would simply have our own reason to fall back upon, and in matters of this kind it is untrustworthy. So men have argued, and so some still argue. But this whole line of reasoning is purely abstract and factitious. We might, as Professor Bowne has suggested, apply it to our sense perception, and with the same result. Our senses sometimes deceive us. How, then, are we to determine when they may be trusted and when not? To this there is in the abstract no answer. In actual life we solve the problem by disregarding it, by going out into the world, using our senses, and finding that they are in general reliable. And so it is also, or at least should be, with the Bible. There is no way of determining in the abstract what parts of it are divine and what not. The only way to solve this whole problem of biblical authority is to take the Scriptures and use them. If they prove themselves a lamp to one's feet and food to one's soul, that is proof sufficient of their trustworthiness. For the ultimate test of religious truth is not to be found in any absolute objective authority. It is to be found in experience. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. It is the fruits of a belief that determine its reality. The significant thing, then, in connection with the Bible is not its technical infallibility, in case that could be proven, but its ability to deepen and enrich the religious life and so to produce conviction. In so far as it shows itself to have this power, it proves itself worthy of the reverence in which it has been held throughout the ages, regardless of any imperfections that may adhere to it.

These four developments in modern philosophy represent the lines along which Christian thought has moved as it has gradually adjusted itself to the critical study of the Bible. Many have viewed this changed attitude toward the Scriptures with alarm,

and some still do. They see in it nothing short of a renunciation of the faith. But serious as it has thus seemed to many, it has nowhere resulted in a schism. In every evangelical church we have representatives of both the old and the new view. They live side by side, they work together, and have no intention of parting company. This is a very significant fact. It alone proves conclusively that no vital element of the Christian faith is affected by the question at issue. The present outlook is, therefore, a hopeful one. The church has nothing to fear from the popularization of the modern view of the Bible, which is now progressing rapidly through the agency of our colleges, our Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and our Sunday school periodicals. As the great body of our educated ministers have passed from the older to the newer view with evangelical faith undimmed and with evangelistic zeal undiminished, so we have every reason to believe it will be with the laity.

Albert C. Knudson

Art. VII.—BLESSINGS OF THE SANCTUARY

It is not surprising, in view of the tremendous upheaval that has taken place in the world's evolution during the past hundred years, that there should be significant changes in the realm of religious thought and practice, but there are certain features of modern conditions that can but fill the minds of the faithful with apprehension. During this wonderful hundred years everything has been on the move, and we have hardly dared to guess what would happen next. Slavery dates from the remote centuries of antiquity. During the past century it has been practically abolished. The spirit of absolute monarchy is giving way to democracy, and men as individuals are having more and more to say, the world over, about the laws by which they are governed. Woman has always lived in greater or less subjection; the past hundred years has witnessed her emancipation. Science has stepped from the shadows of superstition and ignorance and to-day basks in the sunlight of marvelous achievement. The ends of the earth have been explored and brought into easy communication with the arts of civilization. The labor movement is extending its influence and the toiler of every land is rapidly entering into his own. The laborer and his family are learning what it means to really and truly live and enjoy the good things of life. Electricity has banished time and space, and China is nearer to the United States to-day than was Philadelphia to New York a hundred years ago. The great nations of the earth are beginning to see how barbarous, how destructive, how expensive, how utterly foolish is war, and the scene that was witnessed in Washington a little time ago, of representatives of certain great world powers signing papers looking forward to a reign of international peace, is destined to mark the beginning of another of the great epochs that mean an advanced civilization. It is not to be wondered at, then, that amid these unparalleled changes, social, industrial, scientific, political, and international, there should be some change in the social expression of religion. There seems to be a growing tendency, especially among the upper classes, and filtrating down

through every stratum of society, to worship the god of pleasure and to offer sacrifice upon the altar of selfish gratification. Not only in our own country are the masses neglecting the privileges of Christian worship, but recent reports from Great Britain reveal a pitiable condition in that land which has had reasons in the years that are gone to be proud of its mighty men of faith and its multitudes that sought the house of God on the Sabbath day. A few years ago the Daily News of London conducted an exhaustive canvass to determine how large a proportion of the population was not in the habit of attending church. At that time it was estimated that greater London had a population of 6,246,336, and that only 1,252,433 were regular worshipers. That means that in Greater London only one in five is in the habit of going to a church to worship God. This census also showed that those who do attend church belong to the middle class, so that the people at both extremes of the social scale are seldom, if ever, in evidence at church. So far as the rich and influential classes are concerned our informants are quite generally agreed that their lack of interest in church work and life is due to luxury, indolence, the growing spirit of materialism and commercialism, ever-increasing facilities for travel, and the general desire for something new and novel in the way of amusement. The problem, so far as the laboring classes are concerned, is much more serious than with the rich, because so large a proportion of the population is made up of people who toil for their daily bread. In the old days, with great multitudes, Sunday was reserved as a day for meditation and worship. Life, from the standpoint of the church, was a sort of wilderness journey, with Sunday as an oasis where the weary soul and body could find rest and refreshment; but to-day, with our Sunday newspapers, Sunday picnics, Sunday baseball, Sunday theaters, Sunday automobiling, Sunday social functions, and amusement parks that could not exist were it not for their dependence on Sunday patronage, it seems that the idle, pleasure-seeking rich, on the one hand, and the rowdy poor on the other, with multitudes in between, have conspired to make of our Sabbath a veritable saturnalia, in which that which we have been taught to hold sacred is sacrificed upon the altar of worldly pleasure.

The lesson of history is that periods of great material prosperity have always militated against the development of man's spiritual nature. When the wise man of ancient times prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food that is needful for me; lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, Who is Jehovah? or lest I be poor, and steal, and use profanely the name of my God," he may not have been aware how the underlying principle of his thought finds universal application in human experience; but in reality here is a great danger that menaces us in our modern life. It is generally admitted that the average working man is not hostile to Christian teaching; that while he may not attend church he is not averse to the fundamental truths as they were presented by the Founder of Christianity. The indifference and antipathy of the laboring man is not toward Jesus Christ, or toward the church which he established, but toward the kind of religion which he finds, or thinks he finds, in the church. In many cases his ideas are narrow and erroneous. He looks upon the church as a close corporation, run in the interests of certain wealthy, stockholding members, who boss the preacher and do as they please and yet insist that they are traveling the King's highway that leads straight to the gates of the Celestial City. The minister is looked upon as a highly paid spiritual walking delegate, whose business it is to see that things are kept moving harmoniously and that certain things shall be brought to pass each year. Professor Peabody says, "By great numbers the Christian Church is frankly regarded as a mere club of the prosperous, if not a mere symbol of the capitalistic system." The worker actually believes, whether right or wrong, that he is not wanted in the church. If he steps into a church and quietly takes his seat, only to be politely invited by an usher to sit somewhere else, he may do so without protest, but he never comes back, and is quite sure that he is right in his conclusion that he is not wanted. He may practice in his union the very principle that he condemns in the church, and is just as sure that it is all right when applied in the union as that it is all wrong when applied in the church. If he absents himself from the meetings of his union he must pay a fine. If that were applied to church attendance it might solve the finan-

cial problem, but it would mean empty pews and the final scattering of the congregation. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he can tell you just what sort of a man a Christian should be and then insists that the church is not made up of such people. He is sure that the church is filled with hypocrites and self-seekers, and people generally who have no idea what it means to practice the teachings of Jesus. He is positive that organized religion is indifferent, if not antagonistic, to the ideals of organized labor, that the preacher and the congregation have no conception of the economic conditions of everyday life, that the preacher has no thought of studying his Bible for the purpose of determining how the principles enunciated may be applied to present industrial conditions, that the average employer of labor goes to his church on the Sabbath day with no thought of listening to any suggestions that will help him in the handling of his business or his employees during the week.

It is not my purpose to examine these declarations one by one to see wherein they are true or false further than to say this: The church is primarily a religious institution, with its own distinctive character and ideals to maintain. It certainly has a great duty to perform in connection with the social and economic questions of the day. The pulpit must be familiar with the great fundamental declarations of divine truth and note how these may be applied in solving the great problems that affect capital and labor. To take the side of capital against labor or the side of labor against capital is puerile and foolish. The primary purpose of the pulpit is to reconcile man to God, and thus reconcile man to his brother. "For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" How can a man profess to love God, whom he hath not seen, and at the same time mistreat or misjudge the man he works for, or the man who works for him? So here we are with a large percentage of our population holding narrow or erroneous views about the church, and one of the great questions of the day is how to get next to these people and give them a true conception of what the church is actually trying to do. The church is not perfect. No one understands that better than the imperfect folks who constitute the membership. The

church has her faults, and in certain respects is to blame for existing conditions. There are multitudes of professing Christians who do not manifest the Christlike spirit or develop the Christlike character. There is a lack of brotherhood among the various denominations. In our desperate efforts to hold our own, or at least to make it appear that we are actually doing something, we sometimes stoop to methods that are cheap and spectacular. We seem to think at times that the church can win the world by becoming like the world, when her only excuse for existence is that she may inspire the world. She must allure men to better and holier ways of thought and life, and lead the way. But, when all of this sort has been said that can be, I presume that the great mass of people who absent themselves from the church do so because *they do not want to go.* They may have all kinds of excuses, good, bad, and indifferent, but underneath them all there is a desire to find some excuse that will still the voice of judgment and conscience that says: "It is a good thing to seek the house of the Lord. It is a good thing to meet with God's people for worship and to offer praises unto him who is the Author of our being, the Source of all our blessings, the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

The psalmist declares, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." There are many people who are restless and dissatisfied who do not realize that what they need is the soothing, helpful influence of a church service. We are told that John Ericsson, the great Swedish inventor, did not care for music, although he and Ole Bull were fast friends. Ole Bull invited him to attend one of his great concerts, but Ericsson declined. He suggested that some day he'd like to bring his violin down to the shop and play for him, but the inventor said that he'd just as soon hear a lot of tin pans as the finest music that he had ever listened to. One day Ole Bull broke his violin on purpose and then took it down to Ericsson's shop to get him to help fix it. When it was properly mended it had to be tested to see if it was all right. Ole Bull tuned it up and commenced to play as if oblivious of the presence of his friend. John Ericsson stood and listened, for an hour and more, like a man in a dream, and when the music ceased he cried, "Go on, go on. I never knew before what was lacking in

my life." So many people go through life discouraged and dissatisfied, not knowing what is the matter, until, by chance or by the mysterious guidance of an unseen Providence, they enter the house of God, and as they find there that which touches a responsive chord they realize what has been lacking in the life.

Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst." The multitudes may be scattered abroad on the Sabbath day. The woods may have more attraction than the sanctuary, the secular paper more attraction than the Bible, a real estate transaction be more attractive than the securing of a "title clear" to a mansion prepared for the individual from the foundation of the world, a baseball game more interesting than a Sunday school, but we search the Scriptures in vain to find anywhere that God promises a blessing to those who desecrate his holy Sabbath or despise his sanctuary.

Who can estimate the moral value of church attendance? The first great duty of the pulpit is to enunciate moral principles. No matter what certain classes may say or think, the intelligent Christian minister is constantly applying to present, everyday problems certain principles and truths which have been approved by mankind and which are the very foundation of law and civilization. The preacher faces his congregation with a carefully prepared discourse. He has looked at the subject in hand from every possible angle. He does not speak hastily or unadvisedly. He appeals to both judgment and conscience, and under the most favorable conditions men and women, young and old, have a chance to reflect upon the principles enunciated. The preacher shows theoretically the connection between virtue and happiness, between vice and misery, and then by concrete illustration drives the lessons home. The pulpit lays constant stress upon conduct as the gauge of character; that a profession made by the lips, which is not backed up by a consistent life, is like so much sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The criticism may be well taken that many professing Christians are not any better than certain people of the world, but the importance of the conduct harmonizing with the profession is constantly reiterated in all our churches. Then take the great realm of charity and philanthropy. Practically all of

our institutions of a benevolent character are connected directly or indirectly with the church. The church fosters hospitals, orphan asylums, homes for the aged, and so on. So the pulpit has much to say on charity, brotherly kindness, education, frugality, faithfulness to duty, industry, and all that goes to make a well-rounded, useful life. Then the refining influence that church attendance has upon manners should not be overlooked. It is not possible for men and women to attend the ordinary services of worship and not experience an uplift in mind and heart, and this must manifest itself in daily conduct. Compare the average political gathering, or even many lodge meetings, with a church service. Men lounge about, smoke, are noisy in such gatherings, while the church service is dignified and reverential. It will not do to say that all the well-mannered people of the country are regular church attendants and that all the uncultured, crude, and ignorant never darken the door of a church, but it must be admitted by all who have given the matter any attention that church attendance has a tendency to refine one's manners, while absence from the house of God has a tendency toward rudeness and a lack of refinement.

I am not able to state whether a generation hence conditions are going to be better than at present. A bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church is reported to have said recently that "We who know history are well aware that this is only a passing phase of religious deterioration, and that in a generation or two there will be a return to the knowledge of Christ." Let us hope that he is correct; but the trend of the times would indicate that he is trying to make an argument out of what he hopes rather than what is based on actual conditions.

We shall never be able to find any substitute for public worship. Many a time the devout worshiper has gone to the house of God with his soul burdened with grief and, while the sorrow has not been taken away, he has realized the efficacy of the "grace sufficient." He has gone there discouraged, and has found white-winged hope flying on swift and strong pinions to meet him. He has gone sorely beset by temptation, but the Holy Spirit has brought faith and courage to his soul and he has driven back the tempter in defeat. He has gone with burdened heart, and a sweet

voice has whispered, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee." He has gone with mind perplexed with business cares, and, somehow, through the power of prayer and song and genuine worship, his cares vanish like owls and bats when daylight approaches. He has gone when cold and practically spiritually dead, and something about the service has put a new light in his eye and new faith in his heart, and he goes away determined to be true as long as life shall last. The sinner has gone into the sanctuary with the weight of his sins threatening to overwhelm, harassed by doubts, bound as it were hand and foot by the chains of appetite and sinful passion, but under the influence of the Spirit's power he is convicted of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and in his hour of hopeless despair as he cries unto God for mercy, "heaven comes down his soul to greet, while glory crowns the mercy seat." Men may suggest a substitute for public worship, but until we can find some sanction in God's Word for something better we shall do well to wend our way to the house of God on the Sabbath day.

A. S. Haskins

Art. VIII.—LIONS OF LINLITHGOW

In Jacob Abbott's simple story of Mary Queen of Scots, among other illustrations, is a diagram of the grounds and Castle of Linlithgow, where the little lady was kept before her visit to France and her too short childhood there. Descriptive of a part of the diagram are the words, "The den at *d* was a round pit, like a well, which you could look down into, from above: it was about ten feet deep. They used to keep lions in such dens near the palaces and castles in those days." It probably escaped the genial Jacob's notice that you could not look *down* into a pit unless you *were* above it; but in spite of his tautology, his picture of the den and the lions "they used to keep" in it lights, like a candle flame at twilight, some of the darkness of those long-perished years. Many things may be better understood after seeing the lions in the pit "at *d*," which are near to unintelligible without them. Those lions in the pit are like a piece of a child's puzzle picture: without the piece you can get only an incomplete assemblage of shapes and colors. Without the lions you can get only confusion, but with them you can reconstruct the fashion of their entire age.

History has no more baffling figure than that of Mary of Scotland. Poor lady! For three hundred years they have been defending her from the old accusations and rearraigning her; but all the argument has not undone the work of Fotheringay. While two continents have been filling libraries with the literature of controversy, she has been sleeping undisturbed in Westminster Abbey among England's happier queens, and with her has slept the truth of many devious things in which she was so terribly concerned. Andrew Lang has been wiser in naming the book he has written about her than he has been successful in unraveling the title he has given it; he has called his volume "The Mystery of Mary Stuart, and the mystery is as dark when you have read his pages as it was before. What were the intricate details of all that intricate life of Mary; what good and bad, what humilities and passions, what vicious loves and noble aims all mingled in her

soul, and what tides of stormy issue surged and flowed against her woman's heart and queen's ambitions? These are all beyond discovery now, if ever they were accessible to other than her own unpublished insight. But this picture which Jacob Abbott gives us, so simple and human and untroubled, is representative of far greater things. I have thought many times of those clear Scotch mornings, with the sun striking sharply over the water around Linlithgow and warming the stern old mountains as they frowned upon the shimmering valley, and many a time I have seen the little queen in Janet Stirling's arms, looking into the round pit "from above" to watch the lions in it. I have no doubt she "grupped" Janet's neck a little tighter as the great beasts growled above the bones they bit, and started back a little frightened when they roared, and asked a hundred questions, and laughed above the den to see them sometimes sleeping lazily in the sun. This is about the only time in all her life, as it is written for us, when Mary is natural. They hurry her away from Linlithgow to Saint Germain, and you have to follow her swiftly through convent and studies and disciplines and a mad rush of artificial gayeties, through plots and a marriage at fifteen and widowhood at seventeen, and then on into her black and crimson life of storm and mist and shadow and intrigue and sin, wherein one hardly, if ever, gets a glimpse of the woman underneath the queen and politician. If the celebrated Casket Letters are not altogether forgeries, there is an almost natural picture of Mary in one of them, where, while the wife of Darnley, she is sitting late into the night to make a bracelet for Bothwell. Even the sin of the relationship involved does not take away the sad tenderness of the woman's heart beneath the steel of royalty yearning out to the only love that seems ever to have mastered her; but this glimpse is so interwoven with suspicion and intrigue that, without any tacit references to our moral standards, it leaves, in passing, an unwholesome glow. We shall never have the mystery of Mary Stuart laid open before us, but Mary looking at the lions of Linlithgow becomes a light to shine—as far as any light will shine—through and down the long darkness streaming around her later life.

Mary looking on the lions in the den "at *d*" is really the

picture of Mary all her days. They not only "kept lions in such dens near the palaces and castles in those days," as Jacob Abbott writes, but they were lions in those very palaces and castles. Francis, of course, is no lion, but he died young and is hardly to be counted; though how different history would have been if he had lived! After Francis comes Darnley, with his black hair and fine figure given to corpulence, his insolent and selfish and impatient temper, his cruel heart, abusing Mary in private and insulting her in public and wearying her to distraction with his undisciplined ambition and pettiness and untrained incompetence. Some semi-humorous congressman, relieving himself stealthily, a few years ago, of a malice against President Roosevelt which he was afraid to express openly, used the phrase, "a peevish lion." Society has never been unacquainted with the species, though it has not always had so clever a name for it. Darnley is the peevish lion of his day, redeemed from utter contempt only by the pathos of that last night of his in Kirk o' Field house, when the last tenderness of Mary touched his impetuous heart and with hungry eyes he watched her leave. One cannot help but pity him as Mary turns at the door of the chamber to remind him that is is just eleven months since Rizzio was murdered; and he asks with curious, touching voice, "Why did she say that to-night?" One hears him, boy that he was in spite of all his noble birth and passion and intrigue for place, singing his psalm with his servant, and then, in the dim light, he and the servant are stretched out together by the hedge, strangled to death, while Kirk o' Field House is in ruins. A peevish lion he was, but death brings a certain dignity in its black, still hands, and a dead lion has lost his peevishness.

Then there is Maitland of Leathington, the shrewd lion, the cultured lion, the most cunning and alert and noiseless of them all. Wherever he goes he creeps, and he goes on both sides at once until the issue is finally decided and he can safely commit himself. He is always saving his own hide and interested in no other but his own.

Murray, or Moray, Mary's half-brother, looms large across the jungle society in which he moves. He is lion, but, after all, he

is an ugly lion; one to be feared mostly because he cannot be trusted. He fawns and then he strikes; he professes, but his practice does not parallel with his profession. He can learn any tricks the trainer Circumstance will show him, and opportunely he will forget them all. He will let one put one's head in his mouth a hundred times to please the audience, but at last in a fit of ugliness he will bite it off to satisfy himself. He is a lion in another sense, truer to zoölogical accuracy than romantic sentiment: with all his regal poise your true lion will rob without respect of persons, like the meanest of marauding hounds; and Murray will steal from his own as soon as, if not sooner than, from an alien, will growl and strike his kin and ruin his queenly sister with his tongue, and when at last he has accomplished her death will manufacture convenient tears. Murray's very piety is feline: he will save Protestantism, but Protestantism must make its salvation profitable to Murray and he cannot even blush when he takes the price. Not a pleasant figure is this Murray, for, though he is a lion, there is a certain skulk about him.

However, he is regal beside Morton, who is no lion at all, only a lecherous jackal in a lion's skin, with a lion's big, black beard and imitating a lion's voice. His most kingly trait is a passion for other folk's property that can be seized in the name of whatever cause is closest to his hand, desecrated, however noble it may be, by his very naming of it.

But when you look at Bothwell, for he comes next, you see a lion indeed. No man believes that he violated his queen, as some microscopic intelligence has asserted, though Bothwell is the kind to storm a throne. Whatever Mary *was* she was voluntarily, though she doubtless *did* many things under compulsion. Great of body, with his tawny hair like a lion's mane, save when he cut it close for safety,

> A goodly man,
> Thewed mightily and sunburnt to the bone,

Bothwell is one to command a castle or a killing, to drive a ship through storms at sea or stride laughing to a lady's chamber; masterful alike in any case. But he is no rude brute with only a

strong arm and a big voice. He has a fine library, with beautifully tooled books in it, and he has read them; he can write French as well as English when most of the men of his time can write neither. Here is a lion made right: to roar and growl if need be, and to follow growl with spring and seizure. Then, again, like Nick Bottom the weaver, if he wants, he can "aggravate his voice so that he will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; he will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." Around him, for and against, with these others, ran and scurried the lesser breed of Ruthvens and Lindesays and the like, none of them, high or low, having quite his bigness, his breadth of mastery and daring, and his indefinable attractiveness. I have long ceased to wonder at the passion of Mary for Bothwell: surrounded as she was by lions peevish and cunning and treacherous, to the bewildered and beleaguered queen, Bothwell, with all his roar and clutch, must have seemed the only good lion of them all.

One begins to pity Mary, seeing her so encompassed, till one remembers that she is at home among them, for the lion is not altogether absent from her nature. Psychology has not yet said the last word concerning the influence of external objects upon personal character, but certain facts are known, such as the intimate relation between environment and temper, as illustrated in the quiet, unhurried Swiss, upon his placid mountains and beneath his noble clouds, and the hot, impetuous Sicilian upon the lava of his volcanic island and beneath his blazing sky. Hawthorne's story of Ernest and the Great Stone Face suggests that possibly the lions Mary looked at in Jacob Abbott's den "at *d*," influenced beyond recognition the lady's character. She was altogether innocent and untroubled as she watched them on those happy mornings; Francis and Darnley and Murray and Leathington and Morton and Bothwell were all undreamed. But if she had known would she not have heard the scream of David Rizzio in Holyrood when the lions cried, and the dull explosion of Kirk o' Field House when they growled above the bones they bit? And would not the chafing prisoners, pacing the dull, round pit, have prophesied her own long captivity—to be unlocked at last, but only with the ax? Happily she did not know, and sailed, unsuspecting, to France

and to fifteen sunny years, and did not learn until she had come back that the lions were not only in the pit but all around her, and that she herself was of their breed. Swinburne's Mary Beaton, moaning over Chastelard, sees somewhat into the mystery of Mary Stuart, but cannot do more than repeat it:

> There's some blood in her
> That does not run to mercy as ours doth;
> That fair face and the cursed heart in her
> Made keener than a knife for manslaying
> Can bear strange things.

She laughs as she sends poor Chastelard to the scaffold; she sees Rizzio fall at her feet, stabbed to death by her husband, but her baby, born only two months later, has never a mark of his mother's terror on that night; and twenty years afterward she does not even wince when the ax falls awry on her own fair neck, but waits immovable for the second stroke.

When Mary looked out beyond the intimate circle which surrounded her she saw still another and a wider ring of stern faces more lion-like than any with whom she had more familiarly to deal; the faces of the uncompromising, unrelenting, reforming preachers led by Knox. Theirs were hard faces, so hard that the misfortunes of many conflicts, the cruelties of kings, long imprisonments and tortures and deaths could not bring a gleam of white upon their lips nor a shadow to their eyes nor start a tremor in their rebuking voices; theirs were hard faces, but there was no duplicity in them, no smirk of profitable piety like Murray's and no unlovely craft like Maitland's—far less the dishonest lust of Morton. They had not the dash of romance which hovers, somehow, over Bothwell, but neither did they know the foolish pettiness and passion of a Darnley. Stern-faced they were, and unrelenting, but the sternest of them could turn from his fierce attack on Mary the queen to be compassionate toward Mary the woman. It is a fictitious scene of Scott's in The Abbot, where Henderson, the Puritan preacher, describes himself to the imprisoned Mary as "one who has hungered and thirsted, watched and prayed, to undertake the good work of your conversion, and who would be

content to die the instant a work so advantageous for yourself and so beneficial to Scotland were accomplished," but it breathes the very heart of those hard-featured, iron-languaged men. They were lions, and hostile lions at that, but they knew how to pity; and if they had been able they would have done what no one else seems even to have attempted, they would have saved Mary from herself.

Still further out, beyond that wider ring of lions, watched and kept her hate and sneered and fawned and plotted Elizabeth of England; lioness to the soul, purring when it served her purpose, but when affronted striking only the more surely, as when Essex, with an insolence which history cannot altogether mourn, went to the block; Elizabeth of England, pitilessly dissembling as hunters say the lioness will do, when playing, like her distant kin the house cat, with her helpless but emboldened prey.

The little lady in Janet Stirling's arms looked and laughed at the lions in the den "at *d*" when the pets of Linlithgow lay growling in the sun; and all through her life the Lady Mary looked and often laughed at fiercer lions, only to be done to sin and shame and at last death among them, when

> . . . smiling last her heavenliest smile on earth,
> She waves a blind hand toward them with farewell.

It would be an interesting study if one were to search diligently for the connection between the playthings of an age and the age's general character and expression; for there must be some intimate relationship between them, whereby the one becomes the symbol of the other. Just as the character and vocation of a child may be predicted from the games and toys in which it most delights—the wooden sword, the chair transformed into a pulpit, the clock dismantled and then rebuilt, foreshadowing the soldier, the priest, the mechanician—so the pets and playthings of an age may well reflect its inner nature and the peculiar genius of its expression. If this is not true, by some congenital relationship, of the age in which the lions were kept in the den at Linlithgow, there is here a most amazing coincidence. All Europe was a lion park that century, and everywhere was the spectacle of lions caged, and breaking from their cages, and free and rampant. Christo-

pher Marlowe was growling out dramatic notes supporting the sturdier tones of William Shakespeare, the gentlest yet the greatest lion of his breed, though it was not till after Fotheringay that the lion strength of either was made fully known; while Beaumont and Fletcher, blustering fellows that they were, followed, roaring nobly. Francis Bacon had not as yet displayed his lion's greed and his fawning on his betters such as afterward revealed the craven in his nature, but already he was a lion's cub when Mary waved blind hands and said farewell. Drake was in his prime, the lion of the sea, as Spain and Holland could testify together from beneath his heavy paw. Spain herself, although she did not know it, had put forth a lion of her own, for Cervantes was but five years younger than the Lady Mary. He too passed through dark days and sad imprisonment, but no ax was waiting for him, and he lived his lion life, pathetically at last, but lion-hearted to the end, a generation after Mary's closed. Edmund Spenser, the second great English man of letters, whose voice is lifted yet above a chorus of those who were counted lions by their day, was born but ten years after Mary, and seven years before her death attended the slaughter in Ireland of six hundred refugees of Mary's faith, at the order of his chief, Lord Grey de Wilton, the Lord Deputy. From savageries like that he turned to sound the more melodious notes of the Faerie Queen. One cannot think of John Knox without seeing Calvin out beyond him, the lion of French Protestantism; and Calvin, with his inflexible creed, lived until the very year that Mary first saw Darnley. Zwingli had fallen in conflict eleven years before Mary was born, but Martin Luther, the grimmest, oldest lion of them all, whose growl and bite had begun the warring business of the creeds, lived on; and not till Mary was laughing with the little girls of France, whose childhood did not know the meaning of her dignity nor read the tragedy engraved upon the future, did Martin Luther lay him down to die "full of forebodings of evil to come and more dominated than ever by wrath against the Sacramentaries on the one hand and the Pope on the other." These all were lion lives and lion deaths and Mary laughed unknowingly beside them.

It is not, then, altogether unsuggestive that we do not now keep lions in round pits near our palaces and castles. Our gentlemen have trout streams stocked, and pheasant grounds, and some few clubs of gentlemen preserve some places where the melancholy deer may run in imitation freedom, but that is as near to keeping lions as our year of grace finds convenient to its taste. With the sure logic of some intimate, if undiscovered, relationship, it is indubitably true that we ourselves are far other than the more heroic-molded frames and dashing spirits of the days when they kept lions for amusement and little ladies looked upon them from their nurses' arms. One may ask with a slight paraphrase of a most estimable poet, "Where are the lions of yesteryear?" for time, that tryeth troth, works as well insistent alterations in the form and face of other things than love. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The round pit down into which the Lady Mary looked at Linlithgow was long since filled till every trace of its old shape and tenants has been completely swept away, and with them have disappeared the figures, customs, graces, mad ambitions and pathetic hopes of the age in which, for a generation's entertainment, they played reluctantly their minor but suggestive parts. Kirk o' Field House is gone, the great University buildings covering the very ground on which it stood. The old stones, so saturated with state intrigue and crime, and so symbolic in their last disorder of the destructive spirit of their epoch, have given place to other stones, incarnating in other shapes and fashions the constructive agencies of life, while the shadows of dark centuries past, mixing with the sunshine of present aspirations, inspire and chasten modern culture to a nobleness of which those earlier princes never knew. Those ageless and impartial mountains, themselves transformed as by an alchemy from barren steeps of cliff and scaur to fruitful slopes, used in other days to look unmoved on many a splendid and romantic tragedy, now watch dispassionately the common industries and happy warfares of men and women singing at their toil, whose romance is no less real, and not a shade less beautiful, because it does not breathe kings' amours or the deaths of queens or the profitable treasons of unblushing knights. With the lions gone out of the pit "at *d*"

have gone as well those nobler lions they so thoroughly typified: Shakespeare is dead and Cervantes and Spenser, and Bacon with his feline avarice and fawning, and literature and philosophy and the world's fine humor have looked in vain through all the years since them to find them fit successors; Drake's genius has doubtless blown down the centuries, but the fresh and savage romance of that older, untamed sea, and the winds amid the cordage, and the open deck—all that went by when John Paul Jones, the last to speak that old undaunted lionhood and the last to gather round him that older ocean romance, died in his upper room in the Rue de Tournon a hundred years ago. Knox, Calvin, Zwingli, Luther —they left no progeny; only Mary's son remained, and the lion in his lineage had been buried in his mother's grave. The lions are all dead.

It may be regretted, from the view point of Ruskin or William Morris, that the old order changeth, but it can hardly be denied that God fulfills himself in many ways; and it is beyond argument that, to the overwhelming majority of men and women inhabiting palaces or apartment houses to-day, the humblest form of diversion is vastly preferable to the most gorgeous lion in the most magnificent pit. This is not a suggestion that the absence of the lions from the experience and aspiration of modern life is altogether a sign of depreciation. Lions are necessary and admirable in their place, and for their particular purposes, but a few of them go a long way. One cannot comfortably stay for any length of time with a real lion: it is so hard to live up to him. This is true even of a lion in a cage, for the caged lion by the very pathos of his imprisonment summons one to a royal fortitude. I have no doubt that it would be truer of a lion at liberty; you would have to keep ahead of him or be eaten. The caged lion inspires and the free lion constrains to stress and tension; in either case that is the lion's function. It is good, in just such fashion, to have had Shakespeare and Bacon and Spenser and Blake and Cervantes and Drake and the Reformers; as one hears them calling even yet across the stretch of years he must be up and doing. But neither they nor any other heroes call to the ages and individuals after them to be shaped to their own specific and invariable pattern,

though certain narrower-minded disciples have insisted on such a rigid conformity; they demand simply that succeeding life shall be informed with their spirit. The spectacle of a lion is not a command to go on all fours and to cultivate roaring and a tail, but to seize upon a lion temper and to discipline it to more noble passions and more permanent expression.

This, indeed, our modern age has done. The disappearance of the lion as a pet is the result or at least a corollary of the more worthy incarnation of the lion as a spirit of life. The lions in the den "at *d*" ministered to curiosity and awoke, while humoring, the sense of fear and gratified the very human feeling of superiority. It was doubtless fascinating to see them angry in the den and to think serenely of the havoc they would make if once they should escape, and then to feel securely that they could not escape, that they were mastered. There is the temper of the whole age; it can be expressed in three words: curiosity, fear, supremacy. It was an age peculiarly open to wonder, peculiarly susceptible to fright, and peculiarly pleased with the experience of power. Its fatal weakness was the uselessness of so much of its activity: the lions in the den were valueless, their strength idle and their roars vain energy. They were simply an unproductive expense. This is the striking feature of the age that kept them: its stupendous waste of power and opportunity. Darnley's pettiness and Leathington's craft and Murray's intrigue and Bothwell's stride and bluster, even as we look upon the thrones for which they fought and sinned and suffered, never seem to be quite worth while. To-day has no lions in dens, save here and there a few commercialized and hardly to be reckoned as symbolic of life, but it has a curiosity matching that of any other age, a curiosity which no multitude or manner of lions could satisfy, but which searches the air for its secrets of flight and the mystery of electric harmonies. It has not altogether lost its fear, but the nature of it has changed, so that it is no longer a fear of what may happen, but rather a fear that nothing will happen at all. In its consciousness of power it is never satisfied merely to have captured; it must employ. This age of Mary and the lions in dens was destructive; it would imprison lions merely to look at them, a dislocation of nature

for the sake of amusement. To-day will dislocate nature without a qualm, will imprison lions of all sorts, but only if it can make them work; they must earn their keep or not come, even as prisoners, into good society.

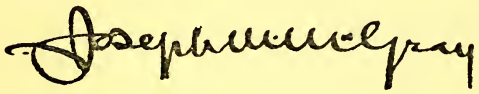
There is, of course, considerably more romance about lions in pits than about lions put to work, as there is more visible magnificence in Niagara plunging unfretted to the rocks than rather tamely turning wheels. But while, for many reasons, we could wish to see the Falls untouched by commerce, yet it cannot be doubted that they are of vastly more use to the world as they tumble down their unromantic turbines, and not a whit less powerful. The present age, in short, like Nature, abhors a vacuum; it will not tolerate waste. We have outgrown the times when men put lions in dens for queens to look at, and blustered their way to thrones unmindful of rights and duties and women's honor and children's tears and their own brave oaths. Kings come rather quietly, not to say apprehensively, to kingdoms in these days—at least the more noise they make the less kings they are and the littler are their thrones. The old forms of folks have passed; but, let it be remembered, the old curious, wondering, masterful spirit abides, disciplinary and constructive. It is unhappily true that the Leathingtons and the Mortons ply their old trades, but it is only infrequently, and little to the benefit of themselves, while hardly to the hurt of others. There are some Darnleys, now, as then, intent on profitable marriage; however, they are no longer intimately associated, far less necessarily identified, with the fortunes of society at large, while even they serve a useful purpose as examples of what modern manhood ought not to be. The Murrays are more numerous; but with all their selfishness, and in spite of their convenient convictions and adjustable consciences, they are working out the expanding prosperity of corporate life, and by the influences they arouse from the reaction of modern thought against them they are steadily contributing to the saner philosophy of life. The Bothwells of to-day are plentiful, but they are building railroads and throwing bridges over giant rivers and taming mountain ranges, and sometimes, with the old free-booting blood, cornering markets on boards of trade and stock

exchanges. The old lions seem to have disappeared, but the truth is rather that only their forms have vanished.

It would be well if those retrospective souls who lose themselves in pessimistic comparisons would bear in mind this durability of the lions in human life. For with the reappearance of these ignobler spirits there remains as well the more heroic soul: John Knox also abides. He takes, rather has kept, his place in society in many fashions, but he has the same clear trumpet to his lips. Spiritual qualities and fibers do not change with time; they run constant through history, and Knox, never moved by idle curiosity nor stirred with fear nor running to waste, though thoroughly akin to the age in which he lived, was yet never exclusively of it. More than all these others he and his lions with him are of all ages, and if he could return in the flesh after a more prolonged slumber than Rip Van Winkle's he would find himself at home, with a right to speak his old message and with his lips not strange nor the ears to which they should speak not unfamiliar. He and his lions fought their generation into whatever is best of all its achievements and heritage, and so, whatever destructions were liberated by them, they were always constructive in ultimate results. Especially because he was thus constructive Knox remains to-day in the unpublished but undefeated Puritanism which, in spite of scorn and ribald contempt, constrains by subtle influences an ever-heightening moral standard and an ever-broadening moral issue in society, politics, and personal life.

The lions of Linlithgow, and with them the particular lion spirits they symbolized, are dead and long forgotten, and to-day presents apparently no heroic figures worthy of an epic recollection such as Mary's Scotland and her Europe so abundantly produced. But yet, though the winds no longer have the chance to sing amid the cordage of ships-of-war, and the quarter deck is gone, and only fortresses of steel and iron taunt the disappointed sea, though the sword has disappeared from everything except dress parades and theaters, and thrones are won by the stately tediums of diplomatic science, perhaps a Wright or Verdine or Grahame-White and their companions of the troubled air, with strange sensations firing them, and perils their very bread of life,

and the skies at last subdued, might once again suggest the old Homeric breed. And if one might dream a quiet postscript uncolored by the pomps of war or prides of fortune, it is not too far a cry to believe that the uncounted heroisms of the common life, unsung because too numerous to excite our wonder, braveries of grimy men and patient women, laying down their lives without reward of thrones or even recognition, might prove, on meditation, to be an even richer incarnation of the lions of other days. The lions of Linlithgow, we may thank the kindlier expansion of the hearts of men, are gone forever and a day; but the lions of our common life have been and are to-day immortal.



Art. IX.—TENDENCIES OF MODERN LITERATURE

Goethe, who became the literary godfather of young Eckermann, the author of the Conversations, repeatedly advised him to complete his education in letters by making a careful study of contemporary French, German, and English writers. For by this the young student would not only sharpen his literary judgment, but gain insight and culture. We know how diligently the poet practiced as he preached, and how for this very reason he is, in his novels, dramas, and poems, from "Werther" and "Goetz" to "Wilhelm Meister" and "Faust," the realization of the ideals that stirred Europe and America from the day when Rousseau urged a return to nature and the simple man to the day when Darwin and Wallace proved that nature and man, as we know them to-day, are the result of a ceaseless battle against pressing environment. Goethe would not have been the representative man of the nineteenth century had he not been the diligent student of the art and letters of his own day. Is it because our day is so barren of literary harvest that we forbid any serious effort at cultivating its writers? Do we not, in English literature at least, set up a bar at the death of Browning and Tennyson, and say to the young student, "Thus far and no farther"? How many universities in our States offer courses in writers of to-day? How many of our graduate students write dissertations on contemporary authors instead of investigations in fields that have long since been gleaned in the forlorn hope of garnering a stray ear or a forgotten straw? It would be ludicrous, were it not pathetic, to watch their laborious inquisitiveness, to which a parallel can be found only in Gulliver's Laputa. Is it not a better exercise to train the judgment on matters of interest to-day, bringing to bear on them the critical faculty sharpened by contact with the literature and art of the past? It is in this inability on our part to take our authors seriously that I find at least one reason for our literary ineptitude.

It might be objected that each age has felt the need of apologizing for its writers. Plato was unable to see above two or three poets who deserved a place in his Commonwealth. Petrarch was

so far hopeless of Italian that he translated his best poems into Latin, and tried to rescue his friend Boccaccio from oblivion by clothing the "saved" stories of the "Decamerone" in the garments of immortality. Bacon did the same with his "Essays." Erasmus refused to write, or even to speak, in the literary mode of his day, and in consequence remains, except for the few, as much an unknown as Juvenal or Tertullian. Sidney and Spenser mourned the sad fate that had befallen English letters at the very time that Shakespeare was holding horses at the door of the theater. But these very men, while they deplored the absence of a genuine literature, read, and read intently, what their age was producing. Plato knew intimately the poets of his time. Petrarch studied Dante and Boccaccio. Erasmus owed much to the writings of nearly every great contemporary. Sidney and Spenser built their poems on foundations laid by men of their own time.

Are we wise, again, to turn with but a careless glance to those writing to-day? Amid the confusing din of poets, playwrights, novelists, short-story writers, literary hacks, magazine bunglers—from this mass of advertising and advertised literary adventurers—are we unable to catch the true note that distinguishes the creator from the imitator, the artist from the sign painter? Do we know our literary men and women too well to allow ourselves to be impressed by their real merits? Do we look to them merely to amuse us, and go for intellectual stimulus to those of whose literary apotheosis we are assured? Perhaps we regard our writers to-day as our valets, and, to invert the adage, no valet can be a hero to his master. The old verse comes to my mind, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept." It is interesting to comment on this attitude of refusing to make a hero of anyone while he is yet with us. For a good many years now there has been a fairly general opinion, probably well grounded, that Tolstoi was one of our leading literary thinkers; yet somehow libraries managed to struggle along with one or two copies each of his better known works—except his greatest, which has suffered literary excommunication and been for years on the index. Now, at his death, suddenly comes an overwhelming demand, and libraries

report that they must meet this by immediate increase of supply. Though Tolstoi's work was completed nearly twenty years ago, he finds his mass of readers to-day.

But there seems to me to be a deeper reason for our refusal to take our writers with more than half seriousness. All feel that literature can be effectively studied only through the medium of history, where are reflected the ideas and ideals of the age that gave it birth. To get a full appreciation of Homer we must be able to picture to ourselves the civilization of which his epics were the flower. To understand Dante aright we must see him with the eyes of mediæval Europe, we must know its ideals of spiritual and temporal feudalism. In the same way, to grasp the full significance of Shakespeare we must know the stirring times of the English Renaissance, with its high ideals of physical and intellectual manhood. Coming down almost to our own time, we must understand the idea of the worth of the individual emotion to appreciate clearly the romanticism of George Sand. These writers were all of them products of their ages. It is idle to hope that our age, which is moved by other motives, obeys other laws, can reproduce for us a Homer, a Dante, a Shakespeare, or even a George Sand. At best it can produce only a weak imitation; and all imitations are weak because the imitator, by withdrawing from the realities of his own time, attempts to live with the ghosts of a vanished age. No great master has been followed by a great disciple, for by the time the master has been dead a few years the world has moved on, and new forces, new ideas, have begun to work, which demand a new interpretation, a new literature. Is it not because we do not fully understand the vague and sometimes unpleasant strivings of the new ideals of to-day that we do not regard the authors who are trying to give them utterance?

I do not mean to suggest that the ideas of to-day are of more real value than those of the days of Homer or of Shakespeare, or that the writers of to-day stand higher than those mentioned. We have gained in critical skill and artistic technique, to be sure; and our writers are better craftsmen. The first interpretation of the doctrine of evolution, that all progress means progress for improvement of the type, has been pretty well shot to pieces by

later investigators. The environment determines in what direction the individual shall develop. So it is with literature. Its ultimate worth is determined by the age that produces it. And the ideas of to-day, the ideals that underlie our activities, for better or worse, are molding our authors. They are most intimately an expression of our intellectual, social, political unrest. We may like them, or not like them, but, as Touchstone remarks of Audrey, we must claim them as our own. At least, if we take the works seriously, they may, like a chart, determine with some accuracy where we stand and indicate the direction in which we are moving.

Nor in this effort to estimate our writers to-day at their true worth have our critics been always the truest of guides. Immersed almost always in the literature of the past, they have had scant leisure to comprehend what the present is trying to express. Drawing their critical weapons from some ancient though worthy armory, they often strive to combat what they call modern literary heresies. The trouble is that the heresies of one age often become the gospel of the next. There are, to be sure, certain more or less clearly indicated laws which all literature must obey. But the manner in which these laws are to be obeyed depends entirely upon the age. There is a continuity in the development of literature as clearly followed as the continuity in the development of any human institution. But it would be as idle for the critic of letters to insist that our books should be like those of ancient Greece as it would be for the political scientist to mold our Constitution upon that of ancient Athens or Rome.

But let us try to see what a few of the ideas are that are struggling for literary expression.

We have in these latter days heard a great deal of the effect of science and materialism upon literature. It is doubtless true that the whole school of modern realism is directly an attempt to apply to the study of man and his relations the same methods that are applied so successfully to the study of physical nature. Balzac, Flaubert, George Eliot, in a slight way Dickens, Zola, perhaps Howells and Henry James, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith, all have tried to put human nature in the retort or under the microscope. But the reign of "Le Roman Experi-

mental" has passed. What is best in the method we shall keep as a valuable heritage, but the limits of physical science have been clearly indicated. And under the heavy blows of such critics of materialism as Edmond Scherer, what might be called the *new spiritualism* in fiction seems more and more to be showing its influence. What is this? How shall we define it? It is yet as elusive as the fairy of old romance. I catch the note in some of the plays of Maurice Maeterlinck—in his Jayzelle, which I profess I do not understand—in his earlier Monna Vanna, and Pélléas and Mélisande. It is in Moody's Faith Healer, Locke's Beloved Vagabond, and more crudely in Kennedy's The Servant in the House. It takes at times almost the form of a new mysticism such as was foreshadowed in the poetry of William Blake. In effect it is a strong reassertion of the subjective life, as opposed to the purely objective or psychical which is the subject of the realist. It goes back for its material even to the earliest Christian times, as in William Schuyler's Under Pontius Pilate. There are strong tendencies in the direction of this *spiritualism* in the plays of Gerhart Hauptmann, especially in the Sunken Bell, Pippa Tanzt, and Elga. This is not romanticism, for it does not raise to the *n*th degree the worth of the individual emotions. Rather it is the collective emotion, the social consciousness and feeling in the individual that it seeks to portray. It is this strong feeling of the social state that seems more powerfully than anything else to distinguish our age from the nineteenth century. That was an age of political and industrial problems. We are now carrying to its extreme the democratic ideal, and dreaming of a social democracy and its ideals of concerted action and brotherhood. If this shows itself on its subjective side in the writers I have mentioned it has also its objective side, and that more powerfully asserted. We need go no farther than Tolstoi to find its leading apostle; and a host of writers, especially in Germany, have followed his teaching. This seems inherent in such a play as Justice, by John Galsworthy, and powerfully affects the work of H. G. Wells. Necessarily, under the ideal of the brotherhood of the human race, there is not much room for nationalism. Socialism tends to break down racial lines; and now it finds itself powerfully

aided by the rapid fusing of the races through emigration. As pure racial types are now becoming more and more rare, so there is rising into prominence the literature of cosmopolitanism. None of the authors I have mentioned exhibits any strongly marked national traits. Whether writing on English, American, German, French, or Russian subjects, their point of view is essentially that of a citizen of the world. It is a question in my mind whether we shall ever again attain a truly national literature.

As a reaction against this cosmopolitanism comes the work of Kipling. He will at all costs be rigidly insular. He fans his national antipathies, refuses to see any good in a foreigner, urges his country to look to her laurels in peace and war. Let us call him the heroic bard of the twentieth century. The very hopelessness of his cause gives him renewed strength. If the comparison did not seem far fetched I should like to call him a Homer waiting for a fall of Ilios that he might celebrate in heroic song.

But still urging its claims with powerful appeals is the modern spirit of Individualism. Traced back whether to Nietzsche or Goethe, this new note is heard in every land. It is what inspired the best work of Ibsen. It gives Jack London his theme, from the more or less barbaric Call of the Wild to his later Burning Daylight. It is a striving for a new aristocracy, a new humanity based on the worth and culture of the individual man. Lawless at times, because laws it regards as outgrown human conventions, it looks to the future when man shall be free from idols he has set up and mistakenly worships; free, because it knows the difference between truth and dogma, between judgment and prejudice.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

VISIBLE VALUES IN ROBERT BROWNING

THIS is not a literary criticism from a college chair of English literature, but an estimate of values from the standpoint of practical life; no academic discussion, but a report of one man's experience with Browning while harnessed to the load of daily labor, in touch with human nature and human needs, as known and felt in actual life. No fair survey of English literature in the Victorian age can fail to recognize Robert Browning as one of the most potent intellectual and religious forces of his time; and no liberally educated person can afford to be unacquainted with the products of his genius. We submit a few reasons which make it profitable to cultivate acquaintance with this poet.

I. If anybody wants initial mental impulse to set his mind going, Browning furnishes it. When G. H. Lewes was telling Huxley that he never had any difficulty in getting into the full swing of composition, saying: "I never hesitate. I get up steam at once. In short, I boil at a low temperature," Huxley, whose experience was different, said, "But that implies a vacuum in the upper regions." Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst says his mind rarely starts until he has a pen between his fingers and a drop of ink on the point of it. Most of us will agree that he is fortunate beyond the ordinary whose mind always makes a prompt start then. Most writers sometimes find it necessary to set the mental machinery in motion by a borrowed impulse. The mind occasionally needs arousing. "How do you wake up your mind and start it on its best creative action?" is a question often asked among intellectual workers, and answered variously. One replies, "I take up Shakespeare"; another, "I run through a few tough propositions in geometry"; another, "I read a chapter in Job or Romans"; another, "I touch up my brains and sensibilities with Robertson or Bushnell or Phillips Brooks." Beecher said: "When my thoughts hesitate, I pick up a suggestive book and read until my mind takes fire and gives out sparks of its own." Professor Austin Phelps knew one young preacher who found La Place's Mécanique Céleste to be most effective

in awakening his mind to original production. A critic, discussing Emerson's talks with a college boy about the art of writing, says, "The outcome of Emerson's precepts is this—to see clearly and state lucidly, which is what not one writer in five hundred can do. And not one in five million can add to clearness of thought and lucidity of expression that electric force which stirs the reader himself to creative effort. Emerson has it, and a greater than he—Shakespeare." To these we unhesitatiingly add a third, Robert Browning, whose nearest kin in quality among American minds is Emerson, and whose only brother among British poets is Shakespeare. And we say that for contagious kindling, for intellectual arousement, for imparting initial impulse, there is nothing better than Browning's best. If the mental machinery will not start up when the morning whistle blows for opening the mill, just belt the running gear over onto his shafting, and get propelling power for a start until your own slow furnace fires give you a sufficient head of steam to make your engines do their work.

II. If anybody cares for intellectual athletics, this poet provides a large amount of strenuous mental exercise. The Browning literature is a gymnasium for the mind. Now poetry as a means of thorough mental discipline will doubtless be a novel thought to those whose habit has been to regard it only as a relaxation; but whoever makes only such luxurious use of poetry must let the Browning shelf alone. He himself said, "I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man." The works of Browning are not easy reading suitable for leisure's recreation. Nowhere in prose or poetry is your whole complex nature more put upon its mettle, piqued and challenged, summoned to responsive action, dared to do its mightiest and keenest on problems, puzzles, subtleties, profundities—the mysteries of nature, life, and destiny. In no poet, unless it be Shakespeare, is mental tension so sustained and exacted. And if anyone wants a powerful and stinging stimulus, a tingling exhilaration to tighten every faculty up to its strenuous best, he may find it almost anywhere between "Pauline," published in 1833, and "Asolando," 1889.

The popular complaint lodged against Browning by people who decline to study him, is that he is inexcusably difficult because unnecessarily obscure. Charles Dickens said of Browning's early work, "I have read the thing forwards and can make no sense of it; I have tried it backwards and that is no better." When Wordsworth was told that Elizabeth Barrett had married Robert Browning he said

of these rivals of his: "It's a good thing the two understand each other, for no one else understands them." Carlyle, while declaring Browning's excerpt from the Alkestis of Euripides to be the best translation of its kind he had ever seen, exclaimed to William Allingham concerning Browning's "Agamemnon": "O bless me! Can you understand it at all? I went carefully over some parts of it, and for my soul's salvation could not make out the meaning." A Boston University professor once overheard two Browningites: "Have you read Browning's last book?" "No, have you?" "Yes, I've been reading it all the morning." "Well, how do you like it?" "O, it's one of those things, you know, that you can't understand; but then, of course, it's glorious." Chesterton, referring to Browning's superb optimism, says that when he praises God he wants all men and beasts and fishes and flying creatures to take part in the applauding chorus of the cosmos; but that sometimes he praises in such a way that God alone could possibly understand the praise. Certain it is that some readers who broke into Browning at the wrong place, beginning, say, with "Sordello," instead of with "Hervé Riel" or "The Flight of the Duchess," or "Evelyn Hope," or "Pippa Passes," understood what they read no more than the geese understood Schopenhauer:

See them un-der-neath the tree
Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,
While she reads them by the hour
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.

How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!
But do they re-al-ly comprehend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driv-ing at?
Oh, not at all; but what of that?
Nei-ther do I: nei-ther does she;
And, for that mat-ter, nei-ther does he.

Lowell said he'd give his copy of Sordello to anyone who'd lay his hand on his heart and declare that he understood the poem; though W. H. Channing asserted that Sordello needed only full and proper punctuation to be perfectly plain.

All manner of ridicule has been directed at the Browning societies, the prime principle of which, according to Arlo Bates, is that a poem of Browning's is a sort of prize rebus or conundrum to be guessed, and the club is a syndicate of brains organized for the purpose of mining the deeply buried ore of thought and smelting out the meaning.

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Shakespeare for "Fatigues most drear, and needless overtax of speech obscure that had as lief be plain"; at the same time that he also pardons old Father Homer for his "drear harangues that tease the patience of the centuries." Professor Boyesen, though he put Browning as a poet below Keats and Shelley and Tennyson, as all do who value form above substance, yet said that his obscurity is not from confusion of thought but from overfullness. It is opulence, not obfuscation. Browning once told his critics that if they had to put in one small line—cut short perhaps by metrical necessities—some thought big and bouncing, they would comprehend one reason of his obscurity; which recalls a confession of Horace, *"Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio"* (In laboring to be concise, I become obscure).

Now there is no doubt that Browning meant to be intelligible. An artist tells us that in his London studio, the poet said one day, "Anybody who honestly tries can understand my poetry." Once when a friend asked him what was the precise idea in a certain passage of his poetry the poet read it over and replied, "Really I cannot now tell, but I believe it will be worth your while to keep on studying it." That was the sober saying of a greatly modest man who meant to write no line that was not full of thought. When Dr. Murray was at work on the Philological Society's new dictionary he wrote Browning as to the exact meaning he had intended to give to certain words in a passage of his writings. The poet answered: "Don't know what I meant; ask the Browning Society." But Coleridge said of one of his own passages: "These are very fine lines, though I say it that should not, but hang me if I know the meaning of them, though my own composition." When Lord Francis Egerton wrote to Goethe for an explanation of a passage in "Faust" which puzzled him, the poet replied: "I am at a loss as to the meaning. Surely you at twenty-four should know better than I at seventy-four the meaning of a passage I wrote when I was your age."

Many years of experience with Browning has brought at least one student to trust him absolutely as a sure-footed thinker who always keeps his way, even in dark depths or on dizzy heights, always means something and knows what he means, never is without a *terminus a quo* and a *terminus ad quem*. The reader's task is to follow him, which it must be admitted is no more like a holiday excursion than climbing the Matterhorn or the Jungfrau or following Stanley through Africa: but it pays. The reason why Browning clubs persist, survive, and multiply, is that their labor is not unrewarded. Edmund Gosse, con-

trasting our two greatest modern poets, says: "Tennyson lies in his floral pomp and bloom, like a billowy Vale of Tempe. The youngest reader, who reads at all, may descend into his flowery dells and find some gates unbarred and open fields of daisies. But Browning stands like a long, rocky island with beetling crags on every side; we must choose a calm day, and creep around him in a boat, searching for an accessible cove or sandy islet, from whence to climb into his altitudes." But the climb pays.

Not a little of Browning's alleged obscurity is due to the nature of the subjects handled, for he is a poet of spiritual things, which are susceptible only of intimation and adumbration, not of exact scientific statement. The contents of man's soul cannot be inventoried with precision and completeness. The supernatural does not wholly submit itself to terms. The infinite can be suggested, recognized, and responded to, but not formulated. All sublimest and profoundest realities are indescribable; the measuring-line of language cannot be carried over or under or around them. When the spirit-world communicates directly with us, is it in words and sentences? The admonitions of conscience are inarticulate, yet none the less forceful, intelligible, and convincing. Of them our poet himself says, "God's intimations rather fail in clearness than in energy." Is it claimed that the witness of the Spirit speaks English or uses words, or only that it produces persuasion? Charles Lamb's "Dream Children," faintly seen and vanishing in his reverie, "without speech strangely impressed upon him the effects of speech." We know of nothing that inspires awe, reverence or any of the nobler emotions, but transcends description and cannot be clearly diagramed. In such things an attempt at exact description often belittles and degrades. Milton's wisdom appears in his shadowy picture of Lucifer: "What seemed his head the likeness of a kingly crown had on." How different this from the style of the society Jenkins describing for the local newspaper how the bride was dressed. Even in physical nature that which affects us most is not definitely explicable. At Table Rock, Niagara, we cannot name the elements which subdue us; our joints are unloosed, our reins tremble, and we are dazed in all our senses by the thunder of an unsyllabled voice, the yawning of an unmeasured abyss, the sweep and swirl of waters concealed by foam, the vast gulf obscure with explosive bursts of mist, the fury of vague and awful forces. We are crowded to our knees with blanched faces by the indefinable. Experience shows us to be so constituted that, if only there be an

indubitable reality, vagueness of revelation may be more suggestive of greatness than distinctness is.

Even a visible and measurable fact often gains in impressiveness when given by a flash of instantaneous suggestion rather than by slow detailed description.

It is more impressive to see in the premature twilight of summer woods, when the sun is at its western submergence, some great night bird tumble heavily from somewhere in the tree-tops and slide softly down a sagging curve under gnarled oak limbs—sudden, swift, silent, large, and vague through the dim forest-dusk—and up again with clumsy ease to some new perch invisible beyond, among thick leafy branches in dark shadows of the deepening evening, than to look on that same owl, shut in a wooden cage on the end of a counter in the country store, blinking at daylight glare, discussed by loungers and plagued by teasing boys; although and because in the first case you cannot describe nor even clearly perceive the creature, while in the other case you can minutely inspect beak, talons, wings, and tail, eyes, eyelids, and curious ears.

But our present point is that Browning's so-called obscurity, whatever its cause, is an effective mental discipline to his readers, who have rare exercise in rapid action, in analysis, and in following subtle threads of thought. His omissions compel the mind to a quick supplying of much that is understood but not uttered. He requires a degree of attention and alertness which shall be equal to catching instantly the smallest hint, interpreting a mental glance, understanding the meaning of every intonation and inflection; sometimes it is like reading the flash-signals of a heliograph in a military campaign, or the dots and dashes of telegraphy; one needs an impressibility so sensitive as to take clearly an instantaneous photograph of a flying thought which the author does not present or capture in his language-net, but only points at with an abrupt exclamation which says, "Look, there it goes!" If the reader did not catch sight of it as it flashed past, he has missed connections, and the author is immediately unintelligible to him and is accused of writing incoherent, senseless jargon. Many times the reader is relied upon to supply the interspatial and perceive the underlying; his mind must fly at such a height and be so eagle-eyed as to see below the surface the outline of what underlies, like submarine valleys sloping between the jutting coral islands that dot a tropic sea and mark the direction of the long reef's sharp spine. Often the reader is expected to complete what the poet merely suggests,

as he himself says in "Sordello": "What I leave bare yourselves can now invest."

All this is a drill in mental promptitude, suppleness, acuteness, and agility, which may be variously useful. For example, the rapid and intelligent comprehension of many parts of Scripture requires the mind to supply what lies implied but unformulated between the lines. The Bible is not an easy volume with all its meaning lying on the surface. It is not a pavement, but a quarry. It is a merchant-ship with more of its freight under hatches than on deck; the mere surface-reader cannot understand it. The thorough Bible student must go below; must dive and blast and fetch up. If the reader cannot see what is in the depths and gather up the necessary underlying relations between statements and sentences as he goes, he will not grasp the copious and profound truth.

So too our poet's propensity for circuitous digressions and long and frequent parentheses which so offends and irritates the indolent reader or mere word-musician, affords to the studious a mental practice in clue-keeping through labyrinthine involutions, in returning safe from all excursions, and in holding steadily to the subject's fixed center while thought swings round its orbit by cycles and epicycles. And this is drill for Scripture-study. What about Paul's epistles? Are there any prolix and involved sentences there, with parentheses and multiplicity of clauses—there and elsewhere? Equally in the study of another volume, that testament which is ever both old and new, entitled Human Nature and Life, as much truth lies in relationships as in facts; given facts, one must look between and underneath, or nothing is coherent and intelligible. In searching human motives and in interpreting action there is urgent need for the power to discern subways and keep buried connections, for the spider-like faculty to swing across chasms and carry the thread. A long jump is sometimes required of the mind. This saltatory effort Browning trains for.

III. We cannot help noting also that there is training for public speakers or writers in the psychologic monologue so much used by Browning; which is not a soliloquy but a colloquy carried on with an implied listener and questioner. The preacher's thinking for the pulpit is of this same sort. He discourses to and reasons with an imagined mind, and must formulate to himself as he goes its probable or possible comments and questions. He must make his utterances fit the attitude and meet the action of the silent auditor and interloc-

utor, with whose unvoiced thoughts he really holds a dialogue. The habit of anticipating the listener's responses and fencing with them, which is so constant in Browning, is calculated to give to sermonizing a sprightly alertness which must preclude dullness, and to impart to preaching the aptness and vivid interest of animated conversation; so relieving the audience of what our poet himself calls "The pig-of-lead-like pressure of the preaching-man's immense stupidity."

IV. If anybody cares to learn the art of putting enormous force into a few words—the knack of making language dense with meaning —Robert Browning has no superior in the art of terse, trenchant, telling speech. "Ah, the sense, the weighty sense," is often the reader's admiring exclamation. Sometimes a sentence of his is a bale of goods packed by a hydraulic press, or a trip-hammer, ponderous, quick, and crushing, or a sharp lancet, or a needle-gun, firing its compact meaning straight to the mark, or a handgrenade, small, but explosive. The minister addressing drowsy audiences of work-wearied men and habitual church-goers blasé with much preaching, needs the power of percussive and concussive speech. If preaching be made too velvety, saccharine, and mellifluous, there is danger lest some literary auditor familiar with Gray's Elegy shall find a paraphrase floating dreamily through his mind as the subtle poison of soft cushions takes effect and his heavy eyelids droop:

> Now fades yon pulpit like a glimmering landscape on my sight,
> And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
> Save that the beetle-headed preacher wheels his droning flight,
> And the sermon's drowsy tinklings lull the sleepy fold.

At such moments there is need of something like "the cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn" to rouse those "rude forefathers in their narrow" pews; and it were well if the preacher knew how in an emergency to reach for the trump that is to wake the dead. And we say that for rifle-crack, trumpet-blast sentences, for what some one calls "the saber-cuts of speech," for mighty rugged dynamitic language, Robert Browning is often a masterly instructor, teaching by example.

V. Another of Browning's values lies in the subjects he selects, examines, and expounds and the way in which he treats them. No poet so constantly fills his foreground with spiritual realities and verities. So true is this that some have characterized him as more a preacher than a poet. Birrell says "Browning has more theology than most bishops." He is a prophet of the highest world; not only a

master-singer but a spiritual seer. The Atlantic Monthly justly calls him an acknowledged master in spiritual matters. Dr. Johnson was wrong in his assertion in the Life of Waller that spiritual themes are not fit subjects for poetry; and Professor Corson was right in saying that spirituality, whether of theme or treatment, constitutes the real life of poetry.

Browning makes his readers familiar with the action of moral forces, shows the transcendent significance and effect of casual affairs, and backgrounds all earthly things with the infinite beyond. He is the great asserter of the soul, affirming the trustworthiness of its intuitions, the authority of the inward monitor, the sanctity of the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the reasonableness of reverence and trust, the certainty that Love and Power are coequal in the Godhead, the divinely prophetic character of our highest cravings.

It is probably true, as one asserts, that he has never been the poet of the fashionable classes, being too remote from their indolent butterfly world. A nearer neighbor to them is Oscar Wilde, or the curled Adonis one sees in the Countess Guiccioli's portrait of her paramour. Browning is no boudoir singer, no matinée melodist, no "Point Lace and Diamonds" versifier. His admirers have come rather from the sober thinking masses, and, as has been said, "there is a class of readers neither literary nor smart who found in him something they wanted, and who, for the sake of the kernel, were willing to prick their fingers with the husk or bruise their joints over the shell. They are people to whom the problems of life are everything, and what drew them to him was his penetration and power in handling those problems." They acknowledge with gratitude as deep as the human heart, that through this man God has blessed them indeed and enlarged their coasts.

Whether Browning's poetry lies close to fact, swims in reality, is woven of substance, and helps flesh-and-blood humanity in its grapple with actual life, judge from these words spoken to a friend by Father Huntington when he was toiling in New York city, in the slums of the East Side, to "make low natures better" by his pains: "I get little time for reading; but with my Bible and my Browning I can keep mind and soul alive." He counts Browning a working factor for the spiritual redemption of the world, for the regeneration of souls and the edification of character.

Robert Browning is no worshiper of institutions, dignities, trappings, pomps, or prerogatives, but is possessed with the idea of The

Supreme Worth of the Human Individual. He believed with Bulwer that "the soul of one man is of more account than the vicissitudes of the whole globe."

His portrayal of external nature is with a master's eye, and a marvelously firm, swift, accurate stroke; he even confesses to many a thrill of kinship with the powers called nature; but his love and devotion are not for nature—they are for mankind. He does not send "his soul along with the cloud's thunder or the dove's brood-song," but with the intense throbbing life of struggling, tempted, and aspiring men. In the dedication of Sordello, he wrote: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study; I at least always thought so." His stress is not on circumstances, situations, externalities; but on the inward world. In the swift rush of happenings, through all the thick of doing and suffering, interest centers in the living man. What is it that Paracelsus, Luria, and Sordello are working out? In each case, "The Tragedy of a Soul." Whatever the shifting of scenes, changing of costumes, entrance and exit of persons, this is the drama that is always on, with powerful presentation, vivid realism, and human interest at the maximum: the soul's proof and prowess and progress. An unsurpassed demonstrator in spiritual anatomy is Browning, a moral vivisectionist, a keen dissector of character and analyzer of motives. See, for example, "Sludge, the Medium," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau, Savior of Society," "Ned Bratts," "Ivan Ivanovitch," or "Little Pippa," and contrasted personages in the poem which Edmund C. Stedman and Edmund Gosse consider his most original and perfect masterpiece; and especially the characters in that *magnum opus,* "The Ring and the Book," a poem 2,000 lines longer than Homer's Iliad; in which Caponsacchi, the priest, is called by some his most remarkable character-study, as Pompilia is, by many, reckoned the loveliest woman to be found anywhere in poetry, if not in all literature.

Art no more commands Browning's supreme interest than does nature. Art he knows, and must himself be classed among great artists; yet is he a teacher not in the school of art but in the university of life in which art is but an episode. Æsthetics do not rule him. Man is more than marbles, melodies, jewels, canvases, flowers, landscapes, graces, forms. He was always defiantly indifferent to the censure visited upon him for his disregard of form. And, really, the occasional abrupt rugged harshness of his verse is a vice which, in him, leans to virtue's side. Partly it is the leaping vigor of the

thought which makes this ruggedness. A gentle sluggish stream will flow in smooth straightness or in graceful curves; a torrent will cut out a rough channel, often angular and ragged with protruding rocks. But more largely it is because Browning is so sturdily in earnest that whenever the question arises whether the idea shall dominate the form or the needs of smooth versification shall be allowed to modify the idea, he always looks after the interests of the idea first. In this he is like Dante, who said: "Never a rhyme led me to say other than I meant." This the thinker and the moralist will approve while the musician and the modist find fault. Herder was right in declaring that decadence is nigh whenever poetry and literature become merely or mainly affairs of form.

Carlyle, whose prose was as jagged as forked lightning, thought poetry should be a song. Those who complain that Browning is unmelodious and afflicts them with eccentricities, broken harmonies, and sharp discords, should be asked whether finer song is anywhere to be found than in his sweetest verses. In his volume, "Fifine at the Fair," take the Prologue, that wonderful soliloquy of the swimmer with naught between him and the sky save a butterfly with whom he comrades, as Celia Thaxter did with the little sandpiper on the beach. Take that dainty and delicious morsel entitled "My Star," or the exquisite bit beginning "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together," or "Such a starved bank of moss," which preludes "The Two Poets of Croisic." If it is believed that any poet of the century could touch the harp more deftly than his strong fingers when he pleased to perfect music as was ever sounded from Apollo's lute, then read from Paracelsus,

> Over the sea our galleys went
> With cleaving prows in order brave,
> To a speeding wind and a bounding wave,
> A gallant armament.

The very rhythm of the waves is in those lines. Read the "Cavalier Tunes," perfect in ring and rhythm, with the regular clatter of hoofs and jingle of scabbard and spur. For lightsome rhythmical movement, metrical sweep and swing, magnificent rolling verse, he is as remarkable as for powerful conciseness, bright and rapid narrative, and flashing suggestiveness. When his verse runs rugged it is not that the author of "Abt Vogler" hath no music in his soul, no ear for concord of sweet sounds, but that he cares more for higher things. Always

the ethical and spiritual are more to him than the physical, the sensational, and the artistic.

VI. Browning's robust masculinity is for many one of his notable values. This quality is the more prized from being so often lacking among poets, and, for that matter, in other places where it is highly desirable. The Rev. Sidney Smith said, "There are three sexes, men, women, and clergymen," and in one line of the "Ring and the Book" crafty old Violante says to Pompilia: "A priest is more a woman than a man"; which may have been true, for aught we know, of sexless monks and the frocked clergy of the Papal Church; but Protestantism has no use for the androgynous feminine male; it wants the bone, and brawn, and sinew of manliness. Protestantism began in burly enough fashion with Luther, and it needs men so manly in quality and bearing, so muscular in thought and speech, so stalwart and hirsute in sentiment and action, as that their manhood shall be obvious and demonstrative.

In Browning one encounters the indubitable masculinity of a mind as virile as it is virtuous. The effeminate find nothing congenial in him. The ladylike æsthete quickly tires of an attempt to wrestle with the rugged thoughts. This thinker has the right arm of a blacksmith and the grip of a giant. In all his utterances we know with our eyes shut it is a bearded mouth that speaks and a man's voice that we hear. In Tennyson's earlier years Lord Lytton named him "Miss Alfred." No one ever dreamed of such an epithet for Browning.

He has tenderness most delicate and exquisite, but it is the tenderness of Sir Philip Sidney, or of Cromwell, or Wellington, or Abraham Lincoln. It is tenderness that never drivels or whimpers, tenderness that melts behind firm barriers, looks out from the embrasures of strength, and is seen like a child's face at the porthole of a man-of-war. James Russell Lowell said that Browning's chief characteristic is strength; and we believe that a fair verdict will call him the most powerful thinker that has used the forms of poetry since Holy Trinity Church, in Stratford village on Avon's bank, received the bones which posterity is so sternly forbidden to disturb. That Browning has the magnific gift of power is undeniable by his bitterest critics, and as Clive's friend in the poem says: "Power is power, my boy, and still marks a man." For his rugged daring and Titanic force, Augustine Birrell calls Browning "the Danton of modern poetry." Landor long ago wrote of him:

> Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
> No man hath walkt along our roads with step
> So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
> So varied in discourse.

One calls him a tawny lion crouched on Parnassus' slope; and a critic in the British Quarterly says that Browning's work attests the tread of the firmest and surest foot that has waked the echoes from the difficult places of poetry and life since the early morning of English literature. So early as 1833, when Henry F. Chorley read extracts from Browning's "Pauline," he recognized "the print of a *man's* foot in the sand."

VII. Browning's fairmindedness toward humanity and life and the universe is worth something. He gives us lessons in doing justly and loving mercy by practicing and requiring a judicial fairness toward all sorts and conditions of men. He compels a patient consideration of all sides in every case. He constitutes the reader into a court where, before the full bench of human faculties, causes and cases are laboriously heard and weighed. He requires of us, sitting on the judgment seat of life, a decision clearly just, or else suspension of sentence over the outcome of the complicated tangle of human motives; seeing that, as in the best there is something guilty, and in the greatest there is something weak, so also in the erring and the vicious there may be something good. He sets forth actual depravity, but affirms the possible saintliness of humanity. In "Gold-Hair, a Story of Pornic," he says to those who surmise that the Christian faith may be false, "I still see reasons to suppose it true; this, to begin with, 'Tis the faith that teaches original sin, the corruption of man's heart"; true to the facts. In "Pippa Passes" he shows us, foiled against the sweet and songful innocence of Pippa, the possibility of an unmitigated villain in Bluphocks; but everywhere he handles individualities and actions with grave respect and deals with all fairly and hopefully. He gives the accused the benefit of the most skillful advocacy in stating his case, and condemns only after impartial hearing. Yet he is as well a prophet of the judgment day. There is no maudlin tenderness preventing a firm announcement of the stern and equitable verdict. He gives us awful glimpses of divine government and the retributions of a moral law able to enforce itself. The code which Browning's court administers is God's code. As we read that powerful North Country story, "Halbert and Hob," we have to say with the French hospital visitor, who was looking at the

physical effects of vice seen in some of the sufferers on the cots, "God Almighty writes a very plain hand." Again and again, in Browning's stories, we see heaven's lightning thrust its bright blade down through clouds and darkness to transfix the wickedness hiding thereunder. Evangelical readers have a further satisfaction in finding the whole poem of "Halbert and Hob" conclude upon man's need of supernatural influences to save him. The last lines are:

> "Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?" O Lear,
> That a reason outside of nature must turn them soft seems clear!

In other places in his poems the evangelical cast of Browning's faith is visible. Moncure D. Conway disputed with him in vain over the reference to "original sin—the corruption of man's heart" at the end of "Gold-Hair." Unitarianism was pressed upon him by some clever people, among them Conway, who argued in the house and on the street against evangelicalism; the only result being that Browning listened with a queer look which made Conway feel that he was being zoologized, scrutinized, and studied as if he were a sort of freak or strange specimen, the latest Harvard development in religion.

VIII. Browning ennobles life by spiritualizing all its relationships. This appears supremely in the elevated and dignified manner in which he deals with the most powerful of human passions; the passion which may lift man highest or drag him lowest according to the way it is managed. For the study of human passions Browning is a great and safe master, capable and chaste. Birrell says, "Browning is at the very front of the interpreters of human passion." A keen analyzer and powerful portrayer of the forces and frailties of human nature, he handles all purely. No one ever got smirch or taint from his pages, for they hold not a single leprous line. Nothing unclean goes up upon his highway, and the print of a satyr's hoof is not found thereon. With Browning love is always spiritual, as with William Morris and many others in literature it is of the earth, earthy. He is too sturdy to dawdle with "the roses and raptures of passions," the "lilies and languors of love." There is nothing Anacreontic, no touch of mere amorousness or Swinburnian sensuousness. From all this he keeps further away than even Tennyson does.

> Under a foot they cannot smutch
> He holds the fleshly and the bestial.

His sculptured thought is as spotless white as Carrara marble, as pure as the Apollo Belvedere or Powers's Greek Slave. Now this is doubtless

partly due to the intellectuality and chivalric high-mindedness of his own noble nature; partly, also, let us reverently acknowledge, to the influence of that hallowed union which was consummated when Elizabeth Barrett in her forty-first year became his wife. That was a heavenly marriage hardly matched in human history. The first query of our wonder is, Did ever so strong a woman have for husband a man still stronger than herself? But this soon gives place to another: Did ever so high a man find a woman so entirely on his own height that for the joining of matrimonial hands he need not stoop nor she reach up; a bride of such a stature as to meet her tall, unbending bridegroom's kiss with level lips? The soul of Robert Browning was sanctified by his own experience of an ideally perfect human love. And when his white hand laid down its guiltless pen at its last period, this was his illustrious praise, secure in perpetuity: He wrote nothing she could wish to blot, no sentence upon which that "Lyric love, half angel and half bird," whom he apostrophizes with lifted and beseeching eyes as he commences "The Ring and the Book," might not from out her heavenly home smile down her benediction as he craved.

IX. One of Browning's enduring values is that he is the poet for a life-time, an author fit to live with for fifty years. It is worth whatever effort it may cost to arrange a high intellectual and spiritual alliance which can last.

In the first place it requires a life-study for the full appreciation of Browning; a casual acquaintance cannot master, measure, or thoroughly understand him. In the next place he furnishes material enough to last a life-time. His flocks find extensive pasturage. He is not an author of one book, nor a singer immortal by a single poem, but the creator of a literature; twenty dense volumes resulting from nearly sixty years of assiduous authorship. Not only do the products of his fertile and unflagging genius constitute a literature in themselves, but upon this a second literature of criticism and commentary, varied, voluminous, and ever increasing, has arisen, until the Browning bibliography is in interest, ability, and bulk such as never gathered around the work of any other author in or near the period of his own life. And it seems likely that the nature of his themes and his manner of dealing with them, together with the present recoil of world-thought from materialism and rationalism toward the spiritual and ethical and Christian, will make the growth of this literature as great in the future as in the past.

Another thing which insures permanence for Browning is the simple naturalness of his spirit and the breadth of his sympathy. He is not aristocratic and exclusive; no dainty poet of a superior class like Matthew Arnold or even Clough, but *in his spirit,* a man for the masses. Nor is he the poet of a race like Tennyson, who is limited by being so distinctly Anglican. What we find in the Laureate is the culture and refinement of England's Victorian age. His ideas and their setting are of English type. Browning is unprovincial; equally Greek, Italian, English; in fact cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world and of the centuries, thinking not in the dialect of one tribe, but in the language of mankind, so broadly human that he touches the universal and this universality makes his work perennial. Even a petulant critic, vexed at excessive eulogies of Browning, involuntarily concedes enough to justify the strong encomiums in saying, "He is the greatest and least of singers, the least and the greatest of dramatists, the wisest and most foolish of philosophers; in a word he is 'all mankind's epitome.'" What this critic says of inequalities in Browning may, with some abatement, be conceded of him, as of all authors. No one contends that all that Browning has written is great. No man's poorest is very good. In the best and greatest we must cull and select. Even Homer nods and Shakespeare's worst is bad enough. Unevenness in Browning is conceded; nevertheless, for sustained cerebration he is matched by few. But the point we care for here is that a hostile critic ends by calling him "all mankind's epitome." Sidney Lanier, with a characteristically clever touch, calls the mocking-bird the Shakespeare of the feathered choirs because he "sums the woods in song"; his "silver whistlings" sample all bird lore and life. The bard of Avon is called myriad-minded, but scarcely more deserves to be so crowned than does the author who in his "One Word More to E. B. B.," bids her take his "fifty men and women." Certain are we that except in Shakespeare no gallery of characters is found in poetry so large, significant, and rich as Browning's. So great and varied is his range that it is less extravagant than Richard Steele's tribute to Lady Elizabeth Hastings, for us to say that a complete knowledge of Browning is a liberal education.

Again, Browning is a permanency because he is not discarded by the advancing seasons of the student's life. Aubrey De Vere tells us that his youthful enthusiasm for Byron fell away "like a bond broken by being outgrown"; and he exchanged Byron for Wordsworth, whom he considered the greatest poet of his century. W. T. Stead testifies that

in youth he was captivated by Scott's poems. First, he read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; later, "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake"; and then "Scott's charm was exhausted; he interested me no more." Philip Gilbert Hamerton also wrote: "To a youth who becomes thoughtful, Scott is insufficient." Henry James once said that Tennyson has been tacitly classed as a poet whom one thinks most of while one's taste is immature; and that young persons of twenty read Tennyson, while young persons of thirty or forty or over read Browning. Maarten Maartens speaks of Schiller as a young man's poet, and adds that every young German goes through a Don Carlos period when he *schwärms* for the political ideals represented by the Marquis of Posa—from which he presently recovers. Bliss Carman thinks that "Hiawatha" is the only one of Longfellow's poems that retains its charm after the reader has reached the critical stage.

Now, with Browning the reader's experience is entirely different. The strong and passionless intellectuality of mature middle life does not lay him aside as it does, for example, the foamy and sensational poetry of ardors and fervors and fondlings. He is not caviare to that post-meridian sobriety which on the one hand has lost interest in love-lorn languishings, and on the other cannot endure the moaning and sighing of young gentlemen who are sad for very wantonness, and of singers who mope so picturesquely and who say, like the youthful Samuel Rogers,

> There's such a charm in melancholy,
> I would not if I could be gay.

This is partly due to our poet's longevity. He sang to men out of six decades. He is not one of those short-lived singers, of whom there have been many, whose early death bequeathed us only the bloom-poetry of youth, which, however fine, fragrant, luxuriant, and delicate, or fiery and passionately powerful, cannot have certain qualities of universality and perpetuity. Keats, Shelley, Byron, Lanier, and many others died young. Browning, with full and sustained vitality, lived and sang on almost to fourscore. Their poetry is of the morning, and leaves the query wandering in our minds, "What would they have written in life's noon and afternoon and evening?" Nor do we know but that "the mediocrity of middle life," against which Margaret Fuller warns us, might have smothered their fire. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to young Thomas Bailey Aldrich: "Our poets do not ripen well—they are larks in the morning, sparrows at noon, and owls before evening."

Browning's poetry is for all periods of human life because written from all periods, and that too without any sign of decadence or abatement of force. Huxley wrote in 1893: "A great proportion of poetry is addressed by the young to the young. Only the great masters of the art are capable of divining, or think it worth while to enter into, the feelings of retrospective age. Two great poets, Tennyson and Browning, have done this, each in his own inimitable way, the one in the 'Ulysses,' the other in that wonderful fragment, 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.'" In this connection we cannot refrain from remarking how richly fortunate are the generations which looked on three such old men as Browning, Tennyson, and Whittier, nearly of an age, haloed with white hair and the glory of pure lives, crowned with the laurels of high poetic fame.

For the individual student who adopts him, Browning may be called the ultimate poet, because no one graduates from him to a higher. No superior master arrives to alienate the pupil's affections. Browning's congregation is not depleted by proselyting; whom he gains he keeps. The love of him is fatal and final; "till death us do part" is the formula which weds author and disciple. Indeed, whoever falls under his power is so held with hooks of steel that he is not likely to get away "while life, and thought, and being last or immortality endures." No ripening of faculty, no elevation or enlargement of mental or moral life will take him out of the zones which Browning inhabits, for our poet not only occupies the earth but annexes the heavens. Whoever joins company with him has found a comrade-spirit whom he cannot outsoar in this world or any other. It is worth while to put Browning into your library, because once admitted the volumes are on the shelf to stay, not to be weeded out in later years.

A Browning enthusiast and a Browning skeptic traveled through the Holy Land and Europe together. One April day, on horseback, riding over Beth-horon toward Jerusalem, the enthusiast recited "Herve Riel"; and there came a spark of kindled fire into the skeptic's eye and an illumination into his face betokening a thrill of keen pleasure in his mind. On a July afternoon, in that same year, in an hour of rest, after crossing the Furca and Grimsel passes, in that spot of wild, bleak, and gloomy Alpine environment, the Grimsel Hospice, the enthusiast read aloud that tender and holy poem, "One Word More," and there came on the face of the Browning skeptic a look of awe, like the air of one who is moved to worship, and in his eyes a mixture of light and dew. From that hour he was a captive. He discovered

that no poet of any age had so much with which his own robust mind and buoyant spirit would have affinity as the author of "Rabbi Ben Ezra," which Gilbert Haven called the noblest lyric of life ever written. The skeptic who was convicted on Beth-horon and converted in the Grimsel Hospice has been over thirty years a bishop, fitly enough the mountain-bishop, pitching his episcopal tent on the flanks of the Rockies, and Robert Browning is for him *nolens volens* the ultimate poet.

X. Robert Browning is the poet of Faith and Faith's inalienable good cheer, of immense value against the wretched singers of unfaith with its weary woe. It is no small reason for thanksgiving that the strongest hand that has struck the muses' lyre in our time is firmly Christian. This great classicist, the author of Agamemnon, Balaustion's Adventure and Aristophanes' Apology, is Christian to the core. His classicism does not paganize him. He loves Greek masterpieces, Greek heroes, Greek history, and Greek thought, but believes that there is more of the power and wisdom of God in Jesus Christ than in "all the old philosophies that ever sang on Argive heights."

The absence of any noble and invigorating faith makes much of modern poetry clammy, chilly, and dejected. When irreligion does not run to levity or coarseness, its tendency is to steep literature in sadness. For example, most of William Morris's work is overhung by that cloud of melancholy that shadows his "Earthly Paradise," in which he calls himself "the idle singer of an empty day," piping to the suitable accompaniment of wild December winds. Andrew Lang has said that doubt and painful skepticism inform William Morris's earlier poems, and the burden of his long narrative poems is *vanitas vanitatum*, the fleeting, unsatisfying nature of human existence, the perishable dream "rounded by a sleep." A similar gloom pervades the writings of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose "House of Life" is a dreary and haunted domicile. The fine sweet soul of Arthur Hugh Clough doubts too much for cheerfulness. Even in Alfred Tennyson the mournful tone too often predominates. The "Idylls of the King" are intensely sorrowful. Listen to the verses beginning "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the cold sea"; and those others, "Break, break, break at the foot of thy crags"; or to the dreamy regretful song of "The Lotus Eaters"; or to the pitiful dirge of passionate despair wailed out to the crags of Mount Ida by the desolate Œnone. Although the great laureate ranked unquestionably on the Christian side and was a life-long student of the Bible, to which it is said three hundred references are made in

his poems, yet the tone of his faith is not so buoyant and wholesome as we could wish. There is here and there a tinge of eighteenth century philosophic unbelief and nineteenth century scientific skepticism. He is an apostle of uncertainty who often does no more than "stretch lame hands of faith and grope and faintly trust." The London Spectator says: "Tennyson's tremulous faith utters itself with a faltering voice and in a sort of sob." Browning's faith was robust; it was not "perpetual unbelief kept quiet." When Tennyson was asked what his religion was, he used to say: "Read 'In Memoriam'; I have written it there." In "In Memoriam" are dubious shadows, where spiritual realities seem more ghostly than substantial; and the serious charge is made against it, that "In it one finds chiefly vain regrets and vain lamentations, an utter prostration of will and a total absence of that moral power which alone can triumph over misfortune." In not a few of his works are dim passages where faith walks with fear and trembling, treading on things that hiss and squirm and coil about her feet, and sometimes draw blood. But the chief poet of skepticism is Matthew Arnold, whose writings consist largely of variations on one theme—the irreconcilable divorce between the intellect and the soul, the hopeless inability of reason to keep company with faith. Arnold voices the sickly and feverish unrest of his age, its moral distresses, its intellectual bewilderment and hesitations, its spiritual debility and tremulousness. He wears with proud, sad majesty, like a crown of thorns, the consciousness of his own superior endowments, being cursed with that exceptional clearness of vision which cannot help perceiving that faith is superstition. He hears the ocean of belief withdrawing like an ebbing tide on Dover Beach. To us Arnold's dealing with the pressing problems of life and thought seems painfully weak and superficial, with no result but repining and despair, and no remedy or relief suggested except the cold serenity of stoic fortitude.

From all this it is an ineffable comfort to turn to the master-singer of the century, of whom Professor C. T. Winchester, one of the most correct and capable of American critics, writes: "If there be one English poet who above all others through the last twenty years, in a doubting and denying generation, has kept robust faith in the great spiritual verities; one poet whose verse has been filled with 'the power of an endless life,' that poet is Browning. Of him men in after times will surely say, as he himself in one of his later poems predicts, 'He at least believed in soul, was very sure of God.'" A great English

critic once said that the two men of the nineteenth century who most firmly believed that Jesus Christ is God were John Henry Newman and Robert Browning. The exaggeration is based in truth. The conviction of Browning's lifetime is in his tremendous lines:

> I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it,
> And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

The men of science, making a new world, and the critics a new Bible, did not disturb his faith. Where is the actuary who can appraise the value of such a man to an age described by John Stuart Mill as one of "weak convictions, paralyzed intellects, and growing laxity of opinions"?

Surrounded by the forlorn and lugubrious poets of modern doubt —Matthew Arnold with his sad unbelief, James Thomson with his bald atheism, Swinburne with his ribald scalding blasphemies, and Edwin Arnold with his excessive glorification of paganism—the faith of Sakya Muni—good Robert Browning towers, like his own Hercules in Balaustion's Adventure, a strong and splendid figure. To the cold marble halls of literature where these moping poets weep and wail as at the funeral of faith, he comes as, we are told (in Balaustion's Adventure) Hercules came to the sorrowing house of Admetos, bereft of Alkestis. The hero with a lion skin covering his mighty shoulders and an irresistible, sound, wholesome heart within, nearing the threshold sends his voice before him to herald through the gloomy hall the arrival of a helper not wholly undivine:

> A great voice!
> Oh the thrill that runs through us!
> Never was aught so good as that great interrupting voice!
> And sudden into the midst of sorrow leaps,
> Along with the gay cheer of that great voice,
> Hope, joy, salvation: Hercules is here!

Such a presence, such a voice is Browning's, and they mean the same—hope, joy, salvation. It is not surprising that Mary Grace Walker, in the London Academy, bears testimony to Browning thus:

> This yoke was laid upon me in my youth.
> To long for faith yet be enslaved by doubt.
> I called, but there was none to answer me,
> Till-bearer of the two-edged sword of truth—
> He came and drove the lurking demon out
> That late possessed my soul, and set me free.

It is not surprising that a lady who believed herself near to death wrote to Browning to thank him for the spiritual aid his poems

had given her, telling him how it strengthened her to find so highly gifted a man of genius holding firmly to the great truths of revealed religion and especially to a belief in immortality. Browning, in a quick reply to the dying woman, assured her that he saw ever more and more reason to hold by that great hope, though nowise ignorant of all that skeptics have advanced against it. He told her that on these questions he had been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, and mighty convictions had thrilled his soul to its depth. "As when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no man.'"

Nor is it surprising that another gives thanks to Browning thus:

> Thou art so sure! What spirit brings
> Thee surety? Others hope: thou say'st "I *know*
> The spirit is immortal." And for thy confidence
> In that which was our mother's ground of trust
> We thank thee—thou, so nobly learn'd, so just
> In judgment, thought, and feeling; so intense
> In all that makes a man. We give thee praise
> And thanks, thou trusting soul, midst doubting days.

We are told of a gifted and ardent woman who once said that when everything else failed she read "Saul"; and then she heard once more the clear tone of faith calling through the darkness as the song of the shepherd boy called to King Saul in the blackness of his despair.

XI. Browning's character and life and works stand together in the unison of a perfect harmony, full of inspiration, courage, and help for mankind. Looking on him we take from "Colombe's Birthday" his own words to describe him through all the years of his life:

> He gathers earth's whole good into his arms,
> Standing as man now stately, strong, and wise,
> With a great aim like guiding-star above
> Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness to lift
> His manhood to the height that takes the prize.

Having lived long, pursuing lofty designs in this great fashion, how is it with this high man when he comes to make an end? No drooping, no faltering; superbly he keeps his level. This strong runner, who never yet found horsemen that could weary him, is a brave swimmer, unafraid of the swellings of Jordan. Nothing could be more royally characteristic than the final appearance of the nineteenth century's greatest poet. It is "Prospice" over again.

In the epilogue of Asolando, the last book of his many-volumed

life, just moist from the press, when our eyes perusing it were moistened at tidings of his death, the silver-haired poet forbids that we, in midnight mood, surrounded by the silence of the sleep-time, shall think pityingly of the spot where his form lies low, as if he were, according to the fancy of fools, imprisoned in the grave; and commands that in bright noon-day mood and in the full swing of man's work-time, scarce pausing in the bustle of our action, we greet for him the unseen with a cheer; that with our expectation and our wishes we bid him God-speed mounting upward, and believe that yonder, worlds away, where the strange and new have birth, in the heaven's height, far and steep, he still strives and thrives, fights on, fares ever there as here. Lower thoughts in our minds than these concerning him would be to him, he says, an affront and dishonor undeserved, because on earth he had nothing to do with the slothful, or the mawkish, or the unmanly, never driveled like the aimless and the helpless and the hopeless. Rather was he

> One that never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break;
> Never dreamed though right were worsted wrong would triumph;
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, and at last
> We only sleep to wake.

In this final message to mankind on earth, we hear the dear familiar and sonorous voice, unchanged in spite of almost eighty years, rich, clear, and powerful as ever; the same buoyancy of spiritual certitude, the same blissful and jubilant sense of surely imperishable existence, the same unwearied psychic energy, the same intrepid faith, the same sympathy with glorious action in preference to repose, the same warm, strong, earnest, manful lovingness.

The two wondrous poems which close "Asolando"—the "Reverie" and the "Epilogue"—certify to us that existence meant to Robert Browning at the last just what it meant at the first, when, at the age of twenty-three, he wrote in Paracelsus words which were favorite with Chinese Gordon and are worthy to be favorite with us all:

> I go to prove my soul!
> I see my way as birds their trackless way;
> I shall arrive: what time, what circuit first
> I know not. But some time,
> In God's good time, I shall arrive.
> He guides me and the birds. In His good time!

THE ARENA

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?

THIS is a question often discussed and of no small importance. John Henry Newman, writing on "The Idea of a University," gave one of the best definitions ever given. Believing that it cannot be too often reprinted, I offer it for the Arena:

"Hence it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature, like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

"The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

"From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable; to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, mis-

conceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes."

A READER OF THE REVIEW.

THE FALLIBLE FOOL KILLER

I DREAMED that a boy had been bitten by a rattler, and that the doctor arrived to administer an antidote. He took from his case some purplish granules, and said: "This is the permanganate of potash, and is known among the medical profession as a specific for snakebites. It has saved thousands of lives. But there are chemists in the laboratory where this was compounded who do not understand geology or zoology or astronomy. I fear that they have not used the right process in producing this drug. How can we expect such men to make a chemically perfect drug?" My heart grew sick as I listened to the patter of that learned physician while the boy's leg grew black and swollen. I have great confidence in the permanganate, having personal knowledge of its successful application, and became nervous at the doctor's interminable chatter. But he kept right on, charmed, apparently, by the sound of his own voice, while the stricken youth kept rapidly sinking. And then I saw the boy gasp his last in the midst of the doctor's haggling about those ignorant chemists.

But now a strange thing occurred. I heard the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, and a mighty form rushed hurriedly up. It carried an immense club with which it administered a tremendous whack on the sapient pate of that poor doctor, and laid him out, stiff in death. The grewsome form rushed off as rapidly as it had come, but I glimpsed a label on his back which read, "The Fool Killer."

Then my dream changed, in that whimsical way that dreams will change, to the captain's cabin on an ocean steamer. The captain was at a table with a chart spread out before him. He asked the second officer how they were then headed, and, on receiving a reply, he ordered the ship's course to be changed a few points south. The subordinate remonstrated, saying that a sunken reef lay directly in the new course, according to the chart. The captain testily replied: "I see what the chart says. But have you never noticed what a poor grammarian the chartmaker was? He was a pretty fellow to make a chart, when he didn't know how to spell and punctuate. Lay her three points further south." A little while afterward I heard the roar of the breakers. Of all the company on that good ship the captain and I were the only ones to reach the shore in safety, he on a spar and I (a Methodist preacher) on a hencoop. After recovering ourselves somewhat we started for the interior. Again I heard those fateful footsteps, and, glancing up, I saw

the Fool Killer with his club on his shoulder, approaching. I acknowledge that I was scared, but it was not I whom he wanted—not that time. He swatted that poor sea captain and then rushed on—he was awfully busy. It would weary you to read in full of all my other encounters with the Fool Killer. But from a bridge builder, who used faulty material contrary to specifications, to a guide in an immense cavern who lost his party by disregarding regulations, that infallible Fool Killer could be depended on to get the fool every time. Is it strange that I came to have great confidence in his uncanny skill?

At last I sat in a pew of a fine church in a large city. A glance to the right showed a sleek alderman with a wallet in his side pocket on which, by some phosphorescent trick, the word "boodle" was written. The big hat of a brazen creature in front of me obliged me to shift position slightly, to get a view of the pulpit, but it brought me in range of a poor girl whose downcast eyes betokened a broken, contrite heart. A youth across the aisle showed a bright, expectant face which indicated his desire for the sincere milk of the Word, while a patriarch by his side as evidently wished for a few bits of strong meat. This was all preternatural—I had never before so thoroughly realized the needs of an audience. Of course there were one or two skeptics present, but I passed them over carelessly when I reflected on the large number who had come expecting some application of gospel truth. At last the preacher arose, and, if you will believe me, he said not one word to awaken sinners, comfort mourners, or build up believers. He quarreled with Moses's geology and with Joshua's astronomy. He said that he did not believe in plenary inspiration, and the swagger that accompanied his words nearly made me shout, "Well, I do," though, as a matter of fact, I do not. He used the higher criticism on the Bible in such a way as to almost disgust me with every sort of criticism. All of this, mind you, while I was looking about me at the habit-fettered, guilt-accursed, sin-sick, down-hearted souls in the audience, not one of whom got the message he wanted and needed. O, it was excruciatingly heart-sickening.

After the benediction I was standing for a moment near the door, when the two skeptics met near me. "That's the stuff," said one with a sardonic leer. "You bet," the other sententiously replied. It was the only praise of the sermon that I heard. And now the minister came hurrying down the aisle, and stood at the door shaking hands with the people as they passed out. A strange, nervous dread took possession of me. I fell into a state of horrid expectancy. I listened for mighty footsteps hurrying our way. I glanced right and left apprehensively, fearing that I might see a grewsome form with a blood-spattered club on his shoulder. But, strange to relate, the Fool Killer didn't show up. I had taken a violent liking to the preacher—he was a fine, lovable fellow—and I began to hope that in some way he might be overlooked. And sure enough he was—he is preaching yet. I can't say with Bunyan that "I *awoke*, and behold it was a dream." The fact is that I dreamed it with my eyes open.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MAINE?

THE world has stood aghast at the returns of the recent great battle for the retention of the prohibitory clause in the constitution of the State of Maine. After fifty years of prohibition the sons of Maine are resolved "to break the sword that made them free," and go back again to the bondage and slavery of the iniquitous saloon. The world wishes to know why?

The bibulous philosopher has a ready theory and says: It is simply a proof that prohibition does not prohibit, that it is a failure; the people of Maine are tired of this farce and have cast off their garments of hypocrisy. The politician says: "The Republicans have voted with the Democrats in order to defeat them in the future. The prohibitory repeal being a Democratic measure, will beyond a doubt produce a profound reaction against the party that has introduced it, and believes that all its recent victories are due to the fact that it has favored high license instead of prohibition. But are these the reasons why such a strong anti-prohibition sentiment has made itself felt?

There are many men that have become disgusted the way the laws have gone unenforced, particularly in the larger cities, as in Portland and in Bangor, in the latter city the vote being three to one in favor of repeal. That both of the political parties have been catering to the liquor element in Maine is a well-known fact, until many men have declared themselves openly for a high license, the benefit of which would go to the city instead of into the pockets of corrupt officials, who after a term or two in office have retired "satisfied."

But are there any other reasons why, in the home city of Neal Dow, men have so largely voted for the repeal of the present prohibitory law? Now, the astounding thing is, that the bulk of the votes for the repeal were cast by the young men of Maine. These men, most of them, were born under this law and have never lived under any other. It has been inherited by them from their fathers, who have fought hard and long to place it in the constitution of the State, and to make it hard for future generations to do wrong.

Right here is where we meet one of our great difficulties, Anything that costs us nothing in the way of blood, sacrifice or labor, will not be appreciated and decreases in value to the man to whom it is given. For this very reason so many of the favored sons of inherited wealth are not measuring up to their privileges and opportunities. Frequently they are endowed with finer native qualifications than their eminently successful fathers. But too much has been done for them; they have inherited too much, hence they do not value their inheritance, and by those to whom much is given little is done. Too often they shame their very sires. For this same reason our Republican form of government has been declared to be still on trial. In many of our larger cities it has been a complete failure, and in order to have government at all, and to save themselves, they have adopted a government by commission. This is un-American and a confession that we are not capable of successfully governing ourselves.

The claim, of course, has been made that this has to be resorted to on account of the large foreign population in many of our cities. But we come back to the same theory that a freedom that has cost men nothing and which has been thrust upon them will not be appreciated, and hence, in many cases, becomes license.

Our fathers fought for the sovereign right of representation, for this cause Warren fell at Bunker Hill. They cried out: "Give us liberty or give us death." Freedom had meaning and value to them. Our freedom has been inherited, we know nothing of bondage, hence at the very foot of Bunker Hill, at the very altars of freedom, our vote goes to the highest bidder. Any land, State or city where elections are determined that way cannot remain Republican in form. It has already depreciated.

Now here is the trouble with Maine: Maine has been living for some years under inherited prohibition. The young men that voted for the repeal found it here and have treated it as they would a wealthy father's money. It was quite noticeable during the recent campaign that the patriots who fought to place the amendment in the constitution of the State, were the leaders in the front of the battle and were eager to keep the old temperance flag at the front. To them this question was associated with righteousness, and they are still thrilled by a passion. The young men have been carried forward by the temperance momentum of the past generation and they do not look upon it as a great principle. They are not familiar with the lawlessness and the bold insolence of the saloon when it garbs itself with the sanction of the law, which, at its own pleasure, it tramples with contempt beneath its feet. To them it was simply a change from the old regime to one that was considered more up to date. It belonged to another era, like old clothes; it has served its day and generation, but has no place in their lives to-day. They were devoid of passion in the battle. This can be seen in the fact that one out of every twelve men in the State did not vote at all on this subject. Can you enforce a law successfully with such sentiments prevailing? Can you justly judge a law that has been ignored and held cheaply? What the State of Maine needs is convictions on temperance. She has depended too much upon a law and a statute which she has inherited and which has cost the present generation nothing, and hence has never been appreciated by many of her voters of the present day.

Neal Dow is dead; most of the fathers that fought with him are gone. We cannot keep a State temperate on momentum received from a past generation. We need men that feel tremendously on the subject and who will be a power in the life of the State.

We remember the story of a people, called Israel, who, when her leaders that had brought her out of Egypt and bondage had died, turned again to the gods that had held them captive and in servitude. It is the old lesson over again, where the children are not appreciating what has been bestowed upon them through the labor and sacrifice of the fathers.

That is what is the matter with Maine!

Portland, Me. R. H. Schuett.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

METHOD IN THE MINISTERIAL LIFE

At a Congregational college in England, where twelve students for the ministry were graduated, Principal Ritchie gave the valedictory address on "Method in the Ministerial Life." The report does not give any hint of the substance of his address, but we can imagine some things on which he would lay emphasis. The subject at least is worthy of consideration and each minister can well apply it to his own individual circumstances.

Ministerial method would involve the statement that there should be no day without accomplishing some definite work. Work without a plan or purpose accomplishes little. A study of the men who have done the most for the world will show that they had before them constantly a purpose toward which they bent the circumstances of their lives. It is not necessary that at all times of the day some definite thing should be before the mind, but that ere the day closes something good and worthy shall be accomplished. It is not a full day, nor a satisfactory day, to the earnest man, in which he cannot recall a single definite thing accomplished for the benefit of another or for himself, something in doing, or something in feeling, or something in development which he did not possess when the day began.

Method in ministerial life also involves a method in study. The minister is by his vocation a student. "Search the Scriptures" is a command which he should never fail to obey. Not only should he search the Scriptures but he should search for all sources of light which may make them clear and for all sources of information which will bring to him power to expound the truth as it is in Jesus. While there have been successful men who have studied when the inspiration was upon them with great effect, to the average person little will be accomplished except through some general plan of study which has been laid out beforehand. It is interesting to study the methods or plans which have been adopted by the wisest and most learned men. This plan includes sometimes the employment of different hours for different subjects, or different days for the consideration of special topics. Suppose, for example, he is proposing to study profoundly the divinity of our Lord; he will do best not to take up the subject at random, as opportunity occurs here and there, but to set aside a certain time in which he will take into consideration that special topic. He will not employ this plan long before he will find that each day at the specified time when he takes up his pen or his book, his mind will naturally grasp that particular line of thought; it becomes almost an automatic process. He will find gradually his vision enlarged and his knowledge increased until at length he has compassed the whole subject and it appears before him in a systematic and fully developed form in harmony with his own modes of thinking.

It would be impossible to lay out for a young student any plan of

study which should be universally adopted; the habits and tendencies of varied minds will themselves determine the method which shall be pursued and the planning of his time. No rule can be laid down that would apply to all cases. The point on which we desire to insist is that for the accomplishment of the best results it is essential that he shall have a method which he shall pursue whenever not interrupted by circumstances beyond his control. The comparison in this regard between methodical men and men without method will show how necessary is this aspect of the ministerial life.

The writer of this had a friend who was at once a man of affairs, a scholar, and an author. The plan of his work was laid out in the morning and placed before him on his desk; it was placarded so he could look up and see what he had to do at each hour. If one looked at his plan he would note every hour for almost the entire day definitely fixed for a definite work. For example, he would, say nine o'clock, work in the garden; ten o'clock, study some particular subject; eleven o'clock, write a paper for some periodical; twelve o'clock, meditate on certain aspects of the Christian life. These are not the real things that lay before him, but they are specimens of method that were before him day after day; indeed, he carried them somewhat to excess, so that method became rather a hindrance at times to the freedom which is necessary in order to accomplish the higher results. A plan too closely made and too closely followed is liable to be broken and, further, it leaves no room for spontaneity.

We will also note the value of method in pastoral life. The preacher is essentially a pastor, the shepherd of his people. Pastoral visitation is thought by many to be obsolete, and yet it is safe to assume that those ministers who come nearest to the hearts of their people and who win the most souls to the Master are such as give themselves largely to pastoral visiting. We are not considering the method of pastoral visiting—that must vary with individual tastes and environments. How far they should be purely religious and how far the social element should enter into them, are not in our thought at this time. No stereotyped rules can be laid down for pastoral visiting. The circumstances with which a minister has to deal in family visitation are so varied that it is impossible to lay down specific rules, but there is a method which he could adopt without difficulty, and that is the method of doing his pastoral work. He can readily have days specially set apart for this particular duty, and he can plan where he will visit on certain days and when the families may look for the appearance of their pastor in their home. This was the method, we believe, of the late Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. He was not only an eminent preacher, but an eminent pastor. It is said that it was his custom to announce on the Sabbath the days on which he would visit the members of his congregation who occupied certain streets. This method has two advantages; the first is that it would determine his own plans and enable him to concentrate his work at definite periods, leaving room for his other activities at other times; and second, it would enable his people to be ready to receive him. It is not to be supposed that families would be always too

ready to receive a stranger, even though he be the pastor, without some preliminary preparation, and it becomes, therefore, a relief both to him and to his people.

But there are other aspects of the ministerial life calling for specific suggestion. There should be method in pulpit preparation. There should be fixed times when that is the definite work in which the pastor is to engage. Here, if anywhere, there should be definiteness; if not, he is liable to put off his preparation until it is too late to do it adequately. When the pastor has set aside some particular part of the day, or days, for this specific duty, there is a sacred influence which comes to him as he approaches it which cannot fail to help him in his preparation. He realizes that at that time he is face to face with his people; he thinks of them and their conditions, he meditates on what is appropriate for the coming Sabbath; and when he has secured the subject on which he is to preach or the text which he is to propound, his mind takes on the attitude of the preacher—he is no longer with the busy crowd outside, but his spirit is enwrapt, as it were, with his people and with the sublime mission to which he is called. At this time he realizes as at no other time his high vocation; and it is to be supposed that during this period his spiritual nature is specially alive to spiritual truth. This does not of course involve, as in the other cases, the exclusion of spontaneity. There are times when the subject and the thought flash upon the mind and heart with special vigor, and in a brief space the whole outline and range of thought and application rise up in the mind with wonderful vitality. Henry Ward Beecher, the brilliant preacher, whose name is a synonym for pulpit power, was of this class. From what he said one day to the writer he would hardly be regarded as a methodical preacher as to his pulpit preparation. He said that suddenly a topic and a plan would come before his mind, and he had only to write it down and he was ready to preach. So far as the writer recalls, he said that at times this would come even on Sunday morning, when he was meditating on his morning sermon; the whole outline of a discourse would come to him with power. This would not be a safe rule for the average preacher; should he neglect method in his pulpit preparation he would before long be unable to preach with power, because it is only by method of study and preparation that the average person is able to accomplish the best results in the pulpit.

Method should also be employed in the development of the spiritual graces. The graces as well as the virtues need culture. The minister should have time for religious meditation. He should watch his own spiritual experiences, and note how the great things of his Christian life can be enlarged. The spiritual life needs constant culture, else it dwindles and become weak. The methods of this culture are the well-known spiritual appliances of the church. The spiritual life is cultivated by prayer. This is the root out of which it grows. Here in communion with God the minister finds the richest spiritual nurture. It is obtained by meditation on the Holy Word; the study of particular passages which are full of the vitalities of the gospel until they grow in him and through him into the fullness of spiritual experience.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

AKHNATON AND THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH PSALM

THE ruins of Tell el Amarna have yielded no richer treasure than two beautiful hymns to Aton, supposed to have been written, for the greater part, by King Akhnaton about B. C. 1450. They are entitled: "The Praise of Aton by King Akhnaton and Queen Nefernefruaton." Aton is the name given to the visible sun, which was a symbol to this king of the one true God. One of these two hymns is really a very remarkable and a noble piece of literature. It was first discovered some years ago and since that time several copies or versions have been found in the tombs, on coffins, or mummies recently examined. Mr. A. E. P. Weigall, Chief Inspector of the Department of Antiquities of Upper Egypt, who has made a careful study of the mummy of Akhnaton discovered in 1907, and the accompanying hieroglyphics upon it, is the latest to call special attention to this beautiful ode.[1]

Akhnaton belonged to the eighteenth dynasty; he was the son of Amenhotep III, and Queen Tyi (variously spelled), a woman of strong intellect, and one who exerted wonderful influence upon her husband as well as upon her son, Amenhotep IV, who succeeded his father at the early age of eighteen. It has been conjectured, perhaps without sufficient proof, that Tyi was of Syrian or Mesopotamian origin. Indeed, F. Llewelyn Griffith says that Akhnaton, "through his mother, Queen Tyi, had been in close contact with the religion of Mesopotamia, perhaps even with Israelite monotheism." Be that as it may, he was in some regards the greatest ruler Egypt ever had. He was a philosopher, a theologian, an idealist and a monotheist. He was more of a dreamer than conqueror or statesman, and his idealism led to his overthrow and the speedy rejection of the new religion.

He undertook one of the greatest religious reforms of any age or land, which, though successfully carried out for a time at least, was nevertheless of short duration; though of no permanent value was temporarily very great. He antagonized the prevailing religious ideas of his age and thereby gained the ill-will of the Theban priesthood and their powerful allies, the leading politicians of his realm, who were conservative and loyal to the established worship of Amon or Amon-Ra at Thebes, the capital. No doubt the young king was greatly influenced by his clever mother and the tutors employed by her for the education of her son. There are, too, reasons for believing that his father, Amenhotep III, had gradually undergone some changes in his faith and religious views. At any rate, the new king introduced a new system, Amon with his powerful priesthood, was discarded, and even Thebes lost its metropolitan glory. The name of the deity worshiped at Thebes was changed from Amon-Ra to Aton, which seems to be the same as the Adon of the Syrians, Adonis

[1] The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Blackwood.

of Asia Minor, and the Adonai of the Hebrews. With the introduction of this new god of foreign origin came a complete revolution in the religious ideas concerning the supreme ruler of the universe. In short, the religion of the state was changed from theriomophism and polytheism into a very fair type of monotheism. That this might be the more easily and fully accomplished the seat of government was transferred from Thebes to Akhetaton, "horizon of Aton," now known by the well-known ruins called Tell el Amarna. Aton, that is, Adon (Lord) was symbolized by the sun. In this emblem he saw the source of all life, "the Lord of love" and the great creator of all things; in short, the one true God.

The young king was a zealous reformer. In order to blot out every trace of the old religion he changed his name from Amenhotep (Amon-rests) to Akhnaton; that is, the "Spirit of Aton." Not only that, but he undertook the erasure or removal of the name Amon or Amen from all existing monuments in temple and tomb. "The rows on rows of statues," says Breasted in his History of Egypt, "of the great nobles of the old and glorious days of the empire, ranged along the walls of the Karnak temple, were not spared, but the god's name was invariably erased. Even the royal statues of his ancestors, including the king's father, were not respected; and, what was worse, as the name of that father, Amenhotep, contained the name of Amon, the young king was placed in the unpleasant predicament of being obliged to cut out his own father's name, in order to prevent the name of Amon from appearing 'writ large' on all the temples of Thebes." This overzeal had most disastrous results, and but little permanent value.

Flinders Petrie, one of the greatest living Egyptologists, speaking of this new creed of Akhnaton, says: "If this were a new religion invented to satisfy our modern scientific conceptions, we could not find a flaw in the correctness of this view of the energy of the solar system. How much Akhenaten (there are several ways of spelling the name) understood we cannot say, but he had certainly bounded forward in his views and symbolism to a position which we cannot logically improve upon at the present day. Not a rag of superstition or of falsity can be found clinging to this new worship evolved out of the old Aten of Heliopolis, the sole Lord or Adon of the universe."

In order that the reader may the more fully appreciate the purity and comprehensiveness of the new religion promulgated by Akhnaton, nicknamed the "heretic king," he should read this glorious hymn of the king to Aton. It is published in full in several books accessible to those living near a good library, as in Breasted's History of Egypt, pp. 371ff.; Flinders Petrie's History of Egypt, vol. 11, pp. 215ff, and also in Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature, pp. 5306ff.

The remarkable correspondence in language and sentiment between several passages in Aton's hymn and passages in that most beautiful of the "nature psalms," Psalm 104, has been pointed out time and again. Mr. Weigall, mentioned above, has gone so far as not only to point out the parallelism, but to boldly maintain that the Hebrew hymn is nothing more or less than a free reproduction of Aton's eulogy, written centuries

before the time of David, yea, even before the Exodus and Moses. This is something new in biblical criticism, and, like many a theory, lacks convincing proof. Nevertheless, the similarity of thought and expression suggests the probability that the author of the one hundred and fourth psalm had read this great hymn of Akhnaton. Be that as it may, we cannot resist the temptation of calling attention to the fact that the critics who have followed the Wellhausen theory will find here another nut to crack. These critics have been accustomed to depress the dates not only of the Pentateuch but also of almost every portion of the Old Testament books, basing their claims not only upon the language and style, but also upon the thought and teachings of the different ages. Starting from this standard many of our commentators make the one hundred and fourth psalm post-exilic. Cheyne, for example, says: "It is needless to spend time in proving that the great hymn to Providence (Psalms 103 and 104) belongs to the same period as Psalms 105-107, namely the second half of the Persian rule." Then, comparing Psalms 8, 19 (1-7), and 104, he says: "The wide sweep of thought in both suggests of itself the beneficent influence of the Exile. Many students will go still further, and admit that if the Priestly Code is post-Exile, those psalms which (as the auhor of Hebrews may have held with regard to Psalm 8) allude to the first chapter of Genesis must be post-Exile too."

We submit that if Akhnaton, or his contemporaries, could have produced such a masterpiece, so pure and lofty not only in language and thought but also in its conception of God, and that almost sixteen centuries before the Christian era, a Hebrew poet five hundred years later could have written the one hundred and fourth psalm. Why, therefore, make it post-exilic?

But let us come back to the "Praise of Aton." We follow Breasted's translation. The hymn opens:

> Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of heaven,
> O living Aton, Beginning of life!
> When thou risest in the eastern horizon of heaven,
> Thou fillest every land with thy beauty;
> For thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high over the earth;
> Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all thou hast made.
> Thou art Re, and thou hast carried them all away captive;
> Thou bindest them by thy love.
> Though thou art afar, thy rays are on earth:
> Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day.

The above deserves a place alongside of the best in any literature, even the best in the Hebrew Psalter. We now come to the passages in Aton's hymn which have a strong resemblance to those in the hundred and fourth psalm:

Praise of Aton	Psalm 104
For thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high over all the earth;	O Jehovah my God, thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Thy rays, they encompass the land, even all thou hast made.	Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
	Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain. (1, 2.)

Thou makest the Nile in the Nether World,
Thou bringest it at thy desire, to preserve the people alive.
Thou hast set a Nile in heaven,
That it may fall for them,
Making floods upon the mountains, like the great sea;
And watering their fields among their towns.

All trees and plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.
All the sheep dance upon their feet.

Thou makest the seasons in order to create all thy works.

When thou settest in the western horizon of heaven,
The world is in darkness like the dead,
Every lion cometh forth from his den,
All serpents, they sting,
Darkness reigns (?)
The world is in silence.

When thou risest in the horizon,
The darkness is banished.
When thou sendest forth thy rays
. . . . . .
Then in all the world, they do their work.

How manifold are all thy works!
They are hidden from before us,
O thou sole God, whose powers no other possesseth [or according to another version, O thou sole God, beside whom there is no other]:
Thou didst create the earth according to thy desire.

The barques sail up-stream and down-stream alike,
Every highway is opened, because thou hast dawned.
The fish in the river leap up before thee
And thy rays are in the midst of the great sea.

The world is in thy hand,
Even as thou hast made them,
When thou hast risen, they live;
When thou settest, they die.
By thee man liveth,
And their eyes look upon thy beauty,
Until thou settest.

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; (3.)
He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains;
They give drink to every beast of the field; (10, 11.)
He watereth the mountains from his chambers;
The earth is filled with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle. (13, 14.)

The trees of Jehovah are filled *with sap*,
The cedars of Labanon which he hath planted;
Where the birds make their nests;
The high mountains are for the wild goats. (16–18.)

He appointed the moon for seasons;
The sun knoweth his going down. (19.)

Thou makest darkness, and it is night.
Wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their food from God. (20, 21.)

The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work,
And to his labor until the evening. (22, 23.)

O Jehovah, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
The earth is full of thy riches [or creatures]. (24.)

Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships;
There is leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. (25, 26.)

Thou openest thy hand, they are satisfied with good.
Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled;
Thou takest away their breath, they die.
Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created.
And thou renewest the face of the ground. (28–30.)

There are several other passages in this great hymn of Akhnaton which recall other portions of the psalms. We shall give only the following two:

He [the Sun] that made them has gone to rest in the horizon.

In them [the heavens] he has set a tent for the sun. (Psa. 19. 4.)

Thou art he who createst the man-child in the woman;
Who maketh seed in man,
Who giveth life to the son in the body of his mother.

For thou didst form my inward parts;
Thou didst cover me in my mother's womb.
My frame was not hidden from thee,
When I was made in secret. (Psa. 139. 13, 15.)

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

We give this department to a quotation from William Winter, the noblest of American dramatic critics, on the indecent drama: "It is not prudery that protests against the fabrics of theatrical writing which that admirable actor and mature and wise thinker, Mr. Forbes-Robertson, rightly designates 'the prurient drama'; it is common sense; it is reverent devotion to the great art of acting, and therewithal an abiding confidence in the theater as a potent social institution, which should be of great beneficence to the community; it is rational, inveterate opposition to decadence in dramatic art—not decadence from any standard, actual or fanciful, of writing or acting, in any period of the past, but decadence from the plain, simple, truthful, right standard of good morals and good taste in the present. The welfare of society does not require that the theater should concern itself with admonitory illumination of 'the dark places' of the social system. The press, day by day, attends (and attends far too minutely) to that branch of illumination, and the courts are continuously industrious, as they are obliged to be, in the same afflictive employment. The public has no need of theatrical documents about miscegenation, 'marriages of convenience,' cellular pathology, hereditary disease, functional disorders and physical and mental aberrancy. It is not as a place exclusively for the much-mentioned 'young person' that the theater is advocated; but the theater should be—and as such it *is* advocated—a place to which persons of all ages and of all classes can repair, with the full assurance that they will neither be nauseated by vice nor insulted by filth. It does not seem unreasonable to urge that the same spirit of refinement which, among decent persons, is peremptory in private life, should be respected and maintained in assemblies of the public. In the vast population of the United States there must, necessarily, exist a prodigious variety of tastes, and, accordingly, the popularity of many kinds of theatrical exhibition is comprehensible. The theater requires the support of the multitude and could not long exist without it. The favor of the multitude, accordingly, must be sought—though there are limits, often disregarded, beyond which no theatrical suitor for the popular approval is entitled to pass. But intellect should lead, not follow, and it is in alluring the multitude to wish for what it ought to have that a theatrical manager *manages*, and thus discriminates himself from the mere unscrupulous speculator in theatrical wares—the huckster who, willing to present fine and true drama 'if it will pay,' does not hesitate to debauch the stage for the sake of profit, just as the dishonest manufacturer does not hesitate to make tools for the burglar as readily as he makes them for the carpenter. Evil, unhappily, has its place in the scheme of creation, and, accordingly, it enters human life and it enters art; but the introduction and treatment of it in art should always, and very sternly, be governed by the intellectual law of selection. The sewer and the cesspool

exist, and man is capable of bestial conduct and shocking depravity. The world contains many horrible things, but the analysis of them is out of place in the theater, because destructive of taste and injurious to the public morals. The play that introduces upon the public stage any subject improper to be presented there, or treats any subject there presented in an improper manner, is a play to be condemned, and the condemnation should be made as severe as language can make it, and should extend to its author as represented by it, to its producer, and to the actors who appear in it, all of whom are implicated in an offense against society. A pussy-footed and mealy-mouthed press will not avail. Some minds are pervious to nothing less than a trip-hammer. If the mission of the dramatic art be not to help mankind—to cheer, instruct, inspire, and improve men and women, making the soul pure, the mind gentle and strong, and the whole being spiritually finer, then dramatic art has no place which intellect is called on to recognize and advocate, and it should be dismissed at once into Milton's 'limbo,' at the back side of the world, far off, the Paradise of fools. No insistency, therefore, can be excessive that urges the duty of all intellectual authorities—writers, actors, artists, all persons who have the power of reaching the public intelligence—to present, for sympathy and admiration, ideas of nobility, objects of beauty, themes of joy and hope, truths that intensify the life of the affections, images of fidelity and courage, the virtue that is never insipid, and the loveliness that is never tame; and thus, by giving blessings, to create, extend, and make universal the desire for the blessings that they give. With a theater administered in that spirit there would, indeed, be ample ground for conviction that every cloud will pass away from the Temple of Acting. Let us strive unceasingly for that goal. *All human life has, for its ultimate object, a spiritual victory. The divine spirit works in humanity in many subtle ways. It is man's instinctive, intuitive imitation of nature that creates artificial objects of beauty—the arch of the cathedral repeating the vista of the forest.* Those objects, in turn, react on the human mind, and deepen and heighten its sense of grandeur and beauty. It is *man's interpretation of humanity that has disclosed to him the idea of a divine Father and a spiritual destiny.* All things work together for that result—the dramatic art deeply and directly, because, when rightly administered, it is the clear mirror of all that is splendid in character and all that is noble and gentle in conduct—showing ever the excellence to be emulated and the glory to be gained, soothing our cares, dispelling thoughts of trouble, and casting a glamour of romantic grace over all the commonplaces of the world. Against whatever is inimical to the stage, thus valued and thus employed, the intellect of the time should surge like a sea of fire, to blast, to wither, to destroy."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Experimental Note. By Wilbur Fletcher Sheridan. Crown 8vo, pp. 334. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

As we finished our examination of this book we said audibly to ourselves: "I wish every minister in the land, whatever his denomination, might read this book from cover to cover, as he enters upon the work of the autumn and winter. It would fill him with faith and gird him with power and fire him with zeal. It would make an epoch for the church and a glorious winter for the whole land." The book is capable of doing this. It is no hackneyed humdrum volume, but vital, dynamic, stirring, and as sane as it is glowing and intense. Its arguments are convincing, its appeal irresistible, its fervor contagious; and it is also a treasure-house of illustration, facts, homiletical suggestions, practical hints, and kindling inspiration. Its twenty-eight chapters are (not sermons, but) sermon-makers. The author says his book "is a study in perspective and proportion. It is an attempt to analyze church life to-day, and to compare it with the imperishable ideal that glows in the pages of the New Testament. Artists tell us that after long labor at the easel they must leave it for a while and 'wash out their eyes with pure colors,' lest their perception of perfect colors become confused. The preacher in the midst of his task finds the same return a necessity. He must hark back to the original tints as fixed by the great Master. Lest the perspective become blurred, he must betake him anew to the first principles of his art. Lest he miss the supreme objective, he must look again into his marching orders and have reiterated the Great Commission. Only so can first things remain first. Only so will he be able to distinguish, as Lowell says, 'between the blaze of a tar-barrel and the final conflagration of all things.'" Here is one of the author's wise pregnant sentences in the chapter on "The Speculative Emphasis": "Defense-of-the-faith sermons should bear the same numerical proportion to evangelistic sermons that a nation's wars bear to its harvests." Here is what Henry Ward Beecher once said to a Methodist Preachers' Meeting: "By the way, yesterday morning I was at the Methodist church here. A very pleasant room it is, and I am told that a very worthy society occupy it. But I have a most weighty charge to bring against the good people—a charge of musical apostasy. I had expected a treat of good hearty singing. There were Charles Wesley's hymns, and there were the good old Methodist tunes that ancient piety loved and modern conceit laughs at! Imagine my chagrin when, after reading the hymn, up rose a choir from a shelf at the other end of the church, and began to sing a monotonous tune of the modern music-book style. The patient congregation stood up meekly to be sung to, as men stand under rain when there is no shelter. Scarcely a lip moved. No

one seemed to hear the hymn, or cared for the music. How I longed for the good old Methodist thunder! One good burst of old-fashioned music would have blown this modern singing out of the windows like wadding from a gun! Men may call this an improvement and genteel. Gentility has nearly killed our churches, and it will kill Methodist churches if they give way to its false and pernicious ambition. We know very well what good old-fashioned Methodist music was. It had faults enough, doubtless, against taste. But it had an inward purpose and religious earnestness which enabled it to carry all its faults and triumph in spite of them. It was worship. Yesterday's music was tolerable singing, but very poor worship." Another admonition (not specially intended for Methodists perhaps, yet certainly timely for them to consider to-day) is in the words which Dr. Sheridan quotes from Professor Harnack's What is Christianity?: "When the second and third generations after the founding of a new religion [or new interpretation of religion, he might have said, also] have passed away; when hundreds, nay, thousands, have become its adherents, no longer through conversion, but by the influence of heredity and birth; when those who laid hold of the faith as great spoil are succeeded by crowds who wrap it around them like an outer garment, a revolution always occurs. The religion of strong feeling and the heart passes into the religion of custom, and therefore of form and of law. . . . Its forms stiffen. . . . New forms are added, . . . and they acquire not only the value of laws and regulations, but they come to be insensibly regarded as themselves containing the very substance of religion; nay, as though they themselves were that substance." Henry Ward Beecher once said to his people of Plymouth Church: "From the very beginning, night and day, without varying, through all the early months of my ministry here, I had but one feeling—to preach Christ for the awakening of men for their conversion. My desire was that this should be a revival church—a church in which the gospel should be preached primarily and mainly for the recreation of man's moral nature, for the bringing of Christ as a living power upon the living souls of men. . . . The keynote of my ministry among you has been the evangelization of the soul or the awakening of men from their sinfulness, and their conversion to the Lord Jesus Christ; and if you had taken that away from my thoughts and feelings, you would have taken away the very central principle of my ministry. By far the largest number of my sermons have been aimed at the conviction and conversion of men." Dr. Sheridan says: "When we sat in the Inter-Church Congress in New York recently and heard the reports from J. Wilbur Chapman and Newell Dwight Hillis of their evangelistic campaigns, how not only in churches, but in theaters and factories, and from carts and wagons, they, out of their rich and varied stores of scholarship and cultivated personalities, had poured the warm heart-message of an immediate salvation upon the multitudes, we felt like saying with Simeon of old, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' And we said in our heart: 'God bless the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians! If they are more alert in leading the evangelistic hosts than we Methodists, grant them glorious success!' And then we thought of the gentleman who

had planted in a jar a sprig of sweetbrier, as he thought, and placed it in his room. One day a friend, an expert horticulturist, called on him and declared that the sprig was not sweetbrier at all, but only common shrub. So our friend took it up by the roots and threw it out of his front window to the street. Some months after the gentleman was asked to call on a sick neighbor. On entering the house he was delighted with the fragrance of a sweetbrier that greeted him. Expressing his pleasure to the sick man, the latter said: 'I am glad you like it, neighbor. By the way, I discovered that sweetbrier out in the street in front of your house.' Methodist brethren, if the Congregational and Presbyterian neighbors have found our sweetbrier, and it is filling their house with fragrance, let us rejoice with them. But, O, let us also plant it again in our own house, that its fragrance may fill all our nights and gladden all our days! . . . Henry Drummond carried everywhere the evangelistic message, with the result that the most elusive classes of our modern civilization—elusive as regards their approachability by religious propagandism—the young men of the colleges, and the boys of the streets, and the society people of West London, were powerfully moved by him. Hugh Price Hughes combined the two elements of culture and evangelism. Leaving Oxford with the determination, as he tells us, to become a scholarly and literary preacher, the exigent needs of the multitudes, the moribund moralities of the masses, high and low, and then the displayed power of God in saving men, after a ventured evangelistic sermon of his one night at Dover, changed the whole current of his ministry and made him one of the mightiest soul-winners of any generation and, under God, a re-creator of both British and American Methodism. J. H. Jowett, recently of Birmingham; Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh; G. Campbell Morgan, George Jackson, and a host of others of to-day, as were Chalmers, Finney, Wesley, and Massillon of yesterday, are illustrations of the possibility and potency of uniting culture and evangelism. Bishop Simpson, in a conversation with Bishop Walden, attributed whatever power his preaching possessed to his preparing and speaking, in the formative years of his ministry, with the purpose of securing the immediate conversion of the impenitent. To Dr. T. L. Cuyler Charles H. Spurgeon expressed his surprise and regret that the American pulpit did not more generally aim at securing the immediate conversion of men. He declared that he aimed at and secured that result all the year round. . . . When we want souls as Finney wanted them and as Wesley wanted them; when we are content to be, like Uncle John Vassar, 'God's greyhounds after souls,' we shall get souls." Uncle John Vassar, passing an Episcopal church which had reached out for souls evangelistically and had gotten them, lifted up his hands toward it in benediction, and exclaimed: "Blessed old soul-trap!" There is need for Methodists to take heed lest the ministers and laity of other churches surpass them in urgently emphasizing the very things which Methodism was born to urge and emphasize and which were the burden of its message and the secret of its power. Dr. Sheridan remarks that the value of Christian confession and testimony, which has been no small part of the life of Methodism, has seldom been more strikingly set forth than by Dr. J. H. Jowett, now pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in

New York city. Dr. Jowett says of the reflex influence of open confession of Christ on the witness himself: "We are strengthened by confession. Secrecy robs us of the stimulus of publicity, and of the supports that belong to a public confession. . . . The inner sanctities are strengthened and enriched by open confession. A man's faith in God is fortified by the experience of confession. It is always a safe rule in life to regard one's shrinkings with suspicion. Our shrinkings are very frequently the index to urgent duties. A man's shrinkings may be, and often are, the recoils of timidity and cowardice. I must, therefore, look closely at my shrinkings, lest perchance they hide my duties. Men shrink from the public confession of Christ. They will do anything, will prefer anything, rather than make a public confession of their belief in the rights and kingship of Christ. And yet such a confession would often act with great spiritual energy. It is a kind of public pledge, a public consecration of life; and consecration always means amplification. . . . The great exercise will stir up and strengthen the forces of salvation within thee, and thou shalt assuredly be led to the perfected life." The effect of confession on the hearers Dr. Jowett set forth in a most beautiful way in an address before the Congregational Council of Great Britain when he laid down his office as president: "The church is poor because so much of her treasure is imprisoned. Our riches are buried in the isolated lives of individual members instead of being pooled for the enrichment of the fraternity. . . . The psalm that is born in the heart remains unsung, and the sadness it was fitted to remove in the heart of another abides like a clammy mist. The revelation that dawned upon one wondering soul is never shared, and so another remains in the cold imprisonment of darkness. The private interpretation is never given, and for want of the key many obstructing doors are never unlocked. This is the neglected side of the apostolic *koionia* (fellowship), and for the want of it the church goes out to meet the world in the poverty of a starved individualism rather than in the rich and full-blooded strength of her communistic vigor. In lieu of this broader and richer fellowship we have exalted the ministry of one man, and out of the limited pool of his experience—and sometimes they are not even experiences, but only fond and desirable assumptions—the whole community has to drink, while the rest of the pools remain untapped. And O! the treasures that are hidden in those unshared and unrevealed experiences! What have our matured saints to tell us? How did they escape the snare, or by what subtlety were they fatally beguiled? How did they take the hill, and where did they discover the springs of refreshing? What did they find to be the best foot-gear when the gradient was steep, and how did they comfort their hearts when they dug the grave by the way? And what is it like to grow old, and what delicacies does the Lord of the road provide for aged pilgrims? And have they seen any particular and wonderful stars in their evening sky? Are not you and I and all of us unspeakably poorer that these counsels and inspirations remain untold? And our younger communicants—how are they faring on the new and arduous road? What unsuspected difficulties are they meeting, and what unsuspected provisions have they received? And what privileges of service have been given them? And what inspiring vision

have they found in the task? And our stalwart warriors, what have they to tell us? How goes the fight in the business field, on the market and exchange? What hidden secret has the Lord of light been unveiling to the ordained laymen? What wealth of truth and glory? *These*, I say, are the breadths of the *koionia* we do not traverse; these are the mines we do not work; and the output of our moral and spiritual energy is consequently small." Personal religion, the religion of regenerated individual souls, is the root which produces all the multitudinous rich fruits of Christianity in the world. Dr. Jowett reminded our English Wesleyan brethren that the revival of personal religion under the Wesleys and Whitefield had given rise to the four great philanthropic movements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; that is, the anti-slavery movement, led by Wilberforce; the prison reform movement, led by John Howard; the Sunday school movement, initiated by Robert Raikes; and the foreign missionary movement, begun by William Carey. Though led by men of various faiths, these four great epochal movements are traced in their origin back to the great Wesleyan revival of experimental religion; and that not by a Methodist, but by the "Bishop of English Nonconformists," Dr. Jowett. Such is the situation which the church confronts that the Wall Street Journal, purely an organ of commercial life, turns preacher and cries: "What America needs more than railway extension, and Western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest, that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary, and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusiness-like behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big, of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this wealth we are worshiping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped just before their light went out?" We purpose to put this book on The Experimental Note at the front of our book notices in this November number of the REVIEW, because we do not know how to do anything better for the ministry and membership of the church, nor how better to serve the cause of Christ and of salvation in the world. For all important purposes it is worth more than a score of books of the Higher Criticism. It makes us think of what a highly intelligent and well-poised woman said as she came out of church after hearing the right sort of a sermon: "Isn't the gospel fascinating?"

Modern Thought and Traditional Faith. By GEORGE PRESTON MAINS. 8vo, pp. 279. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

FEW men of large ability are content to do only one sort of thing. They are conscious of a surplus of resource, beyond what is consumed by their prescribed employment, which craves exercise in some very different realm.

"Does he paint? He fain would write a poem—
Does he write? He fain would paint a picture,"

wrote Browning in his "One Word More," noting that Rafael, who is a painter, writes a sonnet, and Dante, who is a poet, paints an angel. And we see one of the heads of a great publishing house, known as a master in the business world, diverging now and again from his official tasks to turn brain and hand to authorship. In the volume before us he appears in the realm of biblical scholarship to discuss its present problems and positions. Dr. Mains tells us in his preface what has prompted him to write this book: "It is high time that the modern critical study of the Bible should be relieved in popular thought from its hobgoblin reputation. The teachers, the trained and competent scholars of the Christian church, owe this service to the common good. *It is with this conviction that I*, though among the least of the scholars in Judah, *have felt prompted to write this book*. The critical movement, while rendering the highest and most indispensable service to Christian truth, has, often through misapprehension, often through ignorant and vicious caricature, been made a stone of stumbling to the common thought. It is a high duty for men in responsible places as teachers in the Christian church to lift this burden of popular misconception from this most beneficent work." In part, this book is a protest against what the author regards as the slowness of his own denomination in adjusting itself to the critical movement. He says that the official leadership of this church has done little to "encourage our younger educated minds in cultivating familiarity with modern processes of biblical critical study"; and he adds that American Methodism is not abreast with the mother Wesleyan Church in England in its attitude toward the critical movement. Minds differ so much in temper and training that we are generally sure of finding in every considerable body of men two classes, the conservatives and the progressives. They are a mutual blessing to each other; they keep each other awake; and between the two, progress is likely to be made sane and safe. Both classes need to add to their other virtues patience with each other. When in matters of scholarship the scholarly world has come to a consensus it is incumbent on the unscholarly to accept its conclusions. But always it is open to inquire whether the scholars of the world *are agreed* touching the point under consideration, or whether there is a respectable difference of opinion. Often views are bulletined as "accepted," when they have not been approved by nearly all of the capable scholars; and, sometimes, are so labeled when only extremists admit, or even tolerate, them. In church and state, in religion and politics, progressives need to exercise caution, and conservatives should cultivate open-mindedness. The manifest aim of the book before us is to so mediate between the two classes as to bring the conservatives abreast with the progressives, an attempt which, anywhere, only partially or gradually succeeds, having to reckon always with constitutional and educational differences. The Book Editor, Dr. Richard J. Cooke, in his Introduction, highly commends the book, and then adds this cautious word: "In thus recommending the work we do not, of course, indorse as the teachings of

the church every statement of the author, nor commit ourselves to all of his conclusions, especially those relating to the Old Testament. Dr. Mains speaks for himself, and modestly disclaims any intention of speaking for the church or for any institution. He simply reports the findings of eminent Christian scholars and pleads for tolerance of their views till they are found to be erroneous. With the methods of biblical criticism we may heartily agree, but it does not follow that we must therefore blindly accept all the supposed results. *Certainly we shall not take away infallibility from the Bible and bestow it upon the critics.* The history of biblical criticism only too clearly teaches that assured results often change, and it is no reproach to any church that it does not revise its creed every time a biblical critic changes his opinion." The book is fully at home with biblical scholarship, and yet near enough to the average reader to justify its hope of mediation between the two. In the press and in private letters to the author from men of eminence, the book has received many high encomiums. Dr. Bradford P. Raymond calls it "A successful attempt to meet the needs of those whose faith has been disturbed by the findings of the critics." Dr. Mains declares that all the legitimate results of modern biblical criticism can be accepted fully, without the destruction, or even disturbance, of a single vital Christian truth; which is doubtless true if you emphasize the word *legitimate.* "The Bible remains more intelligibly than ever the record of heaven-inspired messages to men. From cover to cover it is luminous with the revelation of God. The matchless portraiture of the Christ, a creation which it would be impossible for all the intellectual and artistic geniuses of the race to produce, stands forth in clearer and more unquestioned light than ever before. The critical process has not disturbed, much less marred, a single promise or privilege which the older Bible held out to the Christian worshiper. In this record there still stand in untarnished beauty the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God, of redemption and forgiveness of sin through Jesus Christ, and of the witness of the Spirit to pardoning grace and to the blessed and joyful fellowship of sonship in God's family. In this record, as richly as ever, are encouragements to prayer, assurances of helpful and sufficient grace for the Christian's battling life, grace to give patience in trial, victory over temptation, comfort in sorrow, and triumph in death. And, finally, like diamonds of the first brilliancy, set in the very crown of this revelation, there are pressed upon the vision of the saints assurances of a blessed immortality and the inheritances of a heavenly hereafter." With similar conviction another has said: "The pages of Holy Scripture, instead of being blackened into tinder by the fire into which they have been cast, only assume a more dazzling whiteness as the marks of human imperfection are purified away; and not the smallest syllable that flashed from the pen of divine inspiration is destroyed." The chapters of the book treat of "The Middle Ages," "The Renaissance," "Scientific Exploration," "Philosophy and Critical Science," "Hebrew History," "Old Testament Origins," "New Testament Criticism," "Growth of Interpretation," "The Kingdom and Humanity," "Miracles and Other Wonders." Much of inter-

est is contained under those headings; but the book comes to its climax in the two chapters on "Christ and the Modern Age." Those thirty-seven pages are the warm, throbbing heart of the volume, and in them it really culminates, though twenty-four pages on "Miracles and Other Wonders" follow. Those two chapters are sufficiently worthy and distinctive to be published by themselves in a widely circulated booklet. To a marked degree this book is an individual document, a *pronunciamento* in the first person singular, the credo of Dr. George P. Mains. It closes with this declaration of faith: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty. I believe in the everlasting persistence and supremacy of the moral universe. I believe that man is God's immortal child. The material heavens and earth may wax old and pass away. Suns and systems may cease; but the soul of man will continue. Man, the undying offspring of God, was made to be a citizen of imperishable realms. The Infinite alone marks the limits of human possibility. The spiritual man, as God's child, will mature ever into the divine likeness and perfections. His growth will be everlasting. The resources of all infinities will ultimately, at some point, some time, come into his possession. Upon his children the Infinite Father will evermore bestow his wealth, and with their endless growth they shall evermore receive increasing revelations of his exhaustless glories."

Cambridge Biblical Essays. Essays on Some Biblical Questions of the Day. By Members of the University of Cambridge. Edited by HENRY BARCLAY SWETE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity. Royal 8vo, pp. xii, 556. New York: The Macmillan Company, Limited. Price, cloth, $3.75.

IT is necessary at certain stated intervals to take stock with a view to finding out the extent of one's possessions. This must be done in an earnest and honest spirit, if the results are to be satisfactory. When such an investigation is made in the realm of scholarship the purpose is at once educational and disciplinary. When a venerable seat of learning summons its alumni to make report of their respective researches, so that the world may be informed of the advances made and the conclusions reached, it is expected that the results will be edifying. We have been accustomed to look for large things from Cambridge University. We can never forget our indebtedness to that noble triumvirate in biblical scholarship: Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort. We are thankful that the succession of luminous lights continues to this day. The present volume of essays is representative in more ways than one. The writers belong to different religious bodies; five of them are laymen; each is an expert in his own department; but the bond of unity which holds them together is "the knowledge that all the writers are serious students of the Bible, and that each of them from his point of view has something to offer as the fruit of his studies to those who share his interest in the greatest of books." These facts raise our expectations which are more than realized. It is significant that the motto on the title page is taken from Acts 17. 11: *ἀνακρίνοντες τὰς γραφάς*, "Examining the Scriptures." A careful reading, repeated a second time, deepens the impression that here is scholarship

with a sense of reverence and responsibility, whose mission is to inform, enlighten, and guide into larger fields of knowledge and life. In some matters the attitude of these scholars is one of reasoned suspense; but in other matters a sure word is spoken. Another impression is that the essays are arranged in a logical order, reaching a climax in the careful and thorough appraisement of The Religious Value of the Bible by the editor, Professor Swete. It worthily represents the spirit of the volume with its intelligent tolerance and hearty appreciation of truth from whatever quarter it may come. The ministry of the Bible to the religious needs of all sorts and conditions of men is decidedly demonstrated. Its religious worth, however, must be proved by the experience of the religious life. "Bible studies carry men to the threshold of the sanctuary, but he who would enter and explore it needs other guides—prayer, faith, the mind of Christ." This is a sane principle which must regulate all seekers after truth. All that can be attempted in this notice is to refer to a few of the sixteen essays. "Historical Methods in the Old Testament," by A. A. Bevan, illustrates from Arabic historians, who were not authors in our sense of the word, but compilers. A comparison with these writings will put us on guard against the popular fallacy which consists in judging the writers of the Old Testament by modern standards. Dr. Johns treats of the "Influence of Babylonian Mythology upon the Old Testament" in a sympathetic way. A careful understanding of terms will save us endless trouble. "Many so-called myths are primitive attempts to put an hypothesis into words before language has become sufficiently developed for scientific terms to be available. Recourse is invariably had to metaphor." Dr. Denney once defined a myth as a prescientific answer to a prescientific question. "The Present Stage of Old Testament Research" recognizes that the sacred writings of Israel reappear the more absolutely unique in proportion as they admit of being compared with contemporary conditions among the neighboring peoples. "The Interpretation of the Psalms" essays an explanation of the timelessness and distinctively religious element of the Psalter, which reflects the morality of the Old Testament, while it also appeals to the religious instincts of the human race. In his notable book, Light from the Ancient East, Dr. Deissmann stated that the remains of Jewish tradition contained in the Mishna, the Talmuds, and kindred texts deserve special attention. Students who have used The Words of Jesus, by Dalman, can indorse this sentiment. They will also enjoy the excellent essay in this volume on "Rabbinic Aids to Exegesis." If we recognize that the gospel is the great protest against the modern view that the really important thing is to be comfortable, and that our Lord's preaching of the kingdom of God was a criticism of popular notions as well as an announcement of a new order, we can better understand "The Eschatological Idea" in the gospel, which is suggestively discussed by Professor Burkitt. It is well to be informed that the fourth gospel was intended to meet the needs of the Græco-Roman world; that it is, as it claims to be, a true interpretation of the Person and work of Christ; that the great message of the book is the presence of Christ in the church and in the hearts of believers.

But we cannot go as far as Dr. Inge in his symbolical, allegorical interpretations of what purport to be historical incidents and attested as such. His comparison of the Johannine and Pauline teachings is instructive; it emphasizes the underlying unity in the primitive Church's testimony to the supremacy and sovereignty of Jesus Christ. The burden of the next essay is found in the sentence: The fourth gospel would not have been written if men had been satisfied that the portrait was fully and completely drawn in the pages of the Synoptists. An exceptionally helpful study is one by Professor C. A. Anderson Scott on Jesus and Paul. His conclusion is that the nearer Paul comes to the center of things, the more nearly he approximates to Jesus, and that his writings can be explained only as we accept the influence of the divine Spirit, to which the apostle himself bore witness that his gospel came to him through revelation of Jesus Christ. Dr. Percy Gardner on "The Speeches of Saint Paul in Acts" is a radical critic of Luke the historian. It is hardly fair to contrast the universalism of the gentle physician with the conviction of Paul that salvation is through Christ only. They both accepted the world-wide appeal of the Redeemer; for the purpose of Acts, written by Luke, was to chronicle the translation of Christianity from the religion of a small sect of Jews in Jerusalem to a great world religion. Dr. J. H. Moulton shows himself to be an expert grammarian and an exegete of insight in his essay on "New Testament Greek in the Light of Modern Discovery." It will have rendered a great service if it encourages the reader to seek the fuller discussion of this subject in the writings of Deissmann. Other essays no less valuable must be passed by. One of the greatest services which this volume renders is that it shows how the mass of accumulated material dealing with the Bible can be used in the practical tasks of the church.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Doctor's Dilemma, etc. By BERNARD SHAW. Crown 8vo, pp. 443. New York: Brentano's. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

IT is long since we noticed any of Bernard Shaw's numerous books; we may never notice another. What to think of him and his works seems to be a matter of wide disagreement. The casual reader is at a loss to make up his mind, and even those who have read and studied him most thoroughly do not agree. He appears to be one of the conundrums of the day. On one side is Mr. Chesterton, who writes a whole book about Shaw, with manifestly hearty and sincere regard, amounting to reverence for the playwright and moralist, as a deeply sincere man in an age of shams. Chesterton talks like this: "I know it is all very strange. From the height of eight hundred years ago, or of eight hundred years hence, our age must look incredibly odd. We call the twelfth century ascetic. We call our own time hedonist and full of praise and pleasure. But in the ascetic age the love of life was evident and enormous, so that it had to be restrained In an hedonist age pleasure has always sunk low, so that it has to

be encouraged. How high the sea of human happiness rose in the Middle Ages we only know by the colossal walls that they built to keep it in bounds. How low human happiness sank in the twentieth century our children will only know by these extraordinary modern books which tell people that it is a duty to be cheerful and that life is not so bad after all. Humanity never produces optimists till it has ceased to produce happy men. It is strange to be obliged to impose a holiday like a fast, and to drive men to a banquet with spears. But this shall be written of our time; that when the spirit who denies besieged the last citadel, blaspheming life itself, *there was one especially whose voice was heard and whose spear was never broken.*" He means Shaw, whom he presents as fighter, philosopher, economist, moralist, preacher, and Puritan, saying: "Bernard Shaw is a Puritan and his work is Puritan work. He cares nothing for art in comparison with morals, literally nothing. He has all of the essentials of the old, virile and extinct Puritan class. In his work he is as ugly as a Puritan. He is as indecent as a Puritan. He is as full of gross words and sensual facts as a sermon of the seventeenth century." In contrast with Chesterton another recent critic of Shaw declares that the man manifests an intentional and vigorous antagonism to established standards of ethics, of social life, and of religious faith; that he is defiantly individualistic and enormously self-conscious; that he, like Nietzsche, asserts the right of the individual to topple society over; that he would destroy the very institutions which protect his liberty of speech and action and all his interests; that he wishes to upset the existing system of society but does not know what he wants; that his crusade is against and not for; that it is dissolute, disintegrating, demolishing, destructive; that he and his congeners build no institutions, no social organism, no civilization, but precipitate anarchy, and that the only system they seem likely to produce is one that will compel everybody to do as he pleases. And then cometh the end. Of Chesterton it is said: "He is England's greatest talker —loud, brave, intolerant; opinionated and stirring; a profound wit, a dazzling preacher; conservative through study of the radicals; as antique as Greece through his exceeding anti-modernity that is, indeed, modern as well as ancient; believing in all institutions and with a fine disregard for any phase of any institution on earth except his own solid, journalistic self. Chesterton has found a reason for being a Christian, a thing no one ever before attempted and no Christian ever needed. To be sure, his reason is that there is no reason except that one must live to escape the madhouse, but that is as startling and convincing as anyone could wish." Chesterton says that to-day the people of the under classes in England are dominated by materialism and the cultured people of the upper classes are awed by life. "The hazards and complexities of living are too much for them. They are afraid to marry; afraid to go to Africa to start a farm; afraid to go to India to start a mill; afraid to go to South America with a railroad. They are afraid to have families, and they don't. We are so afraid of doing wrong we do nothing. We argue our religions, we do not preach them. We invite attention to our anathemas; we do not thunder them. We respectfully point out the advantages of immortality. All of

this is terribly repugnant to Chesterton. He roars with laughter and irony at it. He does not talk of his soul; he has no attitude toward life. He is in the thick of life; and can't stop to make a picture. Like Roosevelt, he is so continually in the turmoil of battle that he thinks all the world a Donnybrook fair. Yet, with Roosevelt, he fights a man's fight; fights for honesty against sham; for loyalty, for decency." Chesterton finds in Bernard Shaw a kindred spirit and a fellow-worker, blowing from his trumpet a challenging and hardy note as stirring as a battle-march, very disturbing to the somnolent, the indolent, the self-indulgent, the conventional. He says that the commercial methods of the business world invite attendance upon lunatic asylums; that there is a bewildering output of frothy and shiftless literature, but little patient work of real value; that the books of the period, if read, would bring chiefly an education in suicide; but that, on the other hand, ours is an age of mustered courage to investigate in all realms and to experiment with new methods; that the church is awaking; that there is moral dynamite in the air and that Shaw is one of the men who are furnishing the dynamite; that men are taking a fresh grip on life; and that the pulpits are thundering with denunciations of wrongs long condoned, indeed, long unnoticed. Of the volume before us a Canadian critic writes: "George Bernard Shaw's latest volume, containing 'Getting Married,' makes one wish to have a drive at him, but the volume cannot be dismissed as lightly as an ordinary novel. Somehow didacticism and humor mix poorly in the English, *not* the slang sense. Many people read George Bernard Shaw merely for his fun, without bothering their heads about what he is driving at. A lot more (like the Scotchman of Lamb's 'Imperfect Sympathies') read him for his serious side, and are merely irritated by his jokes. There must be a good many who combine intellect and humor who can still be irritated. I feel inclined, occasionally, to gird at his 'wit,' to say 'connu,' which is a French expression implying even more than the word 'chestnut.' 'For goodness sake, say what you've got to say, and don't think it necessary to serve up your unpalatable dishes with so much sauce.' Mark Twain was not at his best when he attempted to drive home great moral truths by the aid of fun. I constantly feel inclined to say to some of G. B. S.'s scintillations: 'That's been said before, and much better, by a French Marquis, or by a Latin author, or by a Persian poet'—just as a first-rate musical critic might assert that there was a good deal too much echo of certain musicians —dead and gone—in a new opera. Only the musical critic, if he were first-rate, would name the source of inspiration offhand, and I can't—always. But still the sound is familiar. Frankly, he irritates me, just as he does everybody else. But then I read Herbert Spencer in my adolescence, and became an Individualist, and shall die one. G. B. S. is a Socialist, and 'Never the twain shall meet.' The idea of leaving the children to the State to raise and educate gets me hopping every time. Curse the 'Collective Wisdom' fetich! What have corporations or public bodies ever done to show themselves qualified to bring up children better than the average parent? Where is G. B. S. going to get his body of Expert Officialdom, who are to prove to the satisfaction of Amateur Officialdom that they can,

or that Society can, bring up the young of the human race as well as under natural conditions? They'll want to separate the tigress from her young next, and bring the latter up in zoölogical gardens. Obviously, a human being is more intellectual than a tiger, and obviously the average intellect of a corporate body of human beings is higher than the intellect of any one individual in that body. Therefore shut the little tiger kittens up in cages and let them be fed by keepers at stated times. That's the way the Socialists argue. Only the tigress will die first, and the kittens won't live!" Obviously, Bernard Shaw, whatever his faults and offenses, is not insipid, as Silvester Horne charges that the churches are. Apropos of our subject, just as we are noticing Shaw and his book, Rev. Ensor Walters, a noted Wesleyan minister, on his way to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference at Toronto, introduces himself in New York after this fashion: "My claim to fame is that I was at one time a London vestryman and my fellow-vestryman was Bernard Shaw. When I mention the name of Shaw I see you all smile. But, I assure you, he is the most serious man in the world. He is aflame for righteousness. It wasn't Ibsen that made Shaw. It was his experience as a London vestryman." Just when we are in dire bewilderment between what is told us about Bernard Shaw by his devotees on the one hand and his denouncers on the other, in breaks Mr. Shaw himself, only to intensify our bewilderment. Hear him: "For ten years past, with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination, I have been dinning into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant, and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England, and no power in heaven or on earth will ever change it. I may dodder and dote; I may pot-boil and platitudinize. I may become the butt and chopping-block of all the bright, original spirits of the rising generation; but my reputation shall not suffer. It is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable base of dogmatic toleration. Waggery as a medium is invaluable. My case is really the case of Rabelais over again. When I first began to promulgate my opinions I found that they appeared extravagant and even insane. In order to get a hearing it was necessary for me to attain the footing of a privileged lunatic with the license of a jester. Fortunately the matter was very easy. I found that I had only to say with perfect simplicity what I seriously meant just as it struck me, to make everybody laugh. My method is to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say, and then to say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest. If literary men generally were put through the mill I went through and kept out of their stuffy little coteries, where works of art breed in and in until the intellectual and spiritual product becomes hopelessly degenerate, I should have a thousand rivals more brilliant than myself. There is nothing more mischievous than the notion that my works are the mere play of a delightfully clever and whimsical hero of the *salons;* they are the result of perfectly straightforward drudgery, beginning in the ineptest novel-writing juvenility, and persevered in every day for twenty-five years." If our readers complain that we are not making clear to them what sort of man Bernard Shaw is, even with the aid of his own statement, we confess to be-

ing in the same condition, and the reading of the book before us has not enlightened us much. Frankly we regret the time wasted on it, and wonder that anybody reads such books. One of the queerest characters in the play entitled "Getting Married" (where all are queer enough) is an Anglican bishop. One of the most sensible of his sayings is when he is introducing his chaplain, Mr. Soames: "Soames is my chaplain. The great difficulty about bishops in the Church of England to-day is that the affairs of the diocese make it necessary that a bishop should be before everything a man of business, capable of sticking to his desk for sixteen hours a day. But the result of having bishops of this sort is that the spiritual interests of the church, and its influence on the souls and imaginations of the people, very soon begin to go rapidly to the devil. Indeed the bishops themselves went so far in that direction that they gained a reputation for being spiritually the stupidest men in the country and commercially the sharpest. I found a way out of this difficulty. Soames was my solicitor. I found that Soames, though a very capable man of business, had a romantic secret history. His father was an eminent Nonconformist divine who habitually spoke of the Church of England as The Scarlet Woman. Soames became secretly converted to Anglicanism at the age of fifteen. He longed to take holy orders, but didn't dare to, because his father had a weak heart and habitually threatened to drop dead if anybody hurt his feelings. You may have noticed that people with weak hearts are the tyrants of English family life. So poor Soames had to become a solicitor. When his father died—by a curious stroke of poetic justice he died of scarlet fever, and was found to have had a perfectly sound heart—I ordained Soames and made him my chaplain. He is now quite happy. He is a celibate; fasts strictly on Fridays and throughout Lent; wears a cassock and biretta; and has more legal business to do than ever he had in his old office in Ely Place. And he sets me free for the spiritual and scholarly pursuits proper to a bishop." We do not care to quote from the book. Much of it is so startling and shocking as to compel us to wonder whether the author is serious or only satirical, in earnest or jesting—with the hope that the latter is the case. The drama which begins the book, entitled "The Doctor's Dilemma," is a long tirade against the medical profession, his indictment against which is fortified by reckless misstatement, gross exaggeration, unscrupulous special pleading, suppression of the truth, malicious suggestion, and unfounded dogmatic assertion. There is much fluent nonsense and pernicious rubbish, though his humorous caricatures of certain types of physicians and surgeons are just and delicious. The play entitled "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet," which is the last in Bernard Shaw's book, and which the Lord Chamberlain's office in London refused a permit to be presented on the stage, is a crude specimen of alternately sentimental and coarse frontier melodrama, though Blanco Posnet, the horse-thief, says some striking things in his rough way. When he barely escapes hanging and the noose has just been taken off his neck, he cries: "You bet God didn't make me for nothing, and he wouldn't have made us at all if he could have done his work without us." And when the baseness and meanness of his life flashed into his

soul, he cried: "'By Jiminy, gents, there's a rotten game, and there's a great game. I played the rotten game; but the great game was played on me; and now I'm for the great game every time. Amen." One review says this volume is "worthless except as a demonstration of the futility of genius when it is not allied with sanity"; while a eulogist presents us with "The Serious Bernard Shaw" and tells of his saying in a private conversation: "I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no 'brief candle' for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations." All of which leaves us with Bernard Shaw on our hands as one of the conundrums of the twentieth century, a pose which, some readers are tempted to believe, he thoroughly enjoys. And there we leave him, though to do so adds this book notice to the all-too-numerous futilities of life.

Letters to a Ministerial Son. By A MAN OF THE WORLD. 12mo, pp. 222. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, $1.

A MAN of the world has a son who enters the ministry. In these twenty letters the father makes a business man's comments on the ministry and the church, gives a good deal of hard-headed advice, and now and then talks to his boy "like a Dutch uncle." The letters make lively and pungent reading. This frank business man is thoroughly loyal and has a high and sane conception of the church and the ministry. One of his first utterances is this: "I believe in Christianity simply because I am a man of the world. I believe in organized Christianity because I am a man of business. And I believe that the Christian minister is meant to occupy a much more important position and exercise a mightier influence in the twentieth century than some of my business friends, and even some ministers of my acquaintance, seem to think. I've never been able to understand your 'man of God' who isn't a 'man of the world'; it seems to me that the Man of Nazareth was both." This man of the world has definite views as to what sort of knowledge is most important for a minister to have: "Happily for me, and even more fortunately for you, my boy, I have not the determination of the college curriculum; but from my point of view, next to the study of the Bible, I should give premier place to the study of psychology and ethics, to the study of human nature and principles of conduct. The preacher must know humanity, must graduate in the school of life. It is amazing how ignorant parsons sometimes are of people, of their mental make and spiritual nature. The study of divinity seems to drive humanity out of some of them—the parsons I mean, not the people! They know their subject, but can't communicate it. They don't just know where the men in the pew are, in what world we live and move and have our being. It is only by accident that they speak our language. If they would sometimes get away from the subject and study us, they might establish some point of contact, and then the subject would get a chance, and so should we. We are worth studying, we men of the world, and we are worth saving. Why preachers should waste

their time and ours in laboring so hard to save the truth—which may be trusted to take care of itself—when we are there, and have come, not only to have our minds instructed, but our hearts cleansed in the holy fires, puzzles me. They go on star-gazing, speculating, systematizing in a world leagues removed from our habitation, and, because they don't know us, they leave us pretty much as they found us. But they are satisfied if they have saved the subject, and they do not know that we, like sheep, have gone astray. It is not enough, my boy, to have a divinity degree. It is your business to pass your divinity on, and in some sense, to make us divine. But you will have to know us first." When the young minister writes that he understands his first duty to be in preparation for the pulpit, and his second duty in visiting his flock, especially the sick and troubled, his father comments thus: "Your preparation for the pulpit—unless you intend to preach simply for the salvation of your subject—will have little value unless you know the people in the pew. And 'the sick and troubled' won't want you to visit them unless they know you. You cannot repudiate pastoral visitation unless you are a pulpit genius. And you cannot become a pulpit genius without serving a full apprenticeship in pastoral visitation. You think that you cannot be a great preacher *and* a great pastor—and you want to be first and foremost a preacher. Very good. But you *must* be a pastor. You must keep up your studies in practical psychology. And the church is the finest school in the world for the study of human nature. That is the college in which you have yet to graduate. Academic divinity is played out, as far as the pulpit is concerned. It is the man in touch with life, life as we live it, that we men of the world want in the pulpit. You have given many years to the study of books. Now you will have to study men, women, and children, and until you are master of this material you will be ineffective in the pulpit. There is nothing peculiarly ecclesiastical in this. In business I must know my goods and my customers. I am not denying that there is difficulty in pastoral visitation in our day. The old maxim, 'The house-going minister makes a church-going people,' needs some modern qualifications. Parsons are apt to say that the only available time for visiting is in the afternoon, and then only the women are in. Which is true! And in this regard, I am inclined to agree with the implication that the women don't so much matter. They are naturally good and will get to heaven anyway. But with men it is mostly a tussle. Certainly, men must be reached, and they can be reached sometimes through the women—that is where afternoon visiting comes in—but not always, so that afternoon visiting is not adequate. And afternoons are alone available because practically all the evenings are now taken up with meetings. Well, cut some of the meetings, and go for the men. Get to know the men—where they live, what they do for a living, what they think about, what they play at, what they read, and generally how they invest their lives, and you will get heaps of sermons out of them; and there will be less of the sniff of ancient commentary, and less of the powder of modern criticism, and more of the stride of life and the joy of living in the pulpit; and church attendance will be a tonic men won't care to miss. What men want in church and what they too often miss, is the

sense of reality. And if this could be regained, there would be an end of all the unhealthy talk about arrested progress, and the complaint about decline in church attendance. Men still attend political meetings and football matches. They still go into the market and on 'change. These things are 'real.' And mostly they get what they go for. And they are not scolded into going. They go because it pays. They get their money's worth. But in church there is too often an ecclesiastical, an unreal atmosphere, an absence of the sense of God, largely because the parson doesn't know his men, and until he knows them he can't do them good. That is the point. I should not have written in this strain, my boy, if you had not put the pulpit first, or if I had not known your own lofty ideal of the ministry; and you will not think me lacking in sympathy because of the cold brutality of my words. It is sometimes the kindest thing to hit hard—and I have thrashed you before, though you may not remember it. You may imagine it to be impossible to fling yourself into the things I have suggested without lowering your pulpit ideal. You may even retort that people can't have it out of your head and out of your heels as well, and that you would rather be a pulpiteer than a footpad. But you must aim to be an all-round man, while you keep the pulpit your throne. A throne without a people is a useless and vain-glorious affair." This man of the world tells what he wants to get when he goes to church: "Sermons on literary subjects—Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Ruskin, Hamlet, Tolstoy—even when they are well done, which seems to be rare—leave a man hungry for a week, while sermons on political subjects spell disaster to the charity and catholicity that should surely characterize all church services. The gospel is not yet exhausted, and the Bible has not lost its charm for men of the world; and if it loses its hold on the preachers, it will be all up with the churches. I can get my literary expositions at the Literary and Philosophical Society—very much better done than a half-hour sermon can allow, even by a literary pulpit genius. I can get my politics at my political club and at public meetings, and I am allowed to interrupt the speaker or discuss the question at the close, which would not be seemly in church. I go to church to get what only the church can supply, and unless the ministry withdraws from its foolish competition and preserves its unique claim of speaking to the soul in man it may as well shut up shop, for its business is done." Here is how a business man regards the Sunday school: "I don't know anything about Sunday schools at first hand, and have never been in attendance since I reached man's estate, being too hesitant in expression to be any good in teaching, but I have noticed that where there is a strong school there is generally a strong church, and that in religion, as in everything else, education pays. And naturally it is the thing that pays that appeals to me. I don't think I could persuade myself to invest in anything commercial or religious that didn't promise good returns. And I don't see why you should. It seems to me that all this talk about 'lapsed masses' is a very serious reflection upon the business life of the church. I'm not suggesting that there are no 'lapsed masses.' But there ought to be no lapsed masses at this time of day. Many of them have 'lapsed' from the Sunday school, and these

methods of evangelism which we call missions would have been less necessary if the church had taken more seriously her mission of educational evangelism. As it is, the church does not spend a tithe of the money and genius in the prevention of prodigals that she does in futile attempts at reclaiming them. Somebody says that the church loses four fifths of the scholars that pass through the Sunday school. They pass through the Sunday school out of the church, to swell the ranks of the 'lost.' Now, I should think there was something radically wrong about the business methods that let slip four fifths or even one fifth of my prospective customers, and I fancy I should deserve to become bankrupt if I were not prepared to spend a little money and a great deal of time in preventing this waste. I should turn all my agents into that gap and get into it myself, and know that our lives depended on stopping that leakage, and it would be worth it, for we should do it and it would pay. And if any man of mine was not prepared to revise his methods in order to increase my business and his own commission I should fire him out for his own sake and mine." Concerning the collection this business man says: "For the most part, I value what I have to pay for, and the thing that is given away isn't usually worth taking. There is a tendency to cheapen religion and the church that doesn't increase the respect of men for the old gospel or the modern ministry. We've heard altogether too much about the gospel being 'without money and without price' and not nearly enough about 'giving as the Lord hath prospered you.' It is true that, at anniversaries and the like, there are spasmodic appeals, but they are not of an educative order, and they don't contribute much to the making of character. I remember hearing Dr. Gray announce his text one Sunday morning, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory. Now, concerning the collection,' and, at that time, it struck me as the most incongruous association I had ever heard. And I had to rub my eyes and consult the Bible several times before I could be convinced that it really read that way. I wish I could remember the sermon, but I've got a very poor homiletic memory, as you know. But I remember the impression and the effect it had upon me. It made me apply some business methods to my haphazard method of giving to the collection. And when I put the figures on paper, they didn't make me swell with spiritual pride, though up to that time I had thought myself, and others had thought me, a reasonably generous giver. Why, I had been spending more money on personal hobbies than on what my very church membership proclaimed to be my supreme passion—the extension of righteousness. It was an eye-opener, my boy, and at first I was inclined to blame Dr. Gray, but, afterward, I blamed all who had ever gone before him. They hadn't taken the trouble to educate me in one of the gladdest graces of the Christian life. Dr. Gray makes a good deal of what he calls the sanctity of the secular. He is never tired of telling us, and we are never tired of hearing, that in commerce God is our indispensable partner, that he gives us the power to get wealth, that in the warehouse, in the shop, in the office, we are working side by side with God, that God can't be locked up in a church, that he can't be crushed into a Bible like a faded flower, that we can't bar the market gates against

him, and that the silver and the gold are his, and that it is a wicked thing to make the collection, or anything else in life, secular." Our man of the world is not troubled much by the question "Why men don't go to church." He says: "The discussion as to the decline in church attendance is perennial. I can never remember when it wasn't relevant. It is the inexhaustible source of copy for newspaper correspondents and for religious and secular journalists in the 'silly season.' Just now, it is the question of the hour. But it isn't modern. Didn't Paul complain that there were some who forsook the assembling of themselves together? Two hundred years ago Isaac Watts wrote: 'We long to see thy churches full.' And the eighteenth century was said to be 'a conscienceless time.' There was no brightness in the past and no promise in the future; religiously, it looked not like the morning, but like the evening of the world. And a Frenchman wrote: 'There is no religion in England; not more than four or five members of the House of Commons attend church. The churches and the cathedrals are empty.' I don't know that the problem is any the easier of solution because it is old, but there is certainly no need for panic and less for pessimism. I used to be very much interested in these everlasting discussions when I was young. But I'm too old to be frightened now. It can't do parsons and churches any harm to face the fact that a very great proportion of the population is outside the churches, and to weigh the reasons why, which annually fill the pages of some big newspaper or other. The discussion is easily started, it could be effectively done by an office boy, and then the non-churchgoers enter the arena, some stating sincere objections, but many more simply battling against the bogies of their own imagination." From the question "Why men don't go to church," he turns to say why they do go: "We go to church because of our need of God and God's need of us. And it is when this simple fact is forgotten by the pew or the pulpit that the experience becomes stale and unprofitable. The mind of the worshiper, and sometimes, I fancy, the mind of the preacher, is too much occupied with lesser subjects, commercial, literary, social or political, and then because the soul loses grip, the church doesn't fulfill its ministry. The lesser thing, not wrong in itself, becomes wrong in church simply because it is less than the best. And we go to church to get what we can't get elsewhere. We can read the Bible at home, get our theology and our philosophy there; there is always The Hibbert Journal to fall back upon, and the writings of non-churchgoing theologians. In church, it is not theology we think of, but truth, living truth, the very thought of God that always transcends expression. Meeting for a common purpose our minds are thrilled with a new emotion that is the very love of God. And somehow—how, I don't know and can't explain—there is a magnetic power, a generating force, invigorating the will with the very righteousness of God. The Scriptures have a new meaning, a modern, a personal inspiration; prayer becomes a new experience and fellowship in praise an actual sharing of the throb and pulsation of the world soul; and the preaching a divine method of educating and enriching human society. And, if we miss the vision of God, the redeeming, consecrating vision—if we are not cleansed of our sin and comforted in our sorrows—

if we have no fellowship with Christ, who is our Saviour, our Ethic, our Ideal, church attendance has somehow failed for us. It may not be the minister's fault, but, then, it may be. That is why he must be in fellowship with the Highest, and let not lesser good take the place of God." Here are more of our layman's views: "I confess I have nothing but contempt for the suggestion that missionary contributions for work abroad crippled the activities of the church at home. Whoever says that, doesn't know anything about Christian mathematics. That man ought to be shut up with the New Testament for a month or two, and be made to decently expound the principle of finding your life in losing it before he is allowed to stand in a Christian pulpit. He ought to know that money given to missions would not, as a rule, be given to anything else, that the men who support missions are the men who support the churches, and that by giving to missions they are increasing their capacity to help home causes. The Laymen's Missionary Movement, a thoroughly sane and scientific organization, publishes facts and figures that ought to put such unworthy fear to shame. When a man says he can't help foreign missions because of the home demands, I simply don't believe him. If it were not for fear of being found out, he would say he can't help home missions because of the needs of the heathen. As a matter of fact he gives little or nothing to anything. The same thing applies to churches. I know churches that decline to take a worthy part in the evangelization of non-Christian countries because of the clamant needs of the heathen at home. And they do less, very much less, for people at home than the churches which, believing that they have a world Christ, save their neighbors by bringing them into contact with the universal soul. In the world of religion intensity goes with breadth, and the churches get only what they give." Our layman ends thus: "I have boundless faith in the church, and more faith in the future of the Christian ministry, and the everlasting vitality of truth, than many ministers seem to have. I haven't come across anything that warrants pessimism, unless it be in the parsons themselves. Pessimism doesn't pay. Optimism, allied with hard work, does. Given ministers who absolutely decline to believe in the possibility of the defeat of Almighty God, who hold fast to the universal humanity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who preach the glad tidings of the gospel, who claim the whole world for their proper parish, and train the coming generation to enter into their universal inheritance, and I am certain that nothing, absolutely nothing, can prevent the establishment of Christ's kingdom, the dawn of the golden age, the conversion of a world-neighborhood into an actual world-brotherhood, and the bringing of the whole human family into fellowship with the All-Father."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

Old Friends. By William Winter. 8vo, pp. 404. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Price, cloth, $3.00, net.

The first thing to be said of these literary recollections is that the charm of William Winter's brilliant mind and generous

spirit pervades them all, making the volume (unintentionally but inevitably) more a revelation of the author's personality than of the friends whom he vividly presents. Half a century's clear memories of notable figures in the world of letters crowd this rich and racy volume with stirring interest, a gallery of living pictures. What William E. Henley called "the sweet old farce of mutual admiration," which goes on wherever ardent friendship is, is not absent from the friendly circles to which this book admits us. The friends whom William Winter admired were his admirers as well. Thus Aldrich described Winter as "a critic who looks into a thing with much judgment and sums up the case like a lawyer"; and Whipple wrote himself down as a great admirer of Winter's literary style; and Holmes saw in Winter's writings "the tender sensibilities of a delicate and impressible nature"; while, above all, they loved him as a man. In this book, as in his previous volume, Other Days, he takes us "rambling along the grass-grown pathways of the past," in company with the idols of his youthful enthusiasm and the comrades of many years. There is no need for William Winter to quote apologetically Sir Walter Scott's plea that "Old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot, in the course of Nature, have long to speak"; for in these reminiscences there is no tediousness, rather a filliping of our hunger for more. One thing William Winter has not learned, and that is, how to be dull. But let us hurry into his picture gallery. Here is Longfellow, of whom he writes: "More fully than any other American poet he represents the two cardinal principles or convictions which are of the highest import to the human race—*nobility of individual life* and *faith in the divine government of the world.* He is absolutely pure; he beautifies everything he touches; and he continually imparts that conviction of spiritual immortality which alone can lift man above the dread of death and inspire to noble endeavor—that absolute trust in a celestial destiny which alone can inculcate patient endurance of our sorrows which are the natural and inevitable consequences of our mortality." A stranger entered one day the bookstore of James R. Osgood in Boston, wishing to buy a volume of poetry for a girl. "I don't want Byron or Shelley," he said; "I want something like Longfellow. He suits the girls, and he suits me. He's a good safe family poet." Walter Scott once wrote in a letter: "It is not so much passages of ludicrous or coarse indelicacy that corrupt the mind, as it is the sentimental story full of subtle and veiled lewd suggestion that debauches." Good Sir Walter could write near the close of his illustrious life: "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have unsettled no one's faith, corrupted no one's principles, and have written nothing which, on my deathbed, I could wish to blot." In the early pages of Mr. Winter's book we come upon the figure of Walt Whitman, whom he had full opportunity to observe, among the Bohemians who resorted to Pfaff's basement-restaurant on Broadway, near Bleecker Street: "Whitman was often there, clad in his eccentric garb. He affected the decolleté Pompadour style of shirt and jacket, exposing below his grizzled beard his brawny

anatomy, his hairy animal-like chest, while he tippled brandy and water and gazed complacently and tolerantly on the circle about him." The quality of Walt's contributions to the intellectual sparkle of the circle is indicated by William Winter's account of the celebration of the birthday of Henry Clapp, whom they called admiringly the Prince of Bohemia. Whitman was assigned the honorable duty of proposing the health of the guest of the evening and paying due tribute to his highly estimable qualities. The company hoped for at least some moderately suitable deliverance from the "great American Bard." But when the supreme moment of the celebration arrived the author of "that odoriferous classic, 'Leaves of Grass,'" rose, pointed his finger at the honored guest and said, "That's *the feller!*" And that was all. That marvelous exhibition of intellect and eloquence William Winter heard. Egotism and ill-breeding marked Whitman's contemptuous comments on his contemporaries. Of William Winter he said: "Willy is a little Longfellow." To Aldrich he said patronizingly: "I like your *tinkles*, Tom; I like them very well." Mr. Winter's opinion of Walt's poems is unhesitating and explicit: "Some literary critics in England have extravagantly extolled Whitman, for no better reason than because he discarded all laws of literary composition, and, instead of writing either prose or verse, composed an uncouth catalogue of miscellaneous objects and images, generally commonplace, frequently coarse, and sometimes filthy. That auctioneer's list of topics and appetites, intertwisted with a formless proclamation of carnal propensities and universal democracy, has been hailed as grandly original and distinctively American, only because it is crude, shapeless, and vulgar. The writings of Whitman, whatever they may be, are certainly not poetry. They are not even original in style: for Macpherson, with his 'Ossian' forgeries; Tupper, with his 'Proverbial Philosophy'; and Samuel Warren, with his tumid 'Ode,' were extant long before Whitman imitated their style. As for the Brotherhood of Man, for which Whitman is given so much credit, it was proclaimed in Judæa at the opening of the Christian era, with results that are still obvious and persistent." Let us return to the pleasanter and decenter company of Longfellow. He delighted in rehearsing his experiences with visitors. One asked him his age, and, being told it was seventy, remarked: "I've seen many men of seventy who looked much younger than you do." Another scanned him over critically and exclaimed: "Why, you look more like a sea captain than a poet." Another seized his hand and exclaimed effusively: "Sir, I have long desired to know you. Sir, I am one of the few persons who have read your 'Evangeline' through." Mr. Winter recalls the lady who, wishing to compliment Walter Savage Landor on his Pericles and Aspasia, said: "Mr. Landor, I haven't had time to read your Periwinkles and Asparagus, but I hear they are excellent." The following anecdote is given about Allston, the painter. He had, at one time, an elderly Jew of venerable countenance for a model. For some time he could not get the model to show enough life, vigor, animation in his face to give him the expression he wanted for his canvas. But at last there came a moment when he saw on the countenance of his sitter an expression of

animation, and even of exultation, which was exactly what he needed. He captured it instantly, and then said to his model: "Your mind must have been on some fine subject a moment ago; what were you thinking of?" And the candid old Hebrew replied: "I was thinking how much money you would get for that picture when it is finished." The last words of Longfellow's pen express the cheerful assurance of his Christian faith, "'Tis daybreak everywhere." Mr. Winter, referring to the early struggles of his own literary career, tells us that he learned how it feels to lack a lodging place and, for want of it, to walk the streets of a great city all night alone, hungry, and cold. For his poem "After All," which has since been included in almost every compilation of American verse made in the last fifty years, he received three dollars, and was thankful to get so much. One of the pleasantest of Mr. Winter's chapters is the one relating to T. B. Aldrich. Seldom have courtesy and ready wit been more felicitously blended than when Aldrich, seated at a dinner next to Lord Houghton, from whose lap the napkin had fallen to the floor, reached down and picked it up and restored it, quoting as he did so from one of his lordship's own poems: "A man's best things are nearest him—lie close about his feet." Bayard Taylor, meeting Winter on the street one bright morning, said: "What a lovely day this is! I'm going home to write poetry." Taylor, having been chosen as poet for the centennial of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia in 1876, and having flogged his brains for some time in efforts to plan something worthy, wrote: "I have at last hung a string into my dissolved conceptions, and the alum of the Ode is beginning slowly to crystallize upon it." Dickens's opinion of Matthew Arnold was that he was "one of the gentlest and most earnest of men." Wilkie Collins was an excruciating sufferer from rheumatic gout in the eyes, but forced himself to his work in spite of it. Consider this heroic story: "My suffering was so great when I was writing The Moonstone that I could not keep from crying aloud. My groans and cries so distressed my amanuensis, to whom I was dictating, that he could not continue his work and had to leave me. After that I employed several other men, with the same result; not one of them could endure the strain. Finally I engaged a young woman, stipulating that she must utterly disregard my sufferings and attend solely to her work. This she declared she could and would do; and this, to my amazement, she calmly and completely did. I was blind with pain, and I lay on the couch writhing and groaning. In that condition I dictated to her the greater part of The Moonstone." Wilkie Collins characterized Sir Walter Scott as "the Prince, the King, the Emperor, the God Almighty of novelists." When the old Scotch Laird Balmerino was awaiting the block, on Tower Hill, in expiation of his alleged disloyalty to the House of Hanover, he wrote: "The man who is not fit to die is not fit to live." At whom is William Winter squinting when, referring to American humor, he says of George William Curtis: "He was an American humorist who did not endeavor to be comic. He was not the humorist who grins amid the sculptures of Westminster Abbey. He was such a humorist as was Addison, whom he resembled. He did not degrade dignity with

sport or antiquity with ridicule"? With whom is he contrasting Curtis in his mind? Roscoe Conkling, conversing with George William Curtis on oratory and poetry, asked him to name a specimen of supreme eloquence. Curtis mentioned a passage in Emerson's Dartmouth College oration: "You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek? what is this Beauty?' men will ask, with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true! When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I; I renounce, I am sorry for, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectation go until a more convenient season';—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history; and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect and the soul." Conkling could not see the eloquence of this passage. Conkling declared that in his judgment the perfection of poetry was Mrs. Hemans's "Casabianca"—"The boy stood on the burning deck," etc. Curtis, meeting Winter one day in 1860, said: "Take advantage of the present moment. Don't delay too long the fine poem, the great book that you intend to write." Our author says: "Curtis was, by nature, a man of letters. His faculty in that direction was prodigious. So good a judge as Thackeray, looking at him as a young man, declared him to be the most auspicious of all our authors. It is a great vocation, and because its force, like that of Nature, is deep, slow, silent, and elemental, it is the most tremendous force concerned in human affairs. The mission of the man of letters is to touch the heart, to kindle the imagination, to ennoble the mind. He is the interpreter between the spirit of beauty that is in Nature and the general intelligence and sensibility of mankind. He sets to music the pageantry and the pathos of human life, and he keeps alive in the soul the holy enthusiasm of devotion to the ideal. He honors and perpetuates heroic conduct, and he teaches, by many devices of art—by story, and poem, and parable, and essay, and drama—purity of life, integrity to man, and faith in God. He is continually reminding you of the goodness and loveliness to which you may attain; continually causing you to see what opportunities of nobility your life affords; continually delighting you with high thoughts and beautiful pictures." This also describes in part the work of the preacher. William Winter tells us that the charm of Artemus Ward was that of a kindly, droll personality, compact of spontaneous mirth and winning sweetness. It is an attribute that words can but faintly suggest. In the days of their intimacy Winter sometimes urged upon the attention of Artemus the importance of a serious purpose in humorous writings, especially commending to him the example of Thackeray. Those monitions were always gravely accepted, but with a demure glance and a twinkle of the blue eyes that seemed to betoken more amusement than heed. Late one night—in fact, about three o'clock in the morning—when they had been merrymaking, they repaired to the hotel in which Ward then lodged,

the Jones House, at the southeast corner of Broadway and Great Jones Street, New York, a pleasant abode, long ago demolished. On reaching his room Artemus hastily summoned a servant, and, after ordering that copious refreshment should be provided, he earnestly inquired, with an imposing aspect of solemnity, whether it would be possible to arouse the landlord. The servant hesitated. "It is late, sir," he said. "I know it is late," replied Artemus; "but I have a message for him, of the utmost importance. It is urgent, and I am sure he will be glad to receive it. Do you think you could wake him?" "Yes, sir; I could wake him, if you—" "Well—I will see that you are not blamed. Will you remember what I say, and be careful to deliver the message exactly as I tell you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, give him my compliments; be sure you mention my name; he's an old friend of mine; he'll be delighted to hear from me. Wake him, and tell him—and speak *distinctly*, will you?" "Yes, sir." "Tell him, with my very kindest regards, that—*the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.*" Verbal record of that bit of frolic conveys only a hint of the skill with which the humorist maintained his gravity and the abounding glee with which he exulted over the accomplishment of his playfully mischievous design. That was Ward's way of signifying to Winter his assent to the proposition that humor can be made to convey a serious truth. Once when the humorist was very ill a friend tried to persuade him to swallow some medicine that he was reluctant to take. "I would do *anything* for *you*," urged that affectionate person. "Would you?" said Artemus. "Well—then *you* take it!" What most disgusts and enrages the manly and healthy soul of William Winter is the prevalence of animalism in fiction and on the stage, and the defiling of the stream of literature, which should be pure, with erotic filth—which is like poisoning the water-supply with sewage. Mr. Winter errs a bit in saying that "the ministry of beauty is the most important influence operant upon society." That is not true, unless he includes "the beauty of holiness." There is no morally regenerating power in beauty alone. It is not penetrating and purifying and potent enough to rectify the evil heart of sinful man. That is the message Christianity brings to Hellenism.

World Atlas of Christian Missions. Containing a Directory of Missionary Societies, a Classified Summary of Statistics, an Index of Mission Stations, and Maps Showing the Location of Mission Stations Throughout the World. Edited by JAMES S. DENNIS, D.D., HARLAN P. BEACH, M.A., F.R.G.S., CHARLES H. FAHS, B.A. Maps by JOHN G. BARTHOLOMEW, LL.D., F.R.G.S., of the Edinburgh Geographical Institute. Quarto, pp. 172. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Price, cloth, $4, net.

THIS is a full description of an important publication. It is one of the results of the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, June, 1910. In noticing this volume it is well to recognize the services rendered to the cause of foreign missions by Dr. Dennis, who is indeed one of the foremost authorities on this subject. He had served as a missionary in Syria under the Presbyterian Board from 1878-1891; since then he has given himself with enthusiastic devotion to creating and strengthening interest in the world-wide spread of the gospel. His books have

grown out of his lectures. Foreign Missions after a century (1893) is a discussion of principles and problems and a recital of results. The New Horoscope of Missions (1908) is an impressive statement of the significance of the new missionary era, in the light of the startling awakening of the Orient, after its sleep of many centuries. It is, however, his three large volumes on Christian Missions and Social Progress (1898-1906) which have placed all Christians under lasting obligations to him. The missionary historian must not merely present his facts; he must represent them with insight and illumination, sympathy and enthusiasm, culture and experience. These qualifications are evidenced on every page. What missions have accomplished for the human race is here set forth with a wealth of illustration, argument, and appeal that carries conviction. The student is amazed at the vastness of the enterprise, and still more at the glorious achievements which have touched life in all of its phases, even to its remotest obscurities. Centennial Survey of Foreign Missions (1902) was the outgrowth of a paper which Dr. Dennis had prepared for the Ecumenical Missionary Conference of 1900. He worked hard and heartily on Commission I on Carrying the Gospel to All the Non-Christian World, in connection with the Edinburgh Conference. An Atlas had also been prepared for that gathering; and arrangements had been made by the Student Volunteer Movement to issue an enlarged edition, as early as possible. The result is the World Atlas of Christian Missions, prepared by three experts. The aim has been to present all existing foreign-missionary effort throughout the world. An important feature in this volume is the place given to the work done by the Roman Catholic and Russian Orthodox Churches among non-Christians. The Comprehensive Directory of Missionary Societies was prepared by Dr. Dennis. It furnishes full information concisely, and is a veritable *multum in parvo*. Thus, the name and office address of the secretary of a society, its object, income, and fields where it labors, the name of its literary organ if any, and terse historical notes telling of the origin, growth, and work of the Society are all given. The art of condensation is here practiced by a master. The complete round of foreign-missionary service is accordingly brought within reach of the reader, and facts of the greatest consequence, not easily available, are furnished. For instance, if we desire to know what Ecumenical Methodism is doing for foreign missions, here are the facts and figures, to stir one to the depths and make him an enthusiastic advocate of this blessed cause. It is amazing to think of the vast extent of periodical literature that is produced on behalf of this cause in the languages of the world. The list of mission presses on the field gives an idea of their invaluable services in the diffusion of Christian literature. It will surprise many to learn how considerable are the foreign-missionary operations of the Continental nations, especially Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, and Sweden. It is interesting to read of the work that is being done by native Christian Societies in China, India, and Japan; it is truly an earnest of what will be accomplished for world evangelism through native agencies. The Statistical Tables have been prepared

by Charles H. Fahs of our own Board of Foreign Missions. They furnish ample information under various departments, evangelistic, educational, medical, philanthropic, and reformatory. This is an impressive array of figures which tell the story of gospel trophies. The summaries record 995 societies, and contributions of $30,378,489, and this is a conservative figure, as here were a number of societies whose financial returns were not furnished for publication. The Atlas consists of twenty-three plates, with a political chart of the world as a frontispiece. It was prepared under the scholarly supervision of Professor Beach, the late educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, now of Yale University. The Index of Mission Stations gives full particulars about the number of resident missionaries and the societies which they represent; it is an excellent guide to the maps and enables one to know at a glance the strength of every mission station. The Index of Missionary Societies is an aid to the Directory. Officials of Mission Boards, the ministry, and the laity will find this Atlas indispensable. It is to be hoped that it will aid in enlisting the spiritual and material resources of the churches of Christendom to obey Christ's command to disciple the nations.

The Rise of the Papacy, A. D. 385–461. By William Ernest Beet, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. New York: Eaton & Mains, 1910. Pp. xi, 321. Price, $1.25, net.

Will our theological chairs have to look to Great Britain for scholars as some of our pulpits do for preachers? Who among our younger men are carrying on careful studies in some department of theology in the midst of a busy pastorate as Beet has done in Manchester in Church History? This reviewer has read this book through with interest, with admiration for its careful and impartial scholarship, and with assent to its judgments. It is founded on a careful study of the original sources and in the best modern writers. He has had old Migne before him constantly, as well as Hodgkin, Milman, and Gregorovius. And the referenees are given with exactness, and the whole has a tone as of a man who has a conscience in his work, has no animus against the papacy, but only a desire to tell the truth as he finds it. It records many interesting historical facts, some of which we had marked to tell our readers here, but we have concluded to send them to the book itself. If anyone wants an impartial account of the birth and progress of what we call the papacy—the rule of the Pope of Rome over churches and Christians—let him buy this conscientious narrative by Beet, and live over those stirring times of the first Innocent and the great Leo, and follow the evolution of a spiritual despotism so strangely mixed with good and evil. We sometimes hear the question asked: Who was the first Pope? That is, who was the first man to make claims substantially similar to those generally made by the Roman popes? The author shows that it is impossible to answer this question in a word. Innocent I (402-417) really began the papacy, and it is one of the author's merits that he explains the historic currents which led him to this, as well as those personal characteristics which formed the favorable psychological background, which "enabled him to write his name in large

letters upon the page of history as one of the master-builders of papal power." But Innocent did not go as far as Leo I the Great (440-461), who has often been called the true founder of the papacy. But even he is surpassed, perhaps, by Gregory I the Great (590-604), whom Beet calls a Sovereign Pontiff, "who was in act and influence, if not in name and formal rank, a powerful sovereign, and, as such, marks a new stage in the development of the papal monarchy." It is a fact not at all complimentary to the Roman claims that the chief force in making those claims effective in the case of Leo was the decree of the emperor! "Leo was publicly recognized by the head of the state as enjoying a sort of coördinate sovereignty with himself. The successor of the Fisherman, whose irresponsible absolutism thus became part of the law of the empire, seemed at length to sit enthroned but little lower than the heir of a long line of Cæsars. Peter and Augustus had agreed together to share the lordship of the world. This celebrated edict, rather than our Lord's supposed commission to the Prince of the Apostles, must be regarded as the real starting-point of the mediæval papacy." This edict, saying that no one should do aught unpermitted by the Roman see, was dated July 8, 445. Later, Roman popes had hard and bitter things to say against kings, but it is to them, in large part, that they owe the realization of their own pretensions. Beet calls attention to an interesting point in the preaching activity of Leo. Previous to him there had been little, if any, preaching in Rome. Leo was both a powerful preacher and administrator. Sad light is thrown on a dark side of church history at the Council of Ephesus (431) by the remark: "Only by force of arms could the chief shepherds of Christendom be so far held in check as to render possible the reading of the imperial letters." Saint Paul's ideal of holding and speaking the truth in love was changed into that of holding and speaking it in angry shouts and blows by ecclesiastical ruffians. This book bears the imprint of our house, but it is printed in London, and, therefore, the titles of books are always given in italics—a practice so admirable in every way that it ought to be normal in every American printing establishment.

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